00023274

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 19 September, 2016

ADMIRAL BROKE.

TREACHEROUS ATTACK ON CAPTAIN BROKE,

ADMIRAL

SIR P. B. V. BROKE, BART.,

K.C.B., &c.:

A Memoir.

COMPILED BY

REV. J. G. BRIGHTON, M.D.,

RECTOR OF KENTSTOWN;
CHAPLAIN TO REAR-ADMIRAL THE LORD DUNSANY AND TO THE LORD ATHLUMNEY.

Chiefly from Journals and Letters in the possession of Rear-Admiral Sir George Broke-Middleton, Bart., C.B., &c., &c., &c.

23274
a.

Crest of Augmentation.

XX b. 3
XX b

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND MARSTON,
MILTON HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL.
MDCCCLXVI.

[*The right of Translation is reserved.*]

Birmingham:
Printed by JOSIAH ALLEN, jun., Livery Street.

00023274

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT, K.G.

&c., &c., &c.

—o—

Sir,

As your Royal Highness has been graciously pleased to accept the Dedication of this work, I humbly beg to express my respectful thanks for the honour thus conferred upon the memory of my revered Father, and, at the same time, to crave indulgence for any lack of interest that may appear in it on the plea that he was a man of action rather than of words.

The object I have at heart in consenting to the publication of the journals and some of the letters of my dear Father is, not so much the laudation of the dead, as to point out to the rising generation of a profession, upon which the continuance of England as a first-rate Power must ever depend, the means by which success in war is to be deserved, if not always obtained.

In furtherance of this object I trust your Royal Highness will pardon me if I avail myself of this opportunity of calling the attention of the Naval Cadets of the present day to the spirit and determination so recently evinced by your Royal Highness, in person, in mastering the elements of the naval profession; having had the good fortune to witness, when in command of H.M.S. Centurion, the remarkable facility with which your Royal Highness acquired, not only the rudiments of the profession, but also the love and esteem of all those who had the honour of serving with you.

Again thanking your Royal Highness for the assistance thus graciously afforded to the launch of this Memoir, I beg, with deep respect, to subscribe myself

Your Royal Highness' devoted,
Humble servant,
G. N. BROKE-MIDDLETON,
Rear-Admiral.

Shrubland Park,
March, 1866.

PREFACE.

—o—

IT was the earnest wish of the writer to avoid troubling his readers with a preface; but the unexpected discovery (when the work was half through the press) of a series of letters written by Sir *Philip Broke* to his wife, while on service, and the necessity of incorporating as many of those letters as possible within the compass of the present volume, have somewhat impaired the continuity of the memoir, and demand, therefore, this explanation on the author's part. Thus much for a too obvious want of easy, convenient, and accurate arrangement of material in chronological order.

The short and severe conflict with *America*, from 1812 to 1814 attracted but little attention in *England*, owing to the much more serious conflict raging at the same time in *Europe*, where triumph after triumph was being achieved by our gallant armies, under their Illustrious and Irresistible

Leader, the late Duke of *Wellington.* The news of the Battle of *Vittoria* and the capture of the *Chesapeake* were received at the same time, and commemorated together. We had, however, a noble band (though but a handful) of gallant *Britons,* who fought our battles in the New World; and history owes a large and unpaid debt to *Sawyer, Beresford, Warren, Cockburn, Hotham, Hope, Yeo, Hillyar, Hardy, Parker, Stacpoole, Byron, Ross,* and many others. The author trusts that before all traces of these are lost, some brother in the *craft* of letters may think them worthy of preservation. There must be ample materials still accessible, just as the writer was fortunate enough, with very little trouble, to find, and aid in preserving to posterity, these records of the good and gallant *Broke.* Of the men named above, the lives of many must be well worth the writing, and full of interest and instruction to the reader.

J. G. B.

Kentstown Rectory, 1866.

HISTORICAL NOTE.

—o—

The following were the principal events preceding and occurring in the second war with the *United States*:—

1806.

April 25. *John Pierce*, an American citizen, accidentally killed by a shot fired from the *British* ship *Leander*, Captain *H. Whitby*.

May. The *British* Government captures many *American* vessels for a breach of the paper blockade.

May 3. President *Jefferson* issues a proclamation forbidding certain *British* armed vessels to enter the ports of the *United States*, and interdicting supplies to them.

November. The Emperor *Napoleon* issues a decree at *Berlin*, declaring the *British Islands* in a state of blockade.

A Treaty concluded with *England* by Messrs. *Monroe* and *Pinkney*, but rejected by President *Jefferson*.

1807.

June 22. The *American* frigate *Chesapeake* brought-to by the *British* ship *Leopard*, and several *English* deserters captured.

President *Jefferson* issues a proclamation forbidding *British* vessels of war to enter the ports of the *United States*.

The *British* Government issues Orders in Council, prohibiting to neutral nations the trade with France.

The Emperor *Napoleon* issues a decree at *Milan* affecting neutrals.

Congress passes an Act laying a general embargo on vessels of the *United States*.

1808.

January 1. Commodore *Barron*, of the *Chesapeake*, tried by a court-martial, at *Norfolk*, and sentenced to be suspended for five years. Congress authorises the President to suspend the embargo in favour of that Power which should repeal its decrees.

One of the seamen taken from the *Chesapeake* executed at *Halifax*.

1809.

March 4. *James Madison* inaugurated President, and *George Clinton* Vice-President.

The *British* Government refuses to ratify the Treaty concluded with the *United States*.

The Non-Intercourse Law renewed against *Great Britain*.

Mr. *Erskine*, the *British* Minister, recalled.

November. Mr. *Jackson*, the *British* Minister, dismissed by the President for offensive expressions in his correspondence with the Government.

1811.

May 16. Gallant defence of H.M. sloop *Little Belt* when attacked by Commodore *Rodgers* in the *President*.

1812.

June 18. War declared against *Great Britain* by the *United States*.

July 12. General Hull invades *Canada*.

August 13. *British* sloop *Alert* taken by *U.S.* frigate *Essex*.

„ 16. General *Hull* capitulates.

„ 19. *British* frigate *Guerriere* taken by *U.S.* frigate *Constitution*.

October 17. *British* ship *Frolic* taken by *U.S. Wasp;* both vessels afterwards captured by *British Poictiers* (seventy-four).

„ 25. *British* frigate *Macedonian* taken by *U.S.* frigate *United States*.

December 29. *British* frigate *Java* taken by *U.S.* frigate *Constitution*.

1813.

February 23. *British* sloop *Peacock* taken by *U.S. Hornet.*
June 1. *U.S.* frigate *Chesapeake* taken by H.M.S. *Shannon.*
August 14. *U.S.* brig *Argus* taken by H.M.B. *Pelican.*
September 4. H.M.S. *Boxer* taken by *U.S. Enterprise.*

1814.

March 20. *U.S.* frigate *Essex* taken by H.M. *Phœbe.*
April 21. *U.S. Frolic* taken by H.M.S. *Orpheus.*
„ 29. H.M.S. *Epervier* taken by *U.S. Peacock.*
June 28. H.M.S. *Reindeer* taken by *U.S. Wasp.*
August 24. City of *Washington* taken by the *British* forces.
September 1. H.M.S. *Avon* taken by *U.S. Wasp.*
The *Avon* was retaken by H.M.S. *Castilian*, and the *Wasp* shortly after foundered at sea.

1815.

January 15. *U.S.S. President* taken by H.M.S. *Endymion.*
February 20. Two small ships, the *Cyane* and *Levant*, taken by the *American* frigate *Constitution;* but the *Levant* was recaptured by Sir *G. Collier.*
March 23. H.M.S. *Penguin* taken by *U.S. Hornet.*

Several of these actions occurred subsequently to the Treaty of Peace, signed at *Ghent, December* 24th, 1814.

ERRATA.

[For which the author begs to apologize on the ground of his absence from *England* during the publication of the volume.]

Page 108	*line* 7	*for* procured	*read* preserved
113	2	then	thus
163	1	persons	prisoners
168	16	rearing	wearing
190	23	1864	1804
211	17	colonels	companies
235	29	*Drake*	*Leake*
238	1	*Oldham*	*Aldham*
346	14	humid	hurried
383	25	beans	beaux
432	18	swelling	in-dwelling
441	26	*paseot*	*pascet*
443	18	*Farnham*	*Fareham—passim*
Plate, Captain		*Pakington Broke,*	1665	1672

CONTENTS.

—o—

Part I.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND SERVICE.

A. D. 1776 TO *A. D.* 1812.

BIRTH of *Philip Bowes Vere Broke*—Scenery of the *Orwell*—Early Incidents—Goes to Royal Academy—Joins, as Midshipman, H. M. S. *Bulldog*—Ditto, ditto, *L'Eclair*—Wounded in firing a Salute—Joins H. M. S. *Romulus*—Takes part in *Hotham's* action—Made Lieutenant in H. M. S. *Southampton*—Visits *Loretto*, &c.—Capture of *L'Utile*—In *Jervis'* action off *Cape St. Vincent*—Joins H. M. S. *Amelia*—In *Warren's* action off *Irish* coast—Made Commander (1799)—Made Post-Captain (1801)—Married (1802)—Conjugal attachment—Drills *Suffolk* peasantry—Appointed to command H. M. S. *Druid*—Captures *Prince Murat*, privateer—H. M. S. *Druid* nearly blown up—Chases *Topaze*—Appointed to command H. M. S. *Shannon*—Sails for the *Arctic Seas*—Professional observations—*Shannon* ordered to *North America*—*British* and *American* forces—Causes of *American* War—Declaration of War—Captures *Minerva*—Captures *Brutus*—Captures *Mechanic*—Chases U. S. *Constitution*—Chases U. S. *Essex*—*Constitution* and *Guerriere*—Anecdote of Captain *Dacres*—Report to Admiral—Exercises on board *Shannon*—Captures *L'Invincible* 1—152.

Part II.

WAR WITH AMERICA, *A.D.* 1813.

Detaches *Tenedos*—Challenges Captain *Lawrence*, of U. S. *Chesapeake*—Engagement and Capture of *Chesapeake* off *Boston*—*Broke* desperately wounded—Voyage to *Halifax*—Official Report—Admiral *Wallis'* Recollections—List of Killed and Wounded—Funeral of Captain *Lawrence*—Reinterment at *New York*—Hon. Mr. Justice *Haliburton's* Recollections—Admiral *King's* Recollections—*Broke's* Illness at *Halifax*—Letters to his wife—Return to *England* - - - 153—291.

Part III.

A.D. 1813 TO *A.D.* 1841.

Reception of the News in *England*—Public Honours—Letters of Congratulation—Laudatory Poems—Life in Retirement—Religious Habits—Severe Accident—Correspondence—Illness and Death—Interment - - - - - - - - - - 292—437.

Appendix.

A.D. 1863.

Fifty Years after—*Broke Hall*—End of the *Shannon*—End of the *Chesapeake*—*Nacton* Church and Monument to Sir *P. B. V. Broke*—Brothers in Arms—Miss *Broke's* Recollections—*Broke* Genealogy, &c., &c. - - - - - - - - - - - - 438—484.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

—o—

TREACHEROUS ATTACK ON CAPTAIN BROKE BY THREE OF THE CHESAPEAKE'S MEN, ON HER FORECASTLE (FRONTISPIECE).

CREST OF AUGMENTATION (TITLE PAGE).

PAGE

BROKE HALL—RIVER SIDE - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 2

BROKE HALL—GARDEN SIDE - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 12

PORTRAIT OF SHANNON UNDER ALL SAIL, BY THE LATE ADMIRAL KING - 58

THE AMERICAN FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE COMMENCING THE BATTLE WITH H.M.S. SHANNON, JUNE IST, 1813 - - - - - - - 170

THE AMERICAN FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE CRIPPLED AND THROWN INTO UTTER DISORDER BY THE TWO FIRST BROADSIDES FIRED FROM H.M.S. SHANNON - - - - - - - - - - 172

H.M.S. SHANNON CARRYING BY BOARDING THE AMERICAN FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE, AFTER A CANNONADE OF FIVE MINUTES, ON THE IST OF JUNE, 1813 - - - - - - - - - - - - - 174

H.M.S. SHANNON LEADING HER PRIZE, THE AMERICAN FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE, INTO HALIFAX HARBOUR, ON THE 6TH JUNE, 1813 - 179

PORTRAIT OF ADMIRAL SIR PROVO WALLIS, K.C.B. - - - - - 190

PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN LAWRENCE, COMMANDER OF THE U.S. FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 209

PAGE

SIR PHILIP BOWES VERE BROKE, BART., FROM A PICTURE BY LANE - 308

SKETCH OF SIR P. B. V. BROKE, TAKEN BY SIR WILLIAM ROSS, R.A. 348

FIGURE HEAD OF SHANNON, AND STAR FROM CHESAPEAKE'S QUARTER (NOW IN ARCADE AT BROKE HALL) - - - - - - 438

INTERIOR OF CHESAPEAKE MILL, AT WICKHAM, HANTS - - - 446

NACTON CHURCH - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 448

BRASS UNDER MEMORIAL WINDOW, NACTON CHURCH, SUFFOLK - 464

CAPTAIN PAKINGTON BROKE, KILLED WHEN IN COMMAND OF THE FFORESIGHT FRIGATE, IN THE BATTLE OF SOLEBAY, IN 1672. FROM A PORTRAIT AT BROKE HALL - - - - - 480

ADMIRAL BROKE.

Part I.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND SERVICE.

A.D. 1776 TO *A.D.* 1812.

ON the 9th of *September*, 1776, at the pleasant country mansion known as *Broke Hall*, in the county of *Suffolk*, was born the subject of this memoir—*Philip*, eldest son of *Philip Bowes Broke*, of *Broke Hall*, in the parish of *Nacton* and county of *Suffolk*, Esquire, and of *Elizabeth*, daughter of the Rev. *Charles Beaumont*, M. A., of *Witnesham*, in the same county.

Descended from one of the most ancient families* in the United Kingdom, inheriting, through its many intermarriages with its peers, a patriotic regard for the country for which they had so often fought and bled, and reared among a thousand associations calculated to engender and mature a strong spirit of patriotism and naval enterprise, it is little wonder that we find this child in after years destined to attain the highest distinction in his chosen profession, and

* Whose interesting history is given in the *Appendix*.

to confer a lustre on the name of *Broke*, which no lapse of time can diminish on the page of history.

The first ten years of the boy's life—that decade in which the bias of a future career may so often be discerned—were crowded with the momentous national events connected with the first *American* war. These must have been the subjects of those early home discussions which so deeply impress and so long linger in the memory of childhood.

Within hearing of the guns of *Langer Fort*,[1] and almost within sight of *Harwich*, then the favourite port of embarkation for *Germany* and the *Low Countries*, few or no public events could transpire without awaking the personal notice of the inmates of *Broke Hall*, and most of all, perhaps, of the child just entering on his eventful life.

Placed on a gently rising eminence, and surrounded by flourishing groves of oak, the hall looks out on the winding *Orwell*,[2] there, at high water, about a mile in breadth.

1. *Langer Fort*, and not *Landguard Fort*, as it is corruptly and vulgarly called, takes its name from *Langer Common*, in *Felixstow*, upon which it stands, on the S. E. corner of it, two miles from the cliff. The old fort had four bastions (with fifteen very large guns upon each), which were called the King's, Queen's, Warwick's, and Holland's—showing that the fort was probably erected in the reign of *Charles I.* It was demolished by Act of Parliament, and the present fort built in 1718.

2. The many Walks and Rides which abound with a variety of pleasing Views, together with the Goodness of the Roads in the *Environs* of *Ipswich*, do also contribute greatly towards making the Place agreeable. But however entertaining these Prospects on the Land may be, they are far exceeded by those that the *Orwell* affords; which, to speak cautiously, at least for the extent of it, is *one of the most beautiful Salt Rivers in the World.* The Beauty of it arises chiefly from its being bounded with High-land on both Sides, almost the whole Way. These Hills on each Side are enriched and adorned with almost every Object that can make a Landscape agreeable; such as Churches, Mills, Gentlemen's Seats, Villages, and other Buildings, Woods, noble Avenues, Parks whose

BROKE HALL.

RIVER SIDE.

Gradually expanding, and receiving, at *Harwich*, the waters of the *Stour*, it forms a fine and capacious estuary, in which it is said that, "during the war with *Holland*, in the reign of *Charles II*, 100 sail of men-of-war, with their attendant vessels, and 400 colliers, were riding at anchor at the same time." Here often rode the *English* fleets intended for foreign service; so that scarcely a day passed without the heavy boom of ordnance—the hoarse, distant cry of the seamen—the contest of the mariner with the wind and flood; and those attractive objects (the most beautiful of any ever devised by the wit of man) the canvas-clouded barks of a now departed race of seamen—all speaking with persuasive eloquence to the opening senses of him who, in a few short years onward, was destined to achieve so signal a triumph on the seas. Add to this the honoured memory of Captain *Pakington Broke*, of His Majesty's ship *Fforesight*, slain at *Solebay*, but living almost on canvas at *Broke Hall*. Nor, indeed, were these the only inducements calculated to lead the young *Philip* to embrace the naval profession with early yet lasting ardour.

Closely adjoining his father's estate was *Orwell Park*, late

pales reach down to the Water's Edge, well stored with Deer and other Cattle, feeding in fine Lawns, &c., &c., all these and more are so happily disposed and diversified as if Nature and Art had jointly contrived how they might most agreeably entertain and delight the Eye. Such are the Side-Views. As a Passenger sails from *Ipswich*, when he enters what is properly called *Orwell Haven*, the Scene terminates on the Right, with a View of *Harwich* and the high Coast of *Essex*; on the Left with *Landguard-Fort*, and the high Land of *Walton* and *Felixstow* Cliffs behind it; with a Prospect of the main Ocean before him. As he returns to *Ipswich*, the Scene closes with a distinct View of that fair Town, displaying itself to some Advantage, and forming a Sort of Half-moon as the River winds.—*Kirby on the Beauties of the Orwell.*

the seat of the gallant Admiral *Vernon*, who here closed that troubled but glorious career of sea-service, of which a brief outline is given on the monument described in the note beneath. *Kirby*, the quaint and amusing, yet accurate, *Suffolk* traveller of 1764, thus describes the estate lying immediately contiguous to *Broke Hall*—the church of *Nacton* (where both heroes are now interred), lying like a common heritage between these two estates. Of *Nacton*, *Kirby* writes—

"The late Admiral *Vernon* made this Parish the seat of his Residence. His Nephew, to whom he left the Bulk of his Fortune, hath, since his Death, rebuilt the House, and inclosed it within a Pale; which Inclosure he hath called, from the beautiful river on which it stands, *Orwell Park*. This Gentleman hath done still further Honour to the River; for being lately created a Peer of *Ireland*, he hath taken his title from it, and is now the Right Hon. Lord *Orwell*."

Here *Vernon* died, and here he was buried, of whom, like *Antenor*, it may be said—

Armaque fixit
Troïa; nunc placida compostus pace quiescit.

Within the church, against the northern wall, is a mural monument to the memory of *Vernon*,[3] on which the youthful gaze of our future hero must often have rested. Here,

3. "Sacred to the memory of *Edward Vernon*, Admiral of the White Squadron of the *British* Fleet. He was the second son of *James Vernon*, who was Secretary of State to *William III*, and whose ability and integrity were equally conspicuous. In his youth he served under the Admirals *Shore* and

too, from the lips of the then rector of *Nacton*, his namesake and relative, he listened to those religious precepts which ripened, in later years, into that unquestionable Christian character which his own parish clergyman recalled (in speaking to the author in 1863), with most tender and touching interest, more than twenty years after the gallant and much-honoured *Broke* had ceased from suffering and entered on his rest within the same venerable walls.

It is far too early, however, as yet, to dwell upon this matter—the "*finis coronat opus*" of his life. At the epoch comprised in the chapter before us, *Philip Broke* is a blithe but withal a thoughtful boy; now playing truant on the dangerous banks of the *Orwell*, and again acting boy shipwright, fulminating chemist (in embryo), and thorough philanthropist. And these are nearly all the records of his boyhood we are able to supply. They were gathered when *Suffolk* men, in their amazed surprise, perceived that a sea king, born among themselves, had caught the momentary-swerving trident of *Britannia*, and waved it higher than ever "o'er the main." Then men remembered, and a writer of the deeds

Rooke. By their example he learned to conquer, and by his own merit he rose to command. In the war with *Spain*, MDCCXXXIX, he took *Porto Bello* with six ships, a force which was thought unequal to the attempt. For this he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. He subdued *Chagre*, and at *Carthagena* conquered as far as naval force could carry victory. After these services he returned, without place or title, from the exercise of public to the enjoyment of private virtue. The testimony of a good conscience was his reward; the love and esteem of all good men his glory. In battle, though calm, he was active; though intrepid, prudent, merciful, and ostentatious, ascribing the glory to God. In the senate he was disinterested, vigilant, and steady. On 30th October, 1757, he died, as he had lived, the friend of man, the lover of his country, the father of the poor, aged seventy-three."

of his glorious manhood noted down (alas! that the records were so scanty), that he was no common child. A year after his glorious and unequalled achievement—that is, in 1814—the editor of the *East Anglian Magazine* gave to his admiring countrymen the few particulars he was able to gain of a career which was only to find the honour it deserved when its hero had long risen to a higher sphere. He tells his tale, in homely fashion, thus—relating the leading propensity of young *Broke's* mind:

"The first years of his life were spent at *Nacton*, which is seated on the banks of the *Orwell*. By the side of that river, whilst yet almost an infant, he would frequently walk for hours together, contemplating the fishing boats or other vessels which were passing. When not thus occupied he was often deeply engaged in cutting out ships in paper or wood. At length, having collected several pieces of wood, borrowed a hammer, and begged a few tacks of a neighbouring carpenter, he equipped what he called a fleet of ships, and was preparing to send them to sea. A gentleman who happened to call at *Nacton*, observing his employment, encouraged the young shipwright, by telling him he was proceeding very well, but that the ships were not firstrate. He knew that, he replied; but want of tools prevented his making them better. About a month afterwards, the same gentleman presented him with a frigate, as a toy. His happiness on this occasion was extreme.

"So strong did his propensity continue to be by the water-side that his parents found themselves under the necessity

of having him narrowly watched, lest an accident might befall him. Notwithstanding their care, however, he one day effected his escape, and was found upon a plank, in the act of pushing off from the shore, to reach some boats which were then just in sight. On being reprimanded, and told of the danger which he might have encountered, his answer, dictated by the high-spirited confidence of inexperienced boyhood, was—'Depend upon it, I could have managed it!'

"Even at this early period his mind appears to have been active, elastic, and prolific in resource. Having obtained some gunpowder, he charged the cannon of his little frigate, and delighted in their explosion. Apprehensive of accident, his parents deprived him, as they thought, of the means of repeating this amusement. But his ingenuity surmounted his chagrin. He procured some saltpetre and other ingredients from the housekeeper, and manufactured some gunpowder for himself.

"The frankness and generosity of his disposition, at this period, deserve to be noticed. His heart was ever feelingly alive to the distresses of others. One day, when returning from school with his servant, with only 'the last shilling' in his pocket, a sailor, with a dismal tale of woe, solicited his charity. Instantly was the shilling produced and given. The servant told him he should not be so lavish of his money, especially without knowing whether the object on which he bestowed it were really deserving, truth not always guiding the tongues of people of that description. His answer was worthy of the future hero: 'Is he not an *English* sailor, and in distress? I only wish I had more, and he should have it!'

Philip Broke was then only between seven and eight years of age.

"He commenced his education at *Cheam School*, in *Surrey;* but the time which he was enabled to devote to classical pursuits was very short. At twelve years of age, his father, not being satisfied with the progress which he had made, deliberated on the propriety of removing him to another seminary. *Philip* requested his father rather to permit him to go sea; but when Mr. *Broke* observed to him that a good and liberal education was equally essential in the naval profession as in any other, he cheerfully assented to the justness of his remarks, with the assurance that if he would yield to his desires, and promise to place him in the navy, he should have no reason to complain of his want of assiduity. His wishes were accordingly complied with; and for this indulgence his father had the satisfaction of experiencing the most grateful return.

"From this moment young *Broke* must be considered as devoted to the sea; and, in perusing the memoir of his life, he will be seen to afford one example out of numbers which exist in our navy, of long persevering service without a single intervening opportunity presenting itself of obtaining distinction. Indeed, it frequently happens in the navy that an entire life is spent in the unremitting discharge of the most anxious public duties, without the possibility of achieving any great or brilliant exploit.

"When twelve years old he was placed at the Royal Academy at *Portsmouth,* where he displayed much diligence and ability in prosecuting his nautical studies till the age of

fifteen. As the period of his stay was limited, he was anxious that no time, no opportunity of improvement, should be lost. His mind, therefore, was intensely occupied; his attentions were indefatigable. He allowed himself only four hours' rest from his studies in the twenty-four; and, to withhold from his tutor the knowledge of the late hours he kept, it was his nightly custom to place the blankets of his cot before the door, that no light might be seen from within."

As the main end of biography is less the laudation of the dead than the advantage of the living, a few remarks may here well be interposed on the now more than ever momentous subject of early education.

It will be clear from the above narrative that *Philip Broke* was self-educated: *i.e.*, when experience had taught him the painful consequences of neglecting imparted study, he at once set himself earnestly to work to redeem the time that remained, and to seize every future golden opportunity to merit the approbation of his father and of his tutors. What a lesson is this for youth! How many, like *Broke*, for a time neglect to make the progress their parents have a most just right to expect, from the educational advantages they afford to their children; but how few nobly resolve, as he did, and faithfully *carry out* the resolution through future years, not only to make up, fully, as he did, for time lost, but "*never again to give reason to complain of his want of assiduity.*"

The materials from which it is proposed to write this

memoir are the journals and private log-books of *Philip Bowes Vere Broke.* They extend over the whole period of his life on service, with the exception of such brief absences from duty as we find recorded from sickness or casualty. Of these documents the *Druid* journals are the most illegible, appearing to have been exposed to the action of sea water, which has rendered it, in many places, a very difficult task to decipher them. These papers prove the possession on the part of the writer of a spirit of unflagging industry and of keen and accurate observation. He appears from the beginning of his career to have set himself most earnestly to the thorough mastery of his profession. No detail is too trivial; no duty, so to speak, too humble for his notice and study. One thing, and one only, has to be regretted in these journals: they contain few personal details; *Broke* was profoundly averse to all mention of himself or his feelings. This peculiarity accompanied him through life. He records his greatest and world-renowned exploit in simply *two words*—"Took *Chesapeake*"—no more. He speaks of the death, by drowning, of a beloved son, sixteen years of age, thus—"*Obt. W. H. B.*" And even when, in after-life, the terrible consequences of his wound of such unparalleled severity rendered it necessary that he should daily note his symptoms for the information of his medical attendants, all these memoranda exhibit the same brevity, and are, moreover, written in *Latin.*

Much of the interest, therefore, of this volume must depend upon the historical occurrences in which our hero was called upon to take part.

"A journal of the proceedings of His Majesty's sloop *Bulldog*.

"1792. *June* 25th. Joined the *Bulldog* sloop. Employed fitting at *Deptford*."

From this time until the 29th of *July*, when the *Bulldog* anchored at *Spithead*, the usual routine of fitting the ship for foreign service was followed without any incident worth noticing, though the journal minutely records the daily progress made. She left *England* in the beginning of *August*, and on *Sunday* the 12th the journal continues—

"*Sunday*, *Aug.* 12th. Mustered the ship's company, and punished —— (purser's steward) with twelve lashes for insolence and disobedience of orders.

"21st. Sounded in thirty-eight fathoms—mudd and broken shells.

"23rd. Came-to in *Gibraltar Bay* with the best bower.

"*Sunday*, 26th. Punished —— with twenty-four lashes for disobedience of orders and insolence to his superior officer.

"*Sept.* 5th. Received 3000 dollars for the use of Government.

"11th. Anchored at *Mogador*.

"12th. Delivered the dollars received at *Gibraltar* to the vice-consul, and received on board eight seamen, ransomed by him. Received one bullock, four sheep, some loaves and vegetables, as a present from the governor."

During the remainder of this year (1792) the *Bulldog* was actively employed; but as nothing of particular interest occurred we shall make no further extracts from the journal. In *February*, 1793, war was declared by the National Convention of *France* against *Great Britain* and the *United Netherlands*, the *French* having beheaded their king on the 21st of *January*. On *July* 30th the *Bulldog* joined the

fleet. The captain went on board the *Victory*. On the 5th of *August* Captain *Brown* superseded Captain *Hope* in the *Bulldog*. Captain *Hope* took command of H.M.S. *L'Eclair*, a prize brought into H.M. service, and discharged into her the first lieutenant, master, surgeon, and petty officers, and twelve seamen.

Such is a scanty outline of the leading events in young *Broke's* first cruise of fourteen months. It was, as may easily be inferred, a trying apprenticeship for a boy of seventeen years of age; but he had served it well and thereby won his captain's approval. And although thoughts of home and of *England*—of his parents and of *Nacton*—no doubt often arose, and might not easily be repressed, they did not turn him from the path of duty. He saw, perhaps with many a sigh and secret pang, the *Bulldog* sail for *England*, but signing her log with an accurate *P. B. V. Broke*, turns over a whole page and half blank (rare extravagance with our hero), and then commences—

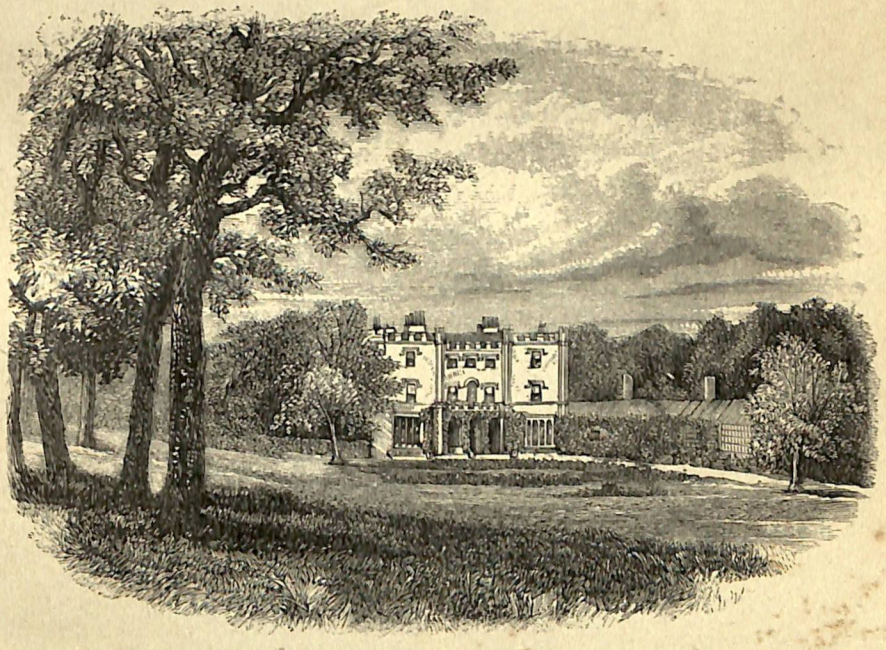
"A journal of the proceedings of H.M. sloop *L'Eclair*, *G. Hope*, Esq., commander, from the 6th of *Aug.* to ye 10th of *Sept.*; then superseded by *G. H. Towry*, Esq., and continued till the 28th of *Feb.*, 1794; by *P. B. V. Broke*, midshipman.

"1793. *Aug.* 6th. Six p.m., *G. Hope*, Esq., took command of H.M. sloop *L'Eclair*, and with several officers and seamen joined her.

"7th. Sailed H.M. ships *St. Albans*, *Castor*, and *Bulldog* sloop, with sixty-four sail of convoy *bound to England*.

"9th. Convoy in sight.

"10th. In *Leghorn Mole*. At seven a.m. heard the report of



BROKE HALL.

GARDEN SIDE.

several guns in the S.E. The *French* frigate, *Impericuse*, dressed in colours to commemorate the 10th of *Aug.*

"11th. Received a loan of thirty men from the *Camel.*

"18th. Received twenty-two men from *L'Aigle.*

"*Sept.* 4th. At one p.m. arrived H.M. ships, *Fortitude* and *Mermaid*, with intelligence of *Toulon* being in possession of the *British* and *Spanish* fleets.

"10th. *G. H. Towry*, Esq., read his commission, and took charge of the ship, Captain *Hope* being appointed to H.M.S. *Leviathan.*

"1793. *Oct.* 5th. Squadron entered the *Mole of Genoa* and took the *French* national frigate, *La Modeste*, and two tartans.

"7th. The *St. George's* pinnace came alongside with dispatches for Lord *Hood*, at *Toulon.* Made sail and stood to the westward, exercising great guns and small arms.

"26th. Fired a salute of twenty-one guns in commemoration of H.M. coronation.

"*Nov.* 5th. At one p.m. fired seventeen guns in commemoration of gunpowder treason.

"7th. Shortened sail and hauled to the westward to avoid water-spouts.

"21st. In quarantine, *Leghorn Roads.*

"25th. Anchored in *Toulon Outer Roads.* This was the last time of our being in *Toulon;* our affairs were in a declining situation. The enemy had batteries advanced upon *Isthmus of Sepet*, another between that neck of land and the windmill, which nearly flanked *Mulgrave Fort.* Their works at the windmill began to be very troublesome, and our ships had left the anchorage opposite *La Seine*, all except the *Lutine* and *Puissant*, who continued to annoy the enemy's battery by the chapel. On the morning we sailed, the *French* opened a battery from a copse which commanded *Malbusquy.* This was the fort in the attack of which General *O'Hara* was taken next morning. In going out we observed that the enemy had a gun upon the height over *Pometto.* They appeared to be well fixed in the port opposite the *Sardinian Fort* at *St. Marguerite.*

"We went to sea upon our old station, blockaded the *Gulf of*

Genoa, part of the time in company with the *Diadem* and *Tartar;* sometimes in the offing and at others close in with the town. Our proceedings did not much molest the *Genoese*, although we compelled a number of vessels to go to *Leghorn* who were consigned to their port. They continued to send their cargoes in feluccas and small craft, which we could not hinder from passing in shore, not being allowed to destroy them or make prizes. Many vessels, after receiving our orders, ran into *Genoa;* some we brought-to again and sent into port. They were detained some months, but at last liberated without any penalty.

"Upon the 29th of *Dec.* we spoke a *Spanish* snow, who informed us that our forces and the allies had evacuated the town and harbour of *Toulon*, and were at anchor in *Hieres Bay*. The *Spanish* and *Neapolitan* fleets returned home. We continued on the cruise till the 8th of *Jan.*, 1794, when we went into *Leghorn*, and got the account of the loss of the *Scipio*, supposed to have been burnt designedly by some of her crew. We layed here till the 18th, then got under way with a convoy, for the westward, of twenty sail. We proceeded on our passage to *Gibraltar* till the 29th, when we anchored in *Port Mahon*, with the best bower in sixteen fathoms—clay; veered half a cable, and moored with a hawser to *Flax Island; Cross Point* west 300 yards. The next day we saluted the garrison and the consul. I received a wound in the salute, and was confined to my bed. * * * * * * * * * *

"As we sailed next day, we saw very little of the port. It appeared very incommodious for cruisers, as it was difficult to get out without towing or warping."

A full and complete description of *Port Mahon*, its government, institutions, and commerce, here followed, but is not introduced, as being devoid of interest to the general reader.

"We left this place upon the 30th, and passed the *Layer*, which is a small island, low and shelving towards the land, and forming

a narrow passage, but bold upon the sea. We proceeded upon our passage to *Gibraltar*, and anchored in the bay upon the 10th of *March*. We found here a convoy for *England* under the *Robust*, *Camel*, *Rompu*, *Pierpoint*, and *Arethuse*. Next day we began to strike our topmasts and unrig them.

"1794. I went on shore at *Gibraltar* to sick quarters; the ship went into the mole and refitted, then parted hence and went to *Algiers* and *Corsica*. Upon her return on the 15th of *April*, then joined her, being recovered. We returned to *Corsica* with a convoy, in company with *La Modeste*.

"*April* 19th. Went to sea.

"26th. Spoke a *Dutch* ship of the line and frigate upon our passage. 11th of *May*, anchored in *St. Fiorenzo*. Found here *Windsor Castle*, *Bedford*, and *Commerce de Marseilles*. In the evening weighed and proceeded on our passage for *Bastia*. 12th, anchored near the *Victory*, off *Bastia*. 13th, shifted our birth and anchored in the line between the *Agamemnon* and *Gorgon*. *Toga Tower* west two miles, *Bastia* steeple W.S.W.; moored with open hawse to the westward in forty and fifty fathoms. We found the squadron under Lord *Hood* moored in the following order: to the south of the town, one mile and half from the shore, the *Victory*, next to her *Princess Royal*, *Fortitude*, *Illustrious*, *Gorgon*, *Tartar*, *Eclair*, *Agamemnon;* the *Tartar* sailed on the 14th. The ships formed a crescent at more than a cannon-shot distance from the town; and to prevent any supplies from entering at night, every ship's boats rowed guard from dusk till daylight: half the boats rowed in the line between the ships, the remainder formed a semi-circle round the mole of the town at a musket-shot distance, in dark nights rowing with muffled oars. This detachment was commanded by Captain *Holloway*. The *Swallow* lugger and *Speedy* brig cruised outside of the line; signals were established from *Toga Tower* to the boats and from the shipping to give alarm in case of vessels being seen entering or going out. *Toga* was our advance battery on the shore, opposed to the half-moon on the north of the town. The advance on the high ground was over *Campanella:* this post

(Campanella) was silenced, and seldom fired after the 13th. The enemy were employed fortifying the hills over the west side of the town. They were much distressed for ammunition and provision; firing splinters of shells in lieu of langrage at our boats. They seldom fired upon our batteries till we began, and then they kept up a fire for perhaps half an hour. During the blockade we lost very few men, not exceeding ten or twelve in all; four of the *Agamemnon's* men were killed in landing some shot at the *Black Tower*, by a random shot from the enemy's demi-lune. *Paoli's* camp was to the southward of the town. Upon an alarm we assembled near 2000 *Corsicans*, armed with fusees and stilettoes; they contributed to harass the enemy's piquets and prevented them from foraging, but would not come to close action. We desired them to storm *Campanella* after we had silenced the guns; they advanced to the battery and fired a volley of small arms into it, then retired without attempting to enter. We had no soldiers on shore but those serving on board as marines, the marines and artillery amounting to about 660 men. Detachments of seamen were on shore to work the batteries under command of their own officers. The enemy had 3000 *French* troops and 2000 *Corsicans* bearing arms. Our camp opposed them from *Toga Tower* upwards against the N.E. and north part of the town. The natives blockaded them on the south; and though we had no troops on the mountains over the city to the west, they continued their works there, expecting our army would come from *Fiorenzo*, which they did not till the day of capitulation. The garrison were starving. Our stragglers whom they took were fed upon coarse bread made of vetches, and upon stockfish. We had fine weather on shore during the siege. It blew very hard in the roads, at times, but was always off the land. On the 13th some ships drove to sea; they worked-by on the next day. The *Proselyte* was burnt before our arrival.

"13th. At night the *Swallow* took a lugger with eighty-five men on board trying to escape to *Capraia;* they were given two days' allowance of provision and wine on board the *Victory*, and sent back to the town.

"14th. The *Tartar* sailed. A brisk fire between our batteries and the enemy's. They lined the abbatis between the town and *Campanella*. A sortie was expected.

"15th. Arrived *La Modeste*, and anchored between *Eclair* and *Agamemnon*. The enemy erected in *Campanella* a picture of either General *Paoli* or Lord *Hood:* it was beat down by our shot. We observed a ball strike a man in the act of replanting it.

"15th. Arrived *Romney* and *Speedy*. This night our boats on guard took a *French* tartan with provisions running through the line. We cheered Lord *Hood* upon his hoisting blue at the main.

"16th. Our boats took two tartans with provisions and powder for the garrison.

"19th. Arrived the *Sincere*—sailed *Romney*. The truce flag was hoisted, and hostilities ceased.

"*May* 20th. The garrison capitulated. I was discharged into *Romulus*, and joined *Cyclops* to take a passage to her. We sailed in the afternoon.

"25th. Joined the *Romulus* with Captain *Hope*, cruising with the fleet under Admiral *Hotham's* command off *Cape Sini* till the 6th of *June*, when, in company with the *Meleager*, we chased a *French* frigate into *Hieres*. In the evening we discovered the *French* fleet coming out of *Toulon*. At six we saw seven ships of the line and eight frigates, &c., about three leagues to windward, on our beam. Wind N.W. by W. At six replied to the signal to bear up and steer E.S.E. after dark. *Juno* was dispatched away to *Corsica*. After dark we bore up.

"8th. Joined *Windsor Castle* and two other ships of the line off *Calvi*.

"9th. Lord *Hood*, in the *Victory*, joined us with four sail of the line. General chase to the westward.

"11th. Discovered the enemy's fleet—chased them. At noon they anchored in *Gourgen Bay*. Orders were given and plans of attack; but the wind not allowing it to be put in execution, the next day a council of flag officers was called.

"*June* 13th. The *Victory*, *St. George*, and *Fortitude* parted,

leaving the fleet to cruise off *Gourgen* under command of Admiral *Hotham.*

"15th. We chased a ship on shore close to *Negaye.* We continued cruising here till the 27th, when we went into *St. Fiorenzo* to refit. *Victory* sailed for *Calvi.*

"*July* 4th. We left *Fiorenzo* and went to *Leghorn*—anchored there on the 6th. We found here *Princess Royal, Courageous, Berwick,* and *Diadem.*

"13th. Went to sea to join the fleet.

"18th. Joined the fleet under command of Admiral *Hotham.* Continued cruising. The fleet cruised at a distance from the shore. A frigate was sent in every night to watch the enemy's motions. Their fleet were moored in a half-moon inside *La Botte Rock,* between *Pilon* and *Cannes.* One frigate layed in the west passage, between the *Marguerite Island* and that of *St. Honoria.* Two frigates were anchored close to the shore of *Pilon,* under *Cape Garoupe.* They carried on a brisk trade in small craft running in shore under protection of their batteries, which we never could destroy. *Garoupe* and the islands were armed with guns from the ships.

"28th. Admiral *Goodall* relieved Admiral *Hotham* in the *Princess Royal.*

"*July* 30th. Fired at the workmen at *St. Honoria Castle,* which the battery returned. This castle was a state prison; it was here that the famous Iron Masque was confined. The islands are pleasant spots, covered with trees: *Marguerite* is the largest, and has a citadel of white stone.

"31st. Chased some barks and tartans into a cove between *Miporele* and *Cape Roux;* sent the boats in, and cut out three of them laden with corn, &c.

"*Aug.* 1st. Destroyed the prizes.

"3rd. Saw the *Spanish* fleet.

"6th. Cut out a brig laden with wine from the *Levant Island.*

"13th. Looked into *Toulon;* saw two ships of the line, two frigates, and a sloop.

"14th. Joined the fleet—*Spanish* fleet in company.

"25th. Were detached with the *Diadem*, *Tisiphon*, *Poulette*, and *Tatton* fire-ships to reconnoitre *Toulon*.

"26th. Discovered in *Toulon* five ships of the line, seven frigates, and seven *English* cartel ships.

"28th. Joined the fleet.

"31st. Parted the fleet, and cruised with *L'Aimable* off *Sini* till the 8th of *Sept.;* then joined the fleet off *Cape Roux*. Continued cruising. The fire-vessels *Poulette* and *Tarleton*, manned with volunteers under command of Captains *Millar* and *Bissbane*, attempted several times to enter the bay, but the sea breeze never blew home under the high land, which hindered them from ever putting their scheme into execution. It might have been effected at *Toulon*, but the enemy had seven of our cartels then in their power, whom they detained three months, and had any success attended the fire-vessels it was feared they might retaliate upon the crews of the transports.

"*Sept.* 30th. Admiral *Hotham* relieved Admiral *Goodall*. The other ships we relieved alternately, remaining four months, and some five, at sea during these cruises.

"*Oct.* 12th. Admiral *Goodall* hoisted white at the fore. The *Victory* joined, and parted in the evening for *England* with Lord *Hood's* flag.

"*Oct.* 30th. Were detached off *Gourgen*, the fleet being off *Villa Franca*. Next day we saw the enemy's fleet standing out of *Gourgen Bay*—our fleet out of sight.

"*Nov.* 1st. In the evening fired broadsides, and fired two guns every hour during the night. In the morning saw our fleet—enemy's yet in sight.

"*Nov.* 1st. A general chase. At noon enemy's fleet out of sight. During this cruise the ships were watered and victualled at sea by transports.

"*Nov.* 4th. Went into *Leghorn*. Riding here *Egmont*, *Diadem*, *Nemesis*, *L'Aigle*, and *Tisiphone*.

"10th. Left *Leghorn*.

"11th. Went into *Fiorenzo Bay;* found the fleet here.

"24th. Went to sea with the fleet.

"*Dec.* 2nd. Looked into *Toulon.*

"11th. Went into *Leghorn Roads*—refitting.

"21st. Went to sea with the fleet. Made *Cape Sini.* A gale coming from the north-westward drove us down to leeward. We worked up again.

"1795. *Jan.* 9th. Anchored in *Mortella Bay.* The fleet went into *Fiorenzo.* Completed our water.

"11th. Left the fleet in *Fiorenzo,* and sailed in company with four frigates—*Inconstant, Juno, Lowestoff,* and *Billette.*

"14th. Made *Cape Sini* in thick weather.

"*Jan.* 15th. Sprung our fore and mizenmasts in a heavy gale.

"17th. Parted the squadron, bore up for *St. Fiorenzo.*

"18th. Moored in *Fiorenzo Bay.*

"We here got in a new mizenmast and fished the foremast. Completed for sea. In the last gale the *Berwick* had rolled away her masts in the bay.

"*Feb.* 8th. Went to sea. Next day joined the fleet. Three days afterwards we sprung our fore and mainmasts. We were drove down off *Minorca. Windsor Castle* parted the fleet.

"25th. Moored in *Leghorn Roads.* The *Windsor Castle* joined us in the road.

"*March* 9th. We went to sea, the *Moselle* having hove in sight, and made the signal for an enemy's fleet in sight.

"10th. *Meleager* made signal for a strange fleet.

"12th. Enemy's fleet yet in sight. This night some of the fleet tacked without signal. In the morning they were separated. The *Princess Royal* and four sail were to leeward of, and within two leagues of, the *French* fleet. The *Britannia* and rest of our fleet about three leagues to leeward of them.

"*March* 12th. *Inconstant* in the night took the *Speedy* brig, who mistook her for a *French* frigate. Received account of *Berwick* being taken off the *Cape Corse* by the enemy's fleet.

"13th. At eight a.m. *Inconstant,* having been ordered to look out upon the enemy's fleet, was near their sternmost and leeward-

most ships. Wind was at W.S.W. At daylight the signal was made for general chase. About half-past eight the rear ship of the enemy's line lost her fore and maintopmasts; their fleet stood on without assisting her, being then about four miles to windward of our fleet. At nine the *Inconstant* began to fire upon the crippled ship, till, receiving a broadside from her, she was obliged to drop into the lee of the line. The *Vestale, French* frigate, bore down and took the *Ca ira* (the disabled ship) in tow. About noon the *Agamemnon* came up within a pistol-shot, and, yawing to port, gave her, *Ca ira,* a broadside, then hauled up again and continued to fire upon her with his bow guns, which she returned with her stern chase, but did not get near her again. About three the frigate tacked and got the *Ca ira* round with her, who gave the *Agamemnon* a raking broadside in stays. The *Captain* fired upon the frigate in passing, which she returned. During this the enemy's fleet had tacked, we standing on the larboard; they fetched to windward so as to bring the *Ca ira* and *Vestale* into their rear. On their passing us to windward there was some firing, but at a great distance. At dark some of our van were firing upon their rear. Signal was made to form the line of battle. We were ordered to look out upon the enemy during the night. In the first watch we heard some of the enemy's ships hailing in crossing one another on different tacks. At half-past twelve we bore up and hauled up again a little to windward of our fleet.

"14th. In the morning *Ca ira* was within gun-shot of us, then in tow of *Le Censeur* (seventy-four), and sternmost of the enemy's line; bearing S.E. At six a light breeze sprang up from N.W. Signal was made for general chase. Half-past six the *Captain* came alongside the *Ca ira* and began engaging; *Bedford* came up astern of her. *Captain* was disabled, and the enemy's ships left her; she dropped into the lee of our line to repair damages. *Bedford* made signal of distress and dropped also. At nine *Courageous* and *Princess Royal* came up, and the action became general. *Illustrious* and *Courageous* lost their main and mizen-masts in close action; *Ca ira* lost all her masts; *Censeur* lost her

main and mizen. *At twelve they struck.* The *Sans Culotte,* who wore the *French* admiral's flag, did not engage nearer than half cannon-shot. Our other ships lay firing at some distance opposite their antagonists in the enemy's line, but, falling calm, could not get near. The enemy at twelve kept away, appearing to have suffered much. Half-past one the firing ceased. We did not follow the enemy.

"15th. A.M.—took possession of the *Ca ira:* they had on board at the time of the commencement of the action 1200 men—400 were killed and a number wounded; she was commanded by citoyen *Le Conde. Censeur* lost 300 men out of 1000; chief part of these crews were soldiers supposed to be intended for *Corsica.* The enemy fired red-hot shot in this engagement; we found orders to that purpose in their signals. We took the *Ca ira* in tow, and carried her to *Port Espezia* in a heavy gale from W.S.W.

"*March* 19th. We were sent round to *St. Martin's Bay* to assist the *Illustrious,* who was on shore on the Spiaggia de Lavenze. We anchored in seven fathoms—sand, five miles from the *Illustrious,* who was in twelve feet water close to *Carrara Beach;* we had fine weather, and cleared her of her guns and stores. I was sent in a tartan with some of her guns to *Leghorn,* and returned with purchases, &c., to weigh her, having a sand bed under her stern.

"On the 27th they had got two anchors out astern, and tried to heave her off till they brought their anchors home; the next day she was left and burnt, everything of use having been taken out.

"On the 28th we sailed with a number of tartans, having her crew on board.

"On the 29th we moored in *Leghorn Roads,* having ran in through the north channel: found here *Courageux* and two frigates. The fleet left *Espezia* and went to *Fiorenzo* whilst we lay at *St. Manis.*

"*April* 4th. Went from this place, and upon the 8th anchored in *Mortella Bay*—employed refitting.

"17th. Returned to *Leghorn.*

"18th. Weighed, and next day joined the fleet off *Cape Corse.*

"20th. Working to the westward with the fleet. Hardly kept our ground.

"27th. *Argo* joined with a convoy.

"28th. Anchored in *Leghorn Roads*—employed watering, &c.

"*May* 6th. Sailed upon a cruise with the fleet. We went down off *Minorca* to wait the arrival of the reinforcements and convoy; we cruised with fine weather till the 24th, when we parted the fleet upon a cruise with the *Inconstant, Juno, Lowestoff*, and *Meleager.*

"25th. Took two *French* gun-boats who had been sent from *Toulon* to reconnoitre our fleet. Spoke the *Argo.*

"27th. Looked into *Toulon.*

"30th. Ran into the *Bay of Roses;* saw two *French* frigates in the *Mole*—bore up at four for *Cape Sini.*

"31st. A gale to the westward; ran close to *Sini* under bare poles, and saw the enemy's fleet in the harbour: they fired at us from below *Sini* signal house. Hauled off under courses.

"*June* 1st. Chased some small craft under *Cape Leucate.* Commander made signal to prepare to anchor. Stood in till their batteries opening we hauled off on south tack.

"2nd. Found ourselves embayed in the *Bight of Agde;* carried sail and worked out. The enemy fired at the *Inconstant* from the shore.

"3rd. Shaped our course for *Minorca.*

"6th. Joined the fleet off *Mahon.*

"8th. I joined the *Britannia.*

"*Britannia*—Admiral *Hotham's* flag—Captain *Hollowell* commander.

"Cruising till the 15th, when we were joined by the *Victory*—Admiral *Mann*—*Defence, Audacious, Culloden, Cumberland, Gibraltar, Southampton,* and *Comet,* with a convoy.

"21st. A squadron of frigates parted for *Genoa,* and returned the next day upon the alarm of the *French* fleet being out. They sailed from us again on the 23rd.

"24th. Joined the fleet. The *Saturn*, *Castor*, and *Mutine*, with convoy, bore up for *Corsica*.

"29th. Anchored in *Mortella Bay*. Riding here *Ca ira*, *Le Censeur*, and *Billette*.

"*July* 5th. *Agamemnon*, *Meleager*, *Ariadne*, and *Moselle* sailed.

"7th. *Cyclops* and convoy sailed. Saw the *French* fleet in the offing.

"8th. Went out—joined the *Agamemnon* and her squadron.

"12th. Several strangers in sight. At noon *Cape Taillar* N.W.W. six leagues.

"13th. P.M.—Variable weather. A.M.—Three-quarters past one, split the maintopsail and unbent it; close reefed foretopsail. At four a strange fleet in sight, about six miles on our lee beam; we steering S.W.W. on the starboard tack, they on the other tack—wind blowing a close-reefed topsail breeze at N.W.W. *Cape Corse* bearing N.N.W. six leagues. Six ships, viz.: *Britannia*, *Victory*, *Gibraltar*, *Windsor Castle*, *Captain*, *Fortitude*, had split their maintopsails and were bending others—ours was not bent till past four. Enemy's fleet to leeward: about seventeen sail of the line and three frigates. Five of their rear ships were some distance astern of their fleet and on our beam. At four *Egmont* and *Defence* made signals for an enemy. The enemy smoothened their water, and, getting into more moderate winds in shore, made sail. At thirty minutes after four we made the signal to come to the wind on the larboard tack; wore and came-to accordingly. Fifty minutes past four signal, form order of battle, forming the line. Made various signals for ships to make sail, keep their stations, &c. Lay up north till five, then steered N.E., making sail as the wind slackened. At six the line was formed, made all possible sail, wind dying away. At fifty-five minutes past seven made signal for general chase. At eleven minutes past nine signal to engage enemy, as coming up with them. At ten ships ahead, *Victory*, *Captain*, *Cumberland*, *Culloden*, *Agamemnon*, *Gibraltar*, *Bombay Castle*, *Defence*, *Blenheim*. At eleven *Terrible* passed us. At twelve the enemy had light winds off shore, their heads to the

eastward, one of their frigates standing to the westward. Our ships nearly up with them.

"*July* 18th. I received a commission for the *Southampton* as third lieutenant.

"19th. In the evening joined her under command of Captain *Shield*. We sailed to join company with *Nelson's* squadron.

"22nd. Anchored in *Vejeda Bay*. Rowed guard at night.

"25th. Cruising.

"*Aug.* 12th. Made prize of a *Genoese* dogger, with wheat for *Dina*. Sent her into *Savona Mole*. Arrived at *Leghorn* and found the fleet here. Captain *McNamara* took command of the ship."

During the remainder of this year Lieutenant *Broke* continued on board the *Southampton*, actively cruising in the *Mediterranean*, and rapidly acquiring the mastery of his profession. To insert an accurate account of all the proceedings narrated, might fatigue rather than interest the reader; but one extract may be given, showing the nature of the service on which he was employed.

"Fresh breezes and squally weather. Chased and spoke various vessels off *Genoa*. Quarter past eight observed a large ship coming down on our weather beam, we being then on the starboard tack—beat to quarters. At nine saw two frigates, two brigs, and three gun-boats coming to windward. The headmost frigate came down —hauled up. She got in the wind close on our weather bow; we hailed her, and, not receiving any parole, gave her a broadside, her stern being then opposite our main chain wale. We got in the wind; she droped with sternway athwart our stern, and gave us her broadside, raking. Her langrage cut away a great deal of our running rigging. She payed off to port, and we brought our after guns on the larboard side to bear on her bow; fired upon her. She bore up and made all sail; we let out our reefs and made all

sail—very dark, tempestuous weather. Heavy squalls, with rain. The other *French* frigate hauled up and stood back to *Genoa;* the brigs ran in shore with a convoy. We stood on after the large frigate, coming up fast, when the jib, being shot to pieces, flew away; and while brailing up the spanker in a squall of wind the mizenmast went over the quarter. Cleared the wreck and stood on—heavy lightning, wind freshened. Obliged to haul up the mainsail—main shrouds being shot away, some of them to windward. Kept firing alarm guns to such of our cruisers as might be on the coast. At two spoke the *Moselle,* who came down in shore. Stood on, made sail, firing at some of the enemy's convoy in shore under *Dina.* Stood on till near four, when finding the enemy headed us fast, wind having died away, we ordered *Moselle* back to *Vejeda.* We had observed the *Vestale's* foretopsail come down at our first broadside, and by the lightning could see that several of their sheets were shot away. When she passed our stern she was nearly aboard of us; some of her wads burnt in our main rigging—they were extinguished without damage. After the loss of the mizenmast, we cleaned the wreck in ten minutes' time, and rigged a spar to set the mizenstaysail; going eleven or twelve knots through the water at that time, having the lee guns run in, and laying the portsills under water, when she lurched. We had not a man hurt. Our foremast was wounded in the spindle. We bore up for *Ajaccio.*

"Laid here near three weeks, getting in a new mizenmast, fishing the foremast, and refitting the rigging. Sailed with the fleet for *Tunis.* A heavy *Levant* gale disabled most of the ships of the line. Cruising, spoke our fleet, Sir *J. Jervis'* flag on board the *Victory.* Anchored in *Algiers Bay;* wooded and watered; received orders to convoy a brig with 250 *Corsican* slaves to *Ajaccio.* Captured *French* brig off the *Cape Bank,* light, going to *Tunis* for corn for the use of the republic. To *Porto Ferraia.*"

Lieut. *Broke* here gives an elaborate account of *Capraia, Porto Ferraia,* &c., their harbours, population, productions,

&c., which, though deeply interesting, is too long for insertion in this volume.

In every instance where Lieut. *Broke* visits a port for the first time we find in his journals very elaborate sailing directions—descriptions of landmarks—antiquities—currents —fortifications and armaments, with remarkably acute observations upon the peculiarities and manners of the inhabitants. The same spirit of observation characterizes all his journeys on land, during his occasional absences on leave, permitted by duty. The following remarks on *Ancona* and *Loretto* bear a date long prior to the guide books which have familiarized later readers and travellers with these and similar details.

"Made *Manfredonia Headland*, &c.

"1796. *March. Ancona.* At a convent here we found a very friendly *crew* and hospitable reception. They were so complaisant as to play (without our showing any desire for it) "*Rule Britannia*" on a very fine organ in their church. There are no public diversions, but the inhabitants are not very severe in their conduct. Our *Newfoundland* fish ships not having supplied them regularly since the war, they are allowed one meal of flesh a day. They allow *themselves* to dance, and we had some hops on board; though the ladies all agreed that it would be necessary to confess next day and do penance. I proposed they should perform the latter on board, being more retired. They are lively, but not, generally speaking, pretty. The noblesse treat the citizens with supreme contempt, and have somewhat the superiority of them; though it is difficult to exceed them in licentiousness of manner and indelicacy, which, if occasionally perhaps not unpleasant to strangers, is not very desirable in a fixed society.

"Made a party for *Loretto.* We went to the posthouse, and were a little surprised, after making our agreement, at the postmaster offering us money as a security for his performance of the engage-

ment at the same hour next morning. We set off at the appointed time, or according to our reckoning here thirteen o'clock. Our horses were very poor, and, although the roads are remarkably good, their briskest pace did not exceed four miles an hour, and as there are a number of steep hills they walked one half of the way. We got out and did the same, and generally left our flying machines far behind us when upon any declivity. It was a fine, clear, cold morning, and snowed incessantly, but the wind did not allow it to lay upon the ground. The country is beautiful, not a spot of ground uncultivated; a continual succession of gentle swelling hills—

> 'Whereon the power of cultivation lies,
> And joys to see the wonder of his toil.'

The soil is marly mould; the ground appears chequered with variety of meadows, fields, and gardens, separated by light hedges or neat fences of wattled twigs. The almond trees have put forth their blossoms, though the leaves have not yet burst their buds. We saw several labyrinths and cages of trees bent and entwined together for catching birds—a *chasse* not peculiar to this country, being followed in a similar manner in the south of *France*. We met several of the peasants with guns, but they told us that game is not very plentiful near this coast. Their cottages are scattered over the country in great number; they appear comfortable outside, but are not well fitted within; we entered one and found them at dinner upon a mess of boiled flour of *Indian* corn, sprinkled over with the raspings of a very unpalatable sort of cheese; they accommodated us with wooden spoons, but we did not relish their food. Their bread is excellent; but this country produces no good wine, what they drink is sour and spiritless, we compared it to bad cyder. We saw but one large villa, not handsome or agreeably situated: the proprietors do not study prospect, we presume, as all the ground close to the house is ploughed up. Ten miles from *Ancona* we passed through a town called *Camesino*, a small place built upon a steep hill: it has a post house, but we saw nothing remarkable. We proceeded, and about five hours from our departure from *Ancona* arrived at our

place of destination, and accomplished our pilgrimage by walking up the hill upon which it stands; indeed, this was rather the effect of impatience than devotion. We put up at the *Campana*—the best inn in the town—a small, dirty house, kept by a *Frenchman;* and, having ordered our dinner, went and waited upon the *cancelliere della santa casa,* to whom we had an introductory letter; he politely offered his services as *cicerone,* and we sallied out under his conduct to see the lions. *Loretto* is a small town built upon an eminence, so named from the laurel grove in which the holy house rested on its second translation; it is about four miles from the sea, walled round; a demi-bastion and round tower, armed with brass guns, are its chief defence, and are tottering to their fall under the weight of their cannon, which are discharged four times in the year to the imminent danger of the trembling ramparts. There are no handsome dwelling-houses, or even large ones; the streets narrow, but are arched over, ill-paved; the shops are small, and their chief furniture is chaplets, agnus Deis, crucifixes, &c., which the devout pilgrims buy, and, when blessed by the canon of the holy house, adore very reverently. All that is worth beholding is their square, which is enclosed on the east side by the front of the holy chapel, the north and west by the Apostolic Palace, and the south by a range of irregular mean houses, which give an awkward appearance to the whole, and spoil the view when taken in *à coup d'œil.* The fountain in the centre is elegant, adorned with a number of beautiful figures of bronze, and by the exuberant plenty of its waters contributes to cool the square. We judge by our own feelings (it being abominably cold) that it might be a very pleasant place in summer time if the water does not fail. This place is tolerably paved; that part of the palace opposite the basilica is allotted to the governor, who is a prelate. This was our first object: its front as well as that of the other wing is handsome, with arched galleries upon both stories. The hall is the only large room we saw: it is paved prettily and mosaic'd with the arms of the pope and governor; the walls are covered with some fine paintings—a Nativity by *Caracci,* and an Annunciation by *Baroccio* are charmingly executed, as are two copies

of the same by other hands. These are the best, but they are all fine pieces. The rooms on one side were fitted magnificently for the reception of the present pope fourteen years ago; in one is a beautiful little picture by *Rafaello* representing the Baptist in the wilderness; it is wonderfully animated. In a cabinet we saw a fine cameo of the Assumption, and some little medallions of bronze. On the opposite side, in a room hung with fine tapestry, commanding a beautiful view of the country and adjacent towns, two other paintings of the Nativity, one in touchstone, and another on wood by *Guercino*, are worthy attention; a piece by *Zuccaro* is yet valuable although damaged by time. The back wall of this palace and of the other wing, where are lodged the officers of the holy house, is left bare, without even plastering, and gives the outside of the town a very shabby appearance on that side. We went next to their armory, two small rooms in the wing, containing arms for six hundred infantry, lately purchased and in good order. Three suits of armour, joined with wire, guard the doors. They have a disorderly collection of cannon-shot and grenades of various sizes, not any great number; but the most curious sight is a closet, where are attached to the wall a great number of pistols, stillettos, and knives; these were offered up for the defence of the holy house by their respective proprietors, upon an edict from one of the popes, prohibiting the retaining these unhappy instruments. There are five small pistols mounted in brass, the least about one inch and a quarter in the barrel; these are calculated for discharging poison, loading them with powder first, in the usual manner. The locks are old-fashioned watch locks, and very ingeniously constructed, being small in proportion—a refined mode of destruction: I have seen a trinket for a watch as large in England. They preserve here a most impertinent cannon ball, which having issued from some *Turkish* piece of artillery, and most audaciously fallen into the emperor's pavilion, is hung in chains over the door. Over the armory is a handsome steeple with bells. We proceeded next to the basilica, built over the holy house, of whose *égarements* I will give you the current account. After *St. Louis* had received the sacra-

ment in it when prisoner in *Palestine*, it left that country, and settled, in 1292, at *Kaunizza*, containing then some antique crockery, and the cedar image of the Virgin and child carved by *St. Luke.* A good prelate labouring under a distemper was cured, and informed of the miracle in a dream; and the people revered it accordingly. Some men having been sent to compare its dimensions with the foundations at *Nazareth*, they corresponded exactly. It was covered here with a handsome shell, but in 1294 deserted it, and came into a laurel grove in the vicinity of *Loretto* in the time of *Celestin V;* its sanctity was here revealed by two dreamers, and confirmed by the evidence of some shepherds who saw it on its passage. Eight months afterwards, the pilgrims being interrupted and robbed by a banditti who had taken shelter in the grove (instigated more by the devil than want of money, as a pious commentator has lately observed), moved it to a hill a mile off, belonging to two brothers, who agreed very well till by the rich donations they began to regard their own acquisition with ideas of gain, and quarrelled; the peaceable house not approving of such landlords, moved a bow-shot off to another hill, its present situation, and took its post in the high road, trusting to the generosity of the public rather than to that of any individual. It was received with joy, and in the pontificate of *Sextus V* (1586), covered with the encrustment of marble and basilica or chapel, since which it has performed numerous miracles; and every pope has endowed it with some new privilege of indulgence, to the great relief of the consciences of their flock. The façade is executed after a design of *Ventura:* it is elegant, without being loaded with so much trumpery as the generality of their churches. It has three doors: over the outer one is a statue of the Virgin, in bronze; and above the architrave an arched window; another window is left over each smaller door. *Gregory XIII*, who compleated this front and beautified the square, hath not forgot to have his name above the architrave, and *T. Pius Lintazes* cut above the under arched window—surely the good vicegerents of *Jehovàh built the church to God and not to fame.* The doors are of bronze, and represent some of the most remarkable incidents

of the Old Testament in excellent relievos. The chapel is well pavèd: the ceiling handsomely painted by *Pomarancio*, on a design of *Bramante's;* and there are several small chapels in the walls, adorned with altars of fine stone and charming mosaics; one copied from the *Caracci's* Nativity, in the governor's hall, and another from *Baroccio's* piece in the same place, are both worked in the most exquisite manner, and want little to render them equal to the originals but the mellow tints of time. The angel *Michael* treading down *Lucifer* is another valuable copy; five others all composed in the same style are lately fixed. A *St. Ignatius* is now placing—not yet finished: as they are brought here from the *Roman* academy in two pieces, the artists are obliged to come thence to compleat them after they are united in their respective niches. In one chapel is the bust of an old man in marble—very expressive. The font is of bronze, cast in a curious figure; the top represents *St. John* baptising *Christ*, and a picture over it expresses the same scene. *Sobiesky* has consecrated a standard, taken from the *Turks:* it hangs in the church. The vaults of the chapels are gilt in a superb and elegant style. The holy house is forty-two *Roman* palms by eighteen, and nineteen in height; it is encrusted with marble. The surrounding pavement is worn into little grooves and channels, as we were assured, by the knees of the pilgrims. Upon the marble shell are beautiful pieces of sculpture, designs of *Bramante*, executed in the time of *Leo X*, by *Contucci*, *Sansovino*, *Sangallo*, and *Tribolo:* ten prophets and as many sybils over them are the most striking figures. What these ladies have to do here I do not know; between them are other scripture pieces—an old man breaking his rod is the most expressive. There are three doors and a window looking westward; one doorway leads into the *sanctum sanctorum*, parted off by a silver grate, fixed over an altar of jasper, lapis lazuli, and agate, though the beautiful hues of these stones are obscured by smoke. In this apartment, opposite the altar in a niche over the fireplace, stands the cedar statue of the Virgin and child in her arms; this excavation is lined with ornaments of wrought gold. She is clothed in a rich golden mantle, on the front adorned

with numerous brilliants and other jewels; she has a crown on her head, as has the child, both blazing with diamonds; the latter holds in his left hand a globe of gold adorned in the same manner, and in the right two remarkable large pearls: this figure is four palms in height. This room, doorways, &c., are all lined with silver. The mother and infant's faces are blacked with the unctuous smoke of the lamps, twenty-three of gold burning constantly in this narrow place; the largest was sent from *Venice*, weighing thirty-seven pounds, offered to the *Madonna* for having delivered them from the pest. There are a number of silver angels: one large one from *France* holding a child of gold in his arms; one angel of gold offering up a heart of the same metal, sparkling with diamonds, and containing a small lamp in the midst of a flame of rubies, constantly alight, was offered up by *Maria d'Este* when Queen of *England*. A rich urn contains the *Nazarene* garments of the Virgin; a silver busto of *St. Barbara* encloses her skull; a piece of the cross is preserved in as careful a manner. The fireplace is plated with silver, except the back, which is yet black with smoke; a receptacle for alms is placed under it. We went through another door into the other division of the house, which was filled with devout folks on their knees. Twenty-seven lamps of silver burn here continually, and some rich chandeliers. They pretended to show us a picture that came here from *Nazareth*, representing *St. Louis* offering his fetters to the Virgin *Mary;* but this, as well as the walls and roof, are so blacked with smoke that we could not at all distinguish the style of painting. A sacrilegious eighteen-pound shot, which, however, checked its fury at the command of *Julian II*, and fell at his feet at the siege of *Mirandola*, is kept here in chains. The ancient roof is removed and a vault raised in its place; the present doorways were cut for convenience, and the old one filled with the rubbish; an incorruptible lintel yet remains. They showed us a stone in the wall which the Bishop of *Coimbra* once took away, designing to found a church on, but was persecuted with pains and illness till he restored it. The greasy fumes arising from the oily flames, and the fervent breathed orisons of the crowded congregations, form

a very nauseous air in this place. Sentinels guard the doors; and we were begged to deliver our swords and sticks to the canon before we were admitted. We went next to the treasury, adjoining to the chapel: in the passage are some pretty pieces; a sketch, by *Carlo Maratti*, and a matron teaching a group of girls, by *Raphael*, are the best—the latter is a delightful group; the other pictures are finished in a good style by *Titian*, *Veronese*, and the *Bassani*. Over the door of the treasury hangs a silver galley, compleat in her furniture, about three feet long; over it is the sabre of *Sobiesky*, ornamented with precious stones. This hall is about eighty-three feet by thirty; it is lined with glass frames, like a toy shop, wherein are displayed to the best advantage the statues, crowns, jewelry, and other gifts offered by the devout. These riches, if they have not been changed, are immense. Some cameos are beautiful and antique. A shirt of asbestos is preserved here, finely laced. I cannot attempt to describe all the magnificent monuments of mistaken piety as curiosities. They have an uncommon large pearl, grown into a semi-bust of the Virgin and child, devoted by an *Asiatic* fisherman. The object which most engaged us was a picture by *Raphael*, of the Virgin covering the child with a veil, laying in a cradle, and *Joseph* looking over her shoulder. This piece is superior to any we saw here; such a gentle tenderness beams from the mother's eye that it interests the beholder amazingly. Besides the jewels, this hall contains 800 dwt. of gold, and the whole is probably worth some millions. We left this glittering toy-shop, and passed on with very credulous faces. Before the gates of the church is a bronze statue of *Pius V*, supported by the four cardinal virtues, in the same metal. The dispensary contains a great number of vases and jars, painted by the scholars of *Raphael* for the Duke *d'Urbino*, representing remarkable occurrences in the sacred *Grecian* and *Roman* histories, and theological traditions, also *Ovid's Metamorphoses;* they are well coloured, and 'tis a pity so much art and genius should have been partly lost by its disadvantageous situation. *Ovid's* most licentious scenes are those which appear to be most perfectly finished, and glow in the richest

tints the pencil could bestow. One ludicrous piece represents *God* raising, or rather dragging, *Eve* out of *Adam's* side—a most horrible idea, and apparently a painful operation. These curious vases are not made use of, being kept there for their external appearance, in a little dirty room in the square. We went and looked into their theatre; it is very small but neat and commodious—useless at present, as all diversions of that kind are prohibited; the holy father may have religious, but I think not many practical, reasons for this measure. The people here have not been allowed to celebrate the carnival for some years past: they were sadly shocked at our proposing a dance in the hall at the governor's palace. They have a ruinous town-house where their magistrates hold their councils, under regulation of their ecclesiastic governor. We saw numbers of pilgrims from all quarters of *Europe.* The people of the lower orders are all beggars by inheritance, and have a family privilege of being fed for the love of *God;* they are very importunate with strangers; they persuaded us to purchase some of their trumpery. At the inn where we lived we took rosaries and small silver crucifixes, which might serve as presents to our catholic friends' children; they are all antidotes against sin, be we as wicked as we please. Our host, being a *Frenchman,* has been stabbed several times by the warlike inhabitants, who hate and tremble at the name of a *Frenchman.* We were tolerably fed, but our wine was execrable. I might have eased my conscience by purchasing indulgences here, not for myself alone, but entailed upon heirs and successors; but, alas! want of faith hinders us heretics from benefiting of these miracles. It is astonishing that the barbarians have never plundered this place, there being a fine beach for a descent, and no defence: should the *French* squadron come here they may attempt and execute such an enterprise; I hope we may meet them *afterwards.* A large frigate's crew would accomplish it without loss. Every house lets lodgings to the pilgrims. The empress, Queen *Maria Teresa,* was the last crowned head who paid her devotions here. We took coffee with our chancellor and his pretty wife, but could not persuade them to come to *Ancona,* to dance on board: we took our leave,

and having, according to the desire of the postillions, performed our tour round the town, returned to *Ancona*."

Sufficient proof has now been afforded, *under Lieut. Broke's own hand,* of the earnestness with which he was applying himself to the attainment of future eminence in his noble profession.

To the practical knowledge of the sea-officer he added, assiduously, the information of the traveller and the classic stores of the scholar.

His remarks on the antiquities, paintings, sculpture, topography, manners and customs of the various cities he had the opportunity of visiting in the *Mediterranean*, indicate a mind keenly observant, an intellect highly cultivated, and a heart, even at this early age, well able to discern between the false and true in the momentous question of religion.

The final important event in his long first cruise of five years was his participation in *Jervis' action off Cape St. Vincent.* Previous to this, however, the *Southampton* captured *L'Utile* corvette of twenty-four guns and 130 men. "One of their shot" (says Lieut. *Broke*) "wounded our mizenmast. The enemy's captain was killed, and seven men; they had also seven wounded. We had one marine wounded, who died in the morning. We much regretted the death of the *French* captain, he having distinguished himself by his attention to the *English* prisoners under his escort, when in command of a cartel."

[1] "Evening of the 9th of *June*, 1796. Sir *J. Jervis* discovered a *French* cruiser working up to *Hieres Bay*, within the islands, and immediately singling out the *Southampton*, called her commander on board the *Victory*, pointed the ship out, and directed him to

make a dash at her through the *Grand Pass.* The *Southampton* instantly got under weigh and went in, in view of the entire *British* fleet, which with anxious suspense witnessed the boldness of an attempt that scarcely anything but the completest success could have justified. The admiral refused even to give a written order for the enterprise. He only said to Captain *McNamara,* 'Bring out the enemy's ship, if you can; I give you no written order, but take care of the king's ship under your command.' On receiving these directions, the captain of the *Southampton* pushed through the *Grand Pass,* and hauled up under the batteries of the north-east end of *Porquerole,* under easy sail, in the hope that he might be mistaken for a neutral or *French* frigate. The stratagem succeeded, and he arrived within pistol-shot of the enemy undiscovered. He then cautioned the *French* captain, through a trumpet, not to make a fruitless resistance. A shot from a pistol at the speaker, and a broadside at the *Southampton,* immediately followed. At this instant, being very near the heavy battery of *Fort Braganson,* the *Southampton* laid the enemy on board; Lieut. *Lydiard,* at the head of the boarders, entered and carried her in about ten minutes. After lashing the two ships together, Captain *McNamara* found some difficulty in getting from under the battery, which kept up a very heavy fire. Lieut. *Lydiard,* suspecting the cause of the difficulty, passed from stem to stern, sword in hand, searching in darkness for the hawser which he supposed connected the ship with the shore. He soon had the satisfaction of finding that his conjecture was right, and by dint of repeated blows with his sword he released the ship; and about thirty minutes past one in the morning, the *Southampton* and her prize returned through the *Grand Pass* and rejoined the fleet. The ultimate fate of poor *Lydiard* was melancholy: in the winter of 1807, being then in command of the *Anson,* which was wrecked off the *Black Rocks,* he was washed overboard whilst endeavouring to assist a poor boy belonging to the crew."

Lieut. *Broke* thus relates the *Southampton's* share in the action off *Cape St. Vincent.*

"*February* 14th, 1797. Moderate breezes and hazy; wind yet at S.E. During the night heard several guns. At daylight hazy; wind shifted round gradually to S.W. Several ships made signals for strange sail. Half-past six, saw fleet to southward; made sail with the fleet by signal. *Culloden* made sail in chase of six of the enemy's bow ships, appearing then a separate detachment. They were all bearing away to eastward, our fleet keeping away to cross them. They hauled up in succession, after the van ships chased by *Culloden*. Admiral made signal to form line without regard to station. Line formed, keeping free. Fetched through enemy's fleet to windward of their rear division. *Culloden* leading, a little to windward of our van ship. Seven of the enemy's ships were cut off, and never joined their fleet till evening. Our fleet tacked to windward of the enemy, who kept away to form line. One of their ships separated, ran along to windward of our line whilst they were yet on starboard tack, and hauled up to join her own van. Signal being optional, *Captain* attacked, and with *Culloden*, without regard to succession, brought the enemy's leeward and van ships to close action. At three *Victory* got into action: several of the enemy's ships were disabled; and, before five, four of their ships had struck. The admiral made signal for the frigates to tow them off to leeward. *Captain* having lost foretopmast about four, dropped on board two ships, a two and three decker, and boarded them. About half-past five the van ship of the seven came down and fired at the *Britannia*, but, receiving two broadsides, hauled off.

"The *Southampton* remained on the *Lisbon* and *Mediterranean* station till ye month of *June* following, 1797, when she returned to *England* and was paid off."

Thus, after five years' active and unremitting service, during which he had been thoroughly inured to all the hardships of a naval life, having mastered all its details, and carrying with him the high regard of his captain, his brother officers, and the crews among whom he had shared so early

a command, the young lieutenant, now twenty-one years of age, returned to the welcome scenes at *Broke Hall* and the endearments of home.

1798. *Æ T.* 22.

It is doubtful whether a darker year than the above ever opened on the *British* Empire.

At war with *France* and *Holland*—our fleets (through the treasonable machinations of revolutionists) not to be confidently depended upon*—the Bank of *England* drained of specie—and *Ireland* known well to be on the verge of

* The good and gallant *Duncan's* fleet, with the exception of three ships, abandoned him during his blockade of the *Texel*. His address to his crew on this occasion should never be forgotten by a sailor. He spoke thus:

"My lads—I once more call you together with a sorrowful heart, from what I have lately seen—the disaffection of the fleets; I call it *disaffection*, for the crews have *no* grievances. To be deserted by my fleet, in the face of an enemy, is a disgrace which I believe never before happened to a *British* Admiral; nor could I have supposed it possible. My greatest comfort under *God* is, that I have been supported by the officers, seamen, and marines, of *this* ship; for which, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, I request you to accept my sincere thanks. I flatter myself much good may result from your example, by bringing those deluded people to a sense of the duty which they owe, not only to their King and Country, but to themselves.

"The *British* Navy has ever been the support of that liberty which has been handed down to us by our ancestors, and which I trust we shall maintain to the latest posterity; and that can only be done by unanimity and obedience. This ship's company, and others who have distinguished themselves by their loyalty and good order, deserve to be, and doubtless *will be*, the favourites of a grateful country; they will also have, from their inward feelings, a comfort which will be lasting, and not like the fleeting and false confidence of those who have swerved from their duty.

"It has often been my pride with you to look into the *Texel*, and see a foe which dreaded coming out to meet us;—my pride is *now* humbled, indeed!—my feelings are not easily to be expressed!—our cup has overflowed, and made us wanton. The all-wise *Providence* has given us this check as a warning, and I hope we shall improve by it. On Him, then, let us trust, where our *only* security

rebellion—*Britannia,* in truth, had need of all her resources and all her sons.

It was not in *Broke's* nature to be idle at such a crisis. He was appointed to the *Amelia* frigate, as third lieutenant, under the command of The Hon. *C. Herbert,* an accomplished officer and a man of literary talent. The *Amelia* was first attached, as repeating frigate, to the channel fleet, under Lord *Bridport.* The earlier part of this year passed without anything particularly worthy of note. In the month of *May* the *Irish* rebellion broke out; and it was soon ascertained that the *French,* with whom the traitors to the *British* constitution had long been negociating, were preparing a large and important armament for their assistance in the port of *Brest.* In the month of *September,* the *Amelia, Ethalion,* and *Sylph,* were detached to watch this squadron —consisting of one seventy-four gun-ship, eight frigates, and a tender, with troops and arms for the rebel forces. The *Sylph* was replaced by the *Anson;* and from *September* 17th to *October* 10th, these three frigates continued closely to watch the movements of the enemy. The *French* squadron at length sailing, the frigates hastened to make their report

---

can be found. I find there are many good men amongst us; for my own part I have had full confidence of *all* in this ship; and once more beg to express my approbation of your conduct.

"May *God,* who has thus far conducted you, continue to do so; and may the *British* Navy, the glory and support of our country, be restored to its wonted splendour, and be not only the bulwark of *Britain,* but the TERROR OF THE WORLD.

"But this can only be effected by a strict adherence to our duty and obedience; and let us pray that Almighty *God* may keep us in the right way of thinking.

"*God* bless you all."

to Sir *John Borlase Warren*,* who was cruising off *Achill Head*, on the *Irish* coast, with a determination to prevent their landing.

On the 11th at noon, the enemy was discovered; Sir *J. Warren* immediately gave the signal for a general chase, which was continued all that day and the following night, in very bad weather. On the morning of the 12th, at five o'clock, the enemy was seen to windward, the *French* seventy-four with her maintopmast gone. At twenty minutes past seven a.m. the action commenced, the *Rosses Islands* bearing S.S.W., distant five leagues. The several accounts of this action, given by *Brenton* and *James*, slightly vary, but the following is, as nearly as possible, an accurate account of the result:

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	RESULT.
Canada, 74.	*Hoche*, 74.	Taken in the action.
Robust, 74.	*La Coquille*, 36.	Taken in the action.
Foudroyant, 80.	*L'Ambuscade*, 36.	Taken in the action.
Magnanimous, 44.	*La Résolue*, 36.	Taken afterwards.
Melampus, 38.	*La Bellone*, 36.	Taken by *Ethalion*.
Doris, 36.	*L'Immortalité*, 40.	Taken afterwards.
Amelia.	*La Romaine*, 40.	Escaped.
Anson.	*La Loire*, 40.	Taken afterwards.
Sylph.	*La Semillante*, 36.	Escaped.
	La Biche, 8.	Escaped.

The *Robust*, Captain *Edward Thornborough*, led the *British* into action. At eleven in the forenoon, after a

* Afterwards Commander-in-Chief on the *North American* station, when *Broke* captured the *Chesapeake*. A Graduate in Arts of *Cambridge*, a fine seaman, and a devoted patriot. Two of his letters to Captain *Broke* will be found (anno 1813) in this vol.

defence of nearly four hours, *Hoche* struck. The frigates made all sail away, but were pursued, and in five hours three of them were taken. In a word, thanks to the indomitable energy and vigilance of our cruisers, three only of the *French* fleet ultimately escaped. In these important proceedings the young lieutenant had an ample share. The *Amelia* was one of the ships left in charge of the prizes, but shortly afterwards she was sent to *Greenock* for supplies, and from thence to *Plymouth.*

In *January*, 1799, Mr. *Broke* was promoted to the rank of commander, and appointed to the *Falcon* fire brig, at *Sheerness.* This vessel, however, was not manned, but remained at her moorings in the *Medway.*

In the following autumn our hero was appointed commander of the *Shark* sloop of war, in which he joined the *North Sea* fleet, under Lord *Duncan.* This ship sailed badly, and was generally employed in convoy to the *Elbe* or *Baltic;* exercising her commander's care and vigilance, but affording no opportunity of farther distinction.

In *February*, 1801, at the age of twenty-five years, Captain *Broke* attained post rank, and was kept for four years on half-pay, unable to obtain employment.

Such was the graduation, as we may call it, of *Broke* upon the seas; almost continuously blockading, chasing, or cruising, and finally taking part in the two general actions of *Jervis* and *Warren.*

On the 25th of *November*, 1802, Captain *Broke* was married to *Sarah Louisa*, second daughter of Sir *W. Middleton*, Bart., of *Shrubland Park*, in his native county of *Suffolk.* Their

union on earth lasted thirty-nine years. When, eleven years after his marriage, he fell, fainting and deluged with blood, on the deck of the *Chesapeake*, and when, on being borne aboard the *Shannon*, the tender hands of his brother officers gently removed his clothes and bared his chest, they found, suspended around his neck, a small blue silk case. It was found to contain a lock of his wife's hair. Lieut. *Wallis*, who thoughtfully took charge of this true husband's treasure, had the blood washed off, and, as one need hardly say, was more than rewarded for his pains when the hero's wife thanked him for that which, in her eyes, must have had an unspeakably higher value than all earthly honours—the token of an absent husband's love and faithfulness in an hour of certain danger and probable death. We do not claim too much for the subject of these pages in saying we solemnly believe a more faithful, a more devoted husband than he never—*never* plighted troth to woman. She bare him eleven children; and scarcely one day of the last twenty-five years of his life passes without some allusion in his journals *to his wife*. The reader, therefore, may judge how strong was the sense of duty which, after only two years' happiness in his bride's society, led him again to seek active employment.

It is gratifying to observe, however, from certain sources —from journals, indeed, kept by himself—that the young husband and father hallowed and enhanced the happiness of this union by entering, at this early period of his life, on a decidedly religious course. The genial neighbour, the accurate man of business, the brave and energetic patriot, and above all the consistent Christian gentleman and humble

Church of *England* worshipper, stand patent on every page of the little closely-written pocket volume from which this memoir is mainly compiled.

During this happy interval, then (and it was—though he knew it not—the happiest of his life), Captain *Broke* was not inattentive to his country's anxious if not perilous condition. He employed his leisure in embodying and training a numerous battalion of peasantry; but wearied with long shore work and small arms discipline, and longing, no doubt, for his favourite and masterly exercise at the great guns, he addressed, from *Nacton*, a letter to Lord *Melville*, requesting active employment at sea. Viewing his subsequent glorious career, and the earnest offers *thereafter* made to him by the Admiralty of any frigate he might prefer, one reads, with feelings closely approaching indignation, the following tardy and coldly-official reply—

"Admiralty, 1st *July*, 1804.

"Sir,

"I have received your letter, soliciting active employment, which I hope to be enabled to give you before any considerable lapse of time; as the public-spirited and laudable manner in which you have been acting since the war commenced has, together with a particular recommendation I have received in your favour, given you a claim to as early an appointment as circumstances will admit of.

"I am, sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"*MELVILLE*."

Nearly seven months, however, rolled away, and nothing came of these smooth words. Most men—of gray hairs, at least—know the momentous interest hanging on every hour of those days. *Broke* was deeply conscious of them; and, though no doubt with a mixture of reluctance and impatience, once more gave a proud and hesitating knock at the Admiralty doors.

"*Nacton, Ipswich, January* 27th, 1805.

"My lord,

"Having observed that a great many frigates and smaller ships have been lately commissioned, I take the liberty of reminding your lordship of the promise you favour'd me with in the summer of last year—that I should be employ'd soon. As your lordship was pleased, in your letter upon that occasion, to express your approbation of the manner in which I was exerting myself here, I have continued to support my battalion of peasantry. * * I again request your lordship will place me in an active situation. * * I thought it would be importunity to write oftener.

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

The result of this application was Captain *Broke's* commission to command the *Druid*.

This document bears date *April* 8th, 1805.

There is a long hiatus here, and the reader is spared the pain of reading that which all can so well imagine—the young hero's parting from the scenes of his boyhood,

the fond companion of his early manhood, and their two little ones: the one, a boy, still in his mother's arms; the other, a female infant, soon to sleep the long sleep in the bosom of our mother earth, at *Nacton.* The *Druid's* letter book, under date *July* 17th, 1805, places H.M.S. at anchor off the *Flat Holmes* in the *Bristol Channel.* Her captain has only pressed two men yet, and is greatly afraid that *John Maddison*—an ominous name to a seer of eight years forward—formerly a caulker and now a carpenter, and a good and useful artizan of that rating, should be taken out of the *Druid,* as a deserter from the *Union.* It is at this period of Captain *Broke's* naval career that the valuable extracts from the journal of the late Admiral *King* (then a midshipman on board the *Druid*) become available. It is, indeed, much to be regretted that he was not spared to complete the history, he evidently contemplated, of his much-loved captain's services. His four plates of the action of the *Shannon* with the *Chesapeake,* and their accompanying description, are pronounced by those who were personally engaged as scrupulously correct.

The *Druid* well deserved her venerable name—she was old, patched-up, and wet.

During the year in which she was commanded by Captain *Broke* only three events occurred worthy of note, viz.:

"*Feb.* 2nd, 1806. Capture of *Prince Murat, French* privateer: eighteen guns, 127 men.

"*May* 1st. *Pandora, French* brig corvette, of same force as *Prince Murat;* and a little afterwards, the chase of the *French* frigate *Topaze,* into the *Raz Passage.*"

Captain *Broke* thus relates the capture of the *Prince Murat:*

"On the 1st of *Feb.* we were cruising (lat. 46° 30′ N., long. 11° W.) in fine weather, and had just examined a *Danish* brig, when we saw a ship, from our top ga'nt y'd only, lying-to to leeward. Near sunset we bore up for her, and observing she had then made sail on ye larboard tack, we steered to fall in with her, and at six had the good fortune to see her standing athwart our lee bow, still on a wind, as if meaning to cut us off. We hauled up and made more sail after her, then about five miles off. It was a fine moonlight night, with a royal breeze and smooth water. She took no notice of us until we were within three miles of her, when she set her to' ga'nt sails and kept away, quartering, gradually making all sail from us. She sailed well. We gained upon her in some light squalls that passed over us, but when there was less wind she held her own. Having observed us coming up on a side wind, at two she put before it. We followed and still came up, though not so quickly as before. The moon just then setting and the day breaking, we were within hail of her. On her captain answering "*French*," ordered him to strike, and heave-to on the starboard tack. We hauled our stu'nsails in, and passing under her stern, hove-to to leeward and took possession. She was called the *Prince Murat*, a ship privateer of eighteen six-pounders and 127 men, commanded by M. *René Morin;* out five days from *L'Orient*, and had taken nothing. She was fresh fitted out and coppered. From her good sailing, I imagine, if she had thrown her guns overboard, she would have led us a long chase."

Admiral *King*, then a midshipman on board, observes—

"The *Druid* was *rated* at thirty-two guns, but carried thirty-eight: that is, twenty-six long twelve-pounders on the main deck; on the quarter deck eight twenty-four-pounder

carronades; and on the forecastle two long six-pounders, and two twenty-four-pound carronades. The carronades were all fitted on the non-recoil principle. She had always been known as a very fast sailing ship; and when employed in the peace, previous to the revolutionary war with *France*, she was stationed in the *English Channel* to look after the smugglers, and, by her fast sailing, captured many of them. She was, indeed, *their only fear.* If I mistake not, she was then commanded by Captain *Woolley;* at all events, he knew her history well, and told the writer the above, with much more that does not connect itself with the present purpose. The *Druid,* in 1805, was considered an *old ship;* and, to make her sea-worthy, she was *doubled;* that is, a fir planking of three or four inches was bolted over the wales and bottom of the ship. This made her more buoyant, and additional ballast was placed in her to immerse her to her proper water-line. It also added to her *beam* six or eight inches, which gave her great stability. Her tonnage was much under 700: she stowed 110 tons of water, and provisions for six months, under hatches. Her hold was, therefore, very capacious for her tonnage; and her form must have been good, since she stowed so much and yet sailed so fast *on all points of sailing.* Such was the ship which, in 1805, was put in commission, and Captain *P. B. V. Broke* was appointed to command her. She was fitted out at *Deptford.* Her 'hulk' was the old *Dover* of forty-four guns on two decks, one side of which hulk was then composed of *bricks!* To man the *Druid* was the great difficulty; indeed, it was impossible to complete her crew, which was still

considerably 'short' when she was sent to sea, and *boasted* of sixty *Greenwich College* men amongst those who composed it."

The *Druid* had not even a midshipman's berth! It was not allowed by the dockyard. After a time a framework covered with canvas was put up by Captain *Broke's* order. Then it was without cupboard or locker; the chests were used to supply seats and table. How different is the treatment of midshipmen in these days.

"She was first sent to the *Bristol Channel* for the purpose of pressing seamen. Very few were taken out of *West India* sugar ships, which were homeward bound; but the trade *from Bristol* was entirely stopped, on account of her anchoring under the *Flat Holmes*. After a short time spent there, the *Druid* went to *Cork*, and was attached to that station. Captain *Broke's* zealous desire to be at sea as much as possible allowed but little time to pass before the *Druid* sailed on her *first* cruise. In that cruise she fell in with the *Prince Murat*, a *French* privateer of sixteen or eighteen guns and 117 men, which had sailed from *L'Orient* a very few days previously. The chase and capture have already been described. The *Druid* then went to *Cork*. On her second cruise she fell in with a large ship (to windward), and gave chase in a heavy breeze and a rising, strong gale. A suspicious brig was, at the same time, in sight to leeward. After an hour or two, plunging and labouring, *by* the wind, the maintopsail split: to shift it would have been a work of much time in such weather and with such a crew; and,

no doubt, would have thrown the *Druid* out of sight of the chase. Captain *Broke* decided to bear up for the brig. This was done, and all sail was made, by degrees, in chase to leeward. When the brig observed this, she bore up also, and under all sail, steering a direct course for *Brest.* The wind freshened to a strong gale: it was on the *Druid's* starboard quarter; three reefs were out of the topsails: top-gallant, topmast, and fore lower studding sails were set. The rate of sailing increased from eleven knots to thirteen knots per hour. The brig sailed well: she was *neared,* yet slowly, considering her size as compared to that of the *Druid.* Between nine and ten p.m. (the weather being very thick and hazy, and a twelve hours' chase) the *Druid's* bow-chasers were fired at her; and, a few minutes afterwards, a large round shot whistled through the *Druid's* rigging. In an instant some ships of the line were discovered ahead, and on the larboard bow: this was the CHANNEL FLEET. There was not time to shorten sail. The *Druid* passed close under the stern of a three-decker, within easy hail: she was ordered to 'heave-to, or she would be sunk.' It was a miracle that she did not run *stem on* to the three-decker; for there was not time to shorten sail or to alter the course. All sail was lowered in the utmost confusion, and the ship was 'rounded-to' on the larboard tack. The main deck filled with water. Some of the guns broke loose from their tackles (not their breechings). The lower deck was flooded, and every sail in the ship was aback and flying loose. The captain, in spite of this weather, was ordered to go on board the three-decker, to wait upon the

admiral *(Stirling).* His ship at this time was 'lying-to' under a close reefed maintopsail, but he got there and back safely, to the wonder of all on board. The brig, the *Druid's* chase, had passed through the fleet safely; but it so happened that the *Glory*, ninety-eight, had drifted far to leeward, and the chased brig was fired upon both with musketry and cannon from the *Glory.* This second line, as it were, confused the *Frenchman*, I suppose, and he lowered his sails, rounded-to, and surrendered. Had he pushed on, as he might have done, he would have been safe. He was going twelve and a half knots at the time. What could the *liners* have done? What could a few guns on a pitch dark night have done? He was safe! but a moment's panic and hesitation made him a prisoner. The *Druid* having been detained a full hour, would have given the brig a start of more than twelve miles, perhaps of fifteen, and put her quite out of sight; and had the *Druid* made all sail in chase once more, and on the same course, it must have been very doubtful whether she could have gained the ground she had lost before the chase was safe in *Brest:* and had the chase altered her course one point to southward, it would have taken her to *L'Orient*, and thrown the *Druid* out of chase altogether. But the brig had surrendered to the *Glory*, ninety-eight; the crew were transferred to the *Druid;* and in the usual time sail was made by the *Druid* and the prize for the channel. The brig's name was *Pandora:* she carried eighteen guns, and had 130 souls on board as her crew and officers. She sailed remarkably well, and was a *very* handsome craft.

"On one occasion, when beating out of *Cork Harbour*, the

Druid refused to stay, and ran on shore, under the northern point, with a falling tide. She grounded *gently.* A pilot was on board; he fell on his knees *to beg his life* of Captain *Broke.* The ship was shored up, but heeled over so much as to be in a very dangerous position. She got off at high water, without injury to her keel, &c., but the water was nearly up to the lower portsills before she began to rise. It was the cruise after this event she took the *Prince Murat.** In going out she did not carry the mainsail, *for want of hands* to work it! Perhaps this caused her to refuse staying, or a flaw of wind off the high land.

"It may be mentioned that, in this chase, the *Druid* very narrowly escaped being 'blown up' by her gunner. It was he who fired the bow-chasers at the brig. Curiosity induced the surgeon to go on the forecastle to witness the firing, and he observed that the gunner was not sober. When all the deck cartridges were fired away the gunner said—'I 'll go to the magazine and get some more.' The surgeon heard this. In a minute it struck him that he had better follow the gunner to see what he was about, though he would not report him before he went down to the

* The *French* prisoners on board the *Druid* had laid a plan to rise upon their captors on a certain night. Their intentions were discovered, and, by way of a hint, when the *Druid's* officers were at supper in the gunroom, and the superior officers of the *Murat* with them, the armourer brought in a whole armful of pistols and cutlasses, and supplied each cabin with these arms. The *French* officers stared, and at last said—"This is very curious: we suppose you are preparing against us, expecting we shall rise on you. How could we do that, after you have treated us so kindly?" *Roberts*, the senior lieutenant, said, in his blunt way—"You may rise if you like: you see we are ready for you!" They did not rise.

magazine; he found the magazine doors open: he went in, and there saw the gunner in one of the passages, having made use of the cartridge shelves as a ladder, and climbed to the *uppermost* one, with a lighted candle, naked, in one hand, and reaching for the six pound cartridges with the other. This magazine was aft; and I think it was the only one in the ship.

"The moment was critical, and required a cool presence of mind; the surgeon fortunately retained his, and said quietly to the gunner—'Let me hold the candle; you can't manage without help.' To this he had a drunken man's answer; but the surgeon had wit enough to urge upon the gunner, that—'Unless he made haste, the brig might escape;' and again asked for the candle to save time. The gunner now gave the candle to the surgeon, who immediately went out of the magazine with it; left the gunner in it; locked the door, and made his way up to the quarter-deck, with the candle in his hand. As he went up the companion ladder the wind blew the candle out, and, at the same moment, Captain *Broke* called out very sharply—'Who is that fellow with a light? put it out directly.' The surgeon got on to the quarter-deck as these words were uttered, and said in reply—'It is I, sir; I have just taken this candle from the gunner, inside the magazine. I have locked him in, and here are the keys.' The gunner was invalided—I don't know why, unless for the consideration of former services. I saw him afterwards as gunner of the *Implacable*, an eighty gun ship; she was then in dock at *Plymouth*. He was a fine specimen of the old class of seamen—active, hardy,

vigorous, and daring. I never saw or heard that he was *given* to drinking too much; but I was very young at that time.

"The *Pandora* surrendered in the night; she and the *Druid* kept company the following day and night; and on the *next* day a large frigate was seen to the eastward, barely 'hull down.' Sail was made, and the course altered in chase —*Pandora* in company. The stranger also 'bore up and made sail.' The *Druid* gained on her, and by sundown her water-line was in sight. It was known that she was the *French* frigate *Topaze,* of fifty guns, called in our service 'a thirty-eight,' and armed on her main-deck with forty-four pound carronades. The *Druid* had received exact intelligence of her by a ship from *Lisbon,* which had been boarded by the *Topaze* at sea. Everybody in the *Druid* considered this stranger to be the same large ship seen on the day the maintopsail split. Not long before sundown the *French* coast was seen from the *Druid's* mast-heads; and very soon after sundown the chase was observed to alter her course and trim her sails. The wind had been 'a fresh breeze' early in the day, but it gradually died away towards evening, and soon after dark it was a calm. When the chase altered her course and trimmed her sails, it was well understood on board the *Druid* this was to make her way through the *Passage du Raz,* and by that means escape into *Brest.* The calm and the night prevented the *Druid* following through that passage; her head, therefore, was kept to the northward as much as possible. The night was anxious, for the breakers on the *Saints' Rocks* were in sight, and

could be heard from the deck. The escape of the *Topaze* was accomplished! It was owing to a bad look-out on board H.M. ship *Medusa.* That frigate was seen from the *Druid* about eleven a.m. during the chase; and when so *first* seen she was before the starboard beam of the enemy, if not still further forward; for the *Medusa* was about three or four points on the starboard bow of the *Druid,* and in sight from the mast head only: the enemy was one point on the *Druid's* larboard bow, and about seven or eight miles off. As the *Druid* came up with the *Medusa,* all kinds of signals were made to her, but they were not noticed. Nor was it until the *Medusa* was abaft the larboard beam of the *Druid* that the *Druid, Pandora,* and the chase were seen by her. When on the *Druid's* beam the *Medusa* was about '*hull down.*' When the *Medusa* discovered the *Druid* and others, sail was made in chase by her; but the *Druid* out-sailed her! and *it was too late.* The two ships communicated in the evening, and great and painful was the excitement on board the *Medusa.** If an action had taken place between the *Druid* and *Topaze,* what would have been the result is a speculation of much interest. The *Topaze,* of at least 1100 tons against 700—of 340 men, at least, against about 180, say, sixty of whom were *Greenwich College* men—of fifty guns against thirty-eight—of forty-four-pound carronades

* "The carronades of the *Druid* were mounted on the *non*-recoil principle: the concussion was much too great for the ship, and the chocks would, very likely, have come in with the gun, after a little firing. The chock did draw, on the forecastle, at the second shot. The *Topaze* had carronades on her main-deck."

against twelve-pound long guns, and so forth. The *Druid* had the advantage of sailing, and, therefore, *might* have chosen her distance. But could twelve-pound shot have seriously injured such a ship as the *Topaze?* Still, had a cannonade been kept up, it most likely would have attracted the attention of some of the *English* cruisers, and this might have been calculated upon even before the *Medusa* was seen. Captain *Broke* had placed the dispart sight on the *Druid's* guns. The crew were well exercised, and used to handle the guns with great exactness and celerity. Still, one forty-four-pound shot would have snapped the *Druid's* mainmast; but a score of twelve-pound shots would not have crippled the *Topaze's* mainmast. A *close* action was out of the question between these ships, for the *Druid* could not think of BOARDING; but, at a certain distance, the action might have been kept up in a teazing way for hours, though at no little risque, for one stick cut away would have given the *Topaze* the advantage of sailing, and, of course, of all manœuvring. Captain *Broke* considered the *Druid* a 'point of honour ship'—too large to run—too small to fight; in fact, it was a disgrace to send such a ship to sea as a fighting ship.

"In her next cruise, by her superior sailing, the *Druid* out-sailed, on a wind, in fair weather, the *Providence*, a *Guernsey* privateer cutter of eighteen guns.* The captain said she had never been caught before, and that he would not have believed that any ship-rigged vessel could have

* On this cruise the *Druid* detained a neutral with *Prussian* property on board, as part cargo. She was condemned as prize.

caught her *on* a wind. About two weeks previously she had fought a *French* eighteen gun brig, off *Bilbao*, and beat her off. The sails of the *Providence* were riddled with grape and canister, and Captain *Broke* would not take any men out of her because she had behaved so gallantly. In this cruise the *Druid* chased, for seventy-six hours, the *Hope*, a *Guernsey* privateer cutter, and fairly 'ran her down.' She was noted for fast sailing before the wind, and the chase was in that direction. Her captain said she had never been caught before on that point of sailing. She carried fourteen carronades, and some men were taken out of her. The last cruise of the *Druid* was to the north-west of *Ireland*, for the purpose of intercepting the homeward-bound *Greenland* whalers, and to press men out of them. Between twelve and twenty very excellent men and seamen were thus added to the *Druid's* crew."*

On *Sunday, August* 31st, 1806, Hon. Captain *Bennett* came on board the *Druid*, in *Cork Harbour*, and superseded Captain *Broke*, who was discharged into the *Shannon*, with three petty officers, two volunteers first class, six seamen, and one boy.

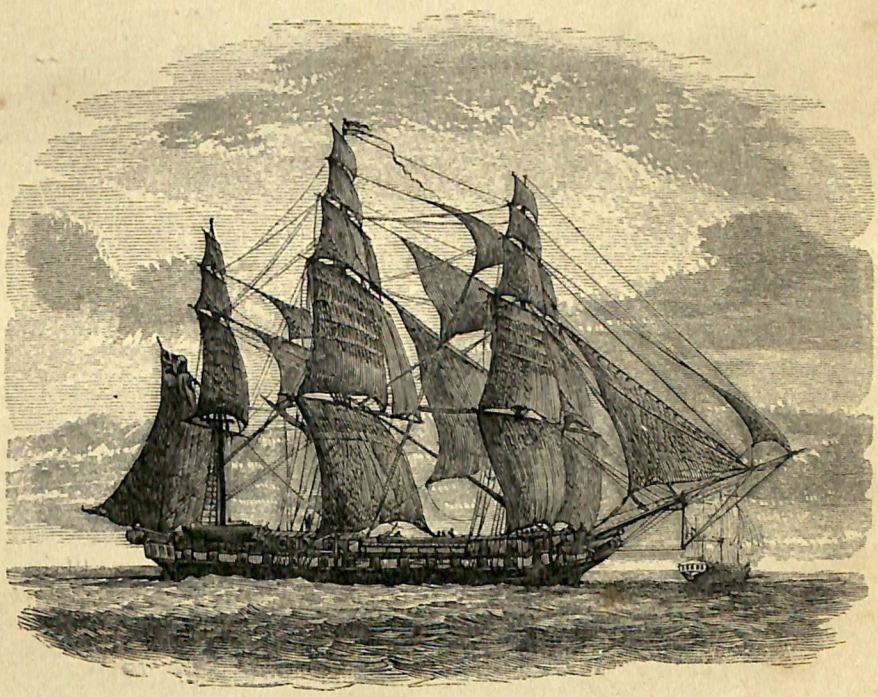
* In a heavy gale of wind off *Scilly Islands*, a man was washed overboard, off the bowsprit of the *Savage*. The brig went *over him*. The stern boat was lowered to try to pick him up: just as she touched the water the man came to the surface, close to the boat side; one of its crew seized hold of him—he was hauled into the boat, and the boat was hoisted up, all hands in her, *without her tackles having been unhooked*, so quickly was all this done.

THE *SHANNON.*

An *English* brook
And an *Irish* river.—*Old Nautical Toast.*

The *Shannon* is described by writers of the time as "a very fine frigate of thirty-eight guns." A former messmate of *Broke*, writing to congratulate him on his promotion, says: "We hear your new ship is a very fine craft; and I hope you will enjoy better health than in the damp, old *Druid.*"

Much havoc having been committed in the previous summer amongst the fleet of *English* whalers on the coasts of *Greenland* and *Spitzbergen* by a squadron of *French* frigates, the Lords of the Admiralty were required in 1807 to provide against a recurrence of it, and accordingly selected, as we have seen, Captain *Broke* for this duty, placing under his orders the *Meleager* frigate, Captain *Broughton*, in addition to the *Shannon* commanded by himself. With these ships he was ordered to protect our whaling fleet in the northern seas, and to penetrate as far to the north as the season would allow; and although they were not in any way prepared for such an expedition by any additional strengthening or outer planking, he was fortunate enough to attain to the high latitude of 80° 30′ north, and to return home with the ships uninjured. The following outline of this cruise, together with the remarks copied from Captain *Broke's*



PORTRAIT OF SHANNON UNDER ALL SAIL,

BY THE LATE ADMIRAL KING.

journal, may not prove uninteresting at a moment when earnest endeavours are being made by some of our most gallant and enterprising naval officers to induce the government and the country to send out another expedition to the north pole, by means of which it is confidently hoped and expected that the glorious discoveries made by them and by previous *Arctic* navigators may be completed, and another page of imperishable lustre be thus added to *England's* "naval history."

"*May* 8th. In the ice. Our poultry began to die of cold; we killed the remainder, and hung them up in a boat astern, that the snow might preserve them.

"14th. Thermometer broke.

"15th. Saw two 'finners' or small whales.

"16th. Saw many whales to-day.

"19th. Caught some mollemukes.

"20th. Captain *Broughton* dined with us. He agreed it was most expedient, for the defence of the whalers, to join them off *Spitzbergen*, if we could push through the loose ice.

"22nd. A compact wall of ice ahead. As we were much encumbered by the surrounding islets of ice—tacked. At ten called on Captain *Broughton*, and we consulted his pilot, who was an old *Greenland* captain. He advised us to get clear of the ice again as soon as possible. Indeed, had a gale come on from the south our situation would have been extremely dangerous. The heavy masses of ice would have crowded down upon us, and probably either crushed the ships, or ground their sides through, by the working of the sea. We were not (as all ships should be in this country) provided with ice hooks and hatchets, for mooring or docking the frigates, as is practised by the whalers; nor were we secured, as they are, by much additional timbering and sheathing, against the shocks and friction of the ice.

"23rd. Standing W. to make *Jan Mayen's Island.* It is probable that if any enemy's ships come to annoy our fishers they will make that spot in their way.

"*June* 8th. Eleven p.m. saw a bark and a brig—whalers. They bore off and ran, but showed *English* colours. We did not chase them, not wishing to drive them into the ice. At midnight it blew a hard gale, with a huge rolling sea. The sun was as brilliant as it ever is in *England* at noon, and the sky of a pure, cloudless azure.

"9th. Ten p.m. fine, but the sun had not power enough to melt the icy gems which cased our rigging in many places like a beautiful spar.

"10th. A fine bright summer's noon at midnight. The sun gave a perceptible warmth through glass, though the air was keenly frosty. The water was smooth, and the blue verge of it finely contrasted with the bright effulgence rising from the distant ice, and gradually blending with the pure, clear sky. At five a breeze, westerly, stood to N.N.W. Took lunars—variation *per* azimuth, 27° 23′ 26″. Note—errors.—Ours in longitudinal reckoning were immense: nearly three degrees every fortnight, and always found ourselves, by lunar observation to the eastward of our reckoning. The currents must set strong to S.E., as we were frequently proportionally faulty in our southing. Our compasses are bad, or the variation alters much here, and never agrees with *Steele's* chart.

"*June* 17th. Moderate and foggy, with mild, wet weather. Fired occasionally. Saw each other at intervals.

"Noon. Dripping weather and fog.

"N.B. We had now, and for some time past, only four men in our sick list, and those all accidental hurts. The ship being so healthy in this ungenial climate, I attribute (under the favour of Providence) to the constant care which was taken to keep our people dry and warm; making as little work as possible for them (particularly aloft) in very cold or wet weather, and exercise enough when it was dry and clear. Having seldom anything to chase, we kept under easy sail in all doubtful or bad weather, to keep the ship dry and easy, &c., &c.

"Made the land: a high irregular chain of pyramidal mountains, their western cliffs glittering in the sun, probably clad in snow. The N.N.E. point seemed distinctly an obtuse pyramid, with a square tower upon its summit. Yesterday and to-day a great number of parrots and roches, with some geese and land birds, had appeared about the ship.

"18th and 19th. Fog.

"22nd. Captain *Broughton* dined with us, and some of our officers dined on board *Meleager*.

"23rd. Made *Magdalena Hook (Spitzbergen)*; the bay does not show itself well till you are very near. It now blew hard, but the pilot seeming acquainted, we hauled up for the road. He was, however, very diffident about some rocks which lay at the entrance. The wind came off the land in furious squalls (as it does in a *Levanter* at *Gibraltar* or *Rosia Bay*), but we brought up with the best bower in seventeen fathoms, about one mile and a quarter from the land, and abreast of an insulated rock called *Adam's Stone*.

"I went immediately in the boat with Captain *Broughton* to sound and seek for water, which we found at the burying-ground point.

"24th. Discovered a rock unknown to our pilot, and a very dangerous one. Observed some traps on the snow, apparently set for foxes, we supposed by the *Russians*. As no tracks were evident on the surface, they must have been standing some time. They were near the burying-ground, probably on account of the propensity these animals have to haunt the new-made graves.

"25th to 27th. Surveying.

"28th *(Sunday)*. Sent our people on shore, on leave, by watches. They scrambled about the hills and caught many birds.

"29th. Watered.

"30th. Brought some flowers on board from *North Point*.

"*July* 1st. Went duck shooting upon ——— island with some of the officers of both ships. I shot fifty, besides many that escaped, and the other gentlemen killed a great number. The boats' crews knocked down some with stones, and caught others sitting on their

nests. Their eggs were very numerous, and the men carried away great numbers of them. Blew a fresh breeze and was very cold all day in the offing, but was calm and mild in *Magdalena Bay*. P.M. Went with Captain *Broughton* to reconnoitre a fine bay lying next to the northward of *Magdalena*. We did not sound it, but there appeared to be excellent shelter—a bay as large as *Torbay*, perfectly land-locked.

"4th. Sailed.

"6th. As I was satisfied that none of our *Greenland* ships were in this quarter, and had no authority for attempting to explore the eastern coast, I did not proceed further. We might possibly, by waiting for chance openings, have found our way to the *Seven Isles;* but the great drifts frequently shifting their place, we should probably have been blocked up, as Lord *Mulgrave* was, and without any certainty of being released again.

"12th. Began serving lemonade to our people, their vegetables having been some time exhausted. Each of them drank at the tub a large wineglassful, *before* they took their afternoon grog. It was mixed with one-sixth lime juice, the rest water, well sweetened with brown sugar. To be issued twice a week, which I now thought sufficient, as we had no scorbutic symptoms among them.

"18th. This week had been constant fog or dripping rain, with the temperature generally mild. The little intervals of clear weather were only sufficient to show us our consort, and make any necessary alteration in our course or sail while she could observe it. This it was highly requisite to attend to, on account of the great expenditure of powder which must otherwise have been incurred in fog-signals.

"25th. Off *John Mayen's Island*—ten or eleven leagues. Damp fog. Close reefed topsails and reefed courses. The fogs were so frequent that I could not risk running in near the land without having a clear view. We had no object in view to justify such a hazard. Had it been clear weather I should have tried to obtain some refreshments—as bear, deer, and scurvy grass are said to be abundant in the low grounds.

"*Aug.* 2nd *(Sunday).* Strong gales and a sea. I had intended to find out and examine *Bear Island;* or, if the easterly winds should prevent that scheme, to make *Spitzbergen* again, before we took our final leave of these seas. The fogs had defeated the former project, and this morning, after they had cleared a little away, a hard gale set in from the southward, which determined me to face about homeward; for now we might reasonably expect a continuance of blowing weather. *We had not a month's provisions on board, even at short allowance.*

"4th. Hard gale.

"5th. Gale—hazy, with rain.

"8th. Left off fires for want of fuel, being very scantily provided for another fortnight's cooking.

"15th. Saw land of *Norway.*

"16th. Spoke a *Hull* brig bound to *Archangel* for tar. He told us of the peace between *France* and *Russia,* and that a large expedition had sailed, within a fortnight, for the *Baltic.*

"21st. At thirty minutes past six p.m. buried *J. Brown,* a young seaman who had died of a rapid consumption. He had been so affected before, but had not sickened this summer till we left *Magdalena.*

"22nd. Anchored in *Kirkaldie Bay*—*Inch Keith* light S.W.-half-W.—in fourteen fathoms, clay, about two miles from the shore. Made our No to the Admiral. A boat came off, and told us '*of the* Leopard's *action with the* American *frigate* Chesapeake,' and particulars of the *Baltic* expedition; also of the vigorous levies raising in *England.*"

"Remark book kept on board His Majesty's ship *Shannon,* between the 26th of *April,* 1807, and the 22nd of *August,* by Captain *Broke.*

"WINDS, WEATHER, CURRENTS, &c.

"In the *Arctic Sea,* between latitude 67° N. and latitude 75° N., and from longitude 7° W. to 12° E.

"*May.* The weather during this month was like that of a

severe winter in the *British Channel;* there was no rain, but few days passed without frequent showers of snow or sleet; the spray of the sea froze in icicles wherever it rested, particularly about the chains and head nettings, and often upon the decks, particularly at night time and early in the morning before the sun had any power. From the beginning of this month, *Fahrenheit's* thermometer was constantly below the freezing point, even at noon, till the 14th, when it was unfortunately broken,* and we had no means left of making accurate observations upon the temperature. But the frost continued very sharp; so much so that when we attempted to wash the decks before eight o'clock in the mornings the water generally iced upon them, and could only be removed by shovels. The cold was, as usual in north latitudes, most severe with the northerly winds, particularly those at N.E. The weather was usually more stormy about the latitude of *John Mayen's Island,* and in the vicinity of that island or the adjacent coast, than it was to the northward of that parallel (viz., from 68° to 72° N.), or further to the eastward.

"The winds most prevalent this month were northerly, and chiefly from the N.W., generally blowing a fresh breeze, and often a hard gale. The swell and sea were like that in the Western Ocean. When a gale was rising it freshened gradually, and though it often blew in strong gusts with the showers of snow or sleet, we never met with any sudden squalls. The weather was bad, but it was merely that of a cold *English* winter. The currents in these latitudes appeared to set strong in various directions, most to the southward and eastward, particularly upon the coast of old *Greenland,* and between that and the meridian of *Greenwith;* one day it appeared to have set at the rate of two miles per hour to the S.E., but at others it was hardly perceptible, nearly in the same parallel. Its rapidity and variations were probably influenced by the drifting and melting of the loose ice which hung about the shores of *Greenland* and *Spitzbergen.*

* The same accident had happened on board our consort *Meleager* to the only thermometer they possessed.

"The loose ice in these seas varies its position considerably, according to the mildness or severity of the season and the prevailing winds. A large quantity of it is almost always hovering about *John Mayen's Island* and the shores of old *Greenland.* Another equally stationary raft generally environs *Bear Island,* and connects it with the south end of *Spitzbergen;* the passage to the fishery lies between these banks, and is sometimes totally obstructed by the immense drifts which come down from the polar ice, and form a barrier curving irregularly from *John Mayen's* to *Bear Island,* or perhaps even much to the southward of those places. At such seasons the whalers are not able to proceed beyond the latitude of 74° or 75°; but in most years the ice is passable at intervals during the summer, as the drifts are opened or closed by the winds. In some open seasons it leaves the middle sea quite free up to 80° or further, the loose floats being driven to the south-westward or south-eastward by the winds and currents. This appears to have been the case at the time of Lord *Mulgrave's* voyage in the *Racehorse* for the discovery of a northern passage.

"We first fell in with the ice on the 7th of *May,* in a loose stream or drift, in the latitude of 70° 00′ north, and longitude 5° 00′ west, being part of the north-west ice, or that which surrounds *John Mayen.* Apprehending we should not be able to make the island, we tacked and stood to the eastward, making what northing the wind would allow.

"On the 15th of *May,* being standing to the northward in latitude 73° 51′ north, and longitude 12° 50′ east, we met with a heavy body of ice, stretching from the N.W. to S.E. as far as we could see from the mastheads, and apparently of great breadth, as we could see no horizon beyond it; the background of this drift was broken into high hummocks, the most distant of which appeared like land; much loose ice was connected with this bank and streamed away to the S.W. We sailed along the skirts of it to the westward for two days, and then stood away to get further off as foul weather came on. On the 18th we fell in with some loose but extensive streams of ice in 74° 44′ north, and about 7° 16′ east; these

fragments were of different magnitudes, from the size of our launch to that of the jolly boat, and of broken, irregular forms. A westerly gale again compelled us to haul off.

"On the 21st we met the loose ice again early in the morning, and the weather being fair, the wind westerly, we sailed into it, steering to the N.N.W.; the groups became closer as we advanced —the masses were frequently of the length of the ship, and as high out of water as our maindeck guns, or about ten or twelve feet, and appeared to swim two or three fathoms deep; the smaller pieces were much lower; they were all covered alike with frozen snow— we saw the seals basking upon many of them. Their groups were often so closely crowded that we could not steer the ship between them without her striking, which she several times did with considerable violence, though we kept steering under easy sail, and *picking our way* with great caution. The ice at length appeared too compact ahead for us to make any further advance in that direction, and we steered N.E.; the horizon was now all ice as far as we could see from the masthead in all quarters. After having sailed amongst it in this manner from four a.m. on the 21st till four a.m. on the 22nd, we found our passage completely stopped by crowded heaps which we could not pass through. We saw amongst the ice four vessels, seemingly whalers, and on the 21st we spoke one of them, a *Danish* brig; he said he had been *sealing* on the west ice, and had skirted it all along from *John Mayen* to this place, without being able to find a passage to the northward. Having myself seen so much ice to the eastward, I was now convinced that we could not get up to the fishery off *Spitzbergen* without forcing our way through it, which our pilots thought would be a dangerous attempt for the frigates, as they were not prepared for this kind of navigation, by *sheathing* and *filling*, as the whalers' ships are, or furnished with ice hooks, &c., for securing them to the ice in case of necessity. We had already experienced some smart shocks from the larger pieces, and thought it advisable under these circumstances to extricate ourselves and recover the open sea before any foul weather should come on. At eleven a.m. on the

22nd we bore away to the S.E., and in the evening by seven were entirely clear of the ice: a heavy gale came on immediately after at S.E.

"I now determined to try again for *John Mayen's Island*, thinking it probable that any enemy's ships bound to our fishery would make it, and steered accordingly to the W.S.W. We made the ice again in large streams in several places between longtitude 4° west and 7° west—tending to the S.W.—so as to interrupt our passage to *John Mayen*, when we had arrived in that parallel on the 25th, and were, by our reckoning, within two or three degrees of it, or about fifty or sixty miles—supposing it to lie in about 9° 40′ west.

"This plan being frustrated we returned to the N.E. to try for a passage again in that quarter, but we did not make the ice again during this month.

"*June.* The first week of this month we had constantly damp, foggy weather and frequent rain, with fresh or moderate breezes; the air was tolerably mild and the wind southerly—chiefly S.W. The next week was cold weather. On the edge of the north-west ice the fogs were frequent, but we had several fine, clear days. The winds more northerly, and sometimes blowing fresh gales with snow, but generally moderate. In cold winds the fogs settled upon the rigging and cased the ropes with ice; and the air was extremely chill. We could observe no difference between our days and nights; the midnight sky was often as bright as noon.

"The third week brought constant fogs again, with fresh gales from the S.E. We had several days of raw, cold weather with snow, alternately freezing and thawing—the rigging crusted with ice: latterly, mild dripping fogs and moderate winds. From the 18th we had clearer weather; no fogs, sometimes, for twenty-four hours together—the air cold and frosty. Several fresh breezes from the northward.

"On the 22nd we found an open passage between the west ice and *Spitzbergen*. We had afterwards (as usual in that confined sea) much fine weather and smooth water; the sky clear, but the land commonly covered with clouds. On the 23rd we anchored in *Magdalena Bay*.

"During the remainder of this month the weather was very fine

in port, and often calm; but it frequently blew fresh from the S.W. and N.W. in the offing, with driving haze or fogs. It was sometimes exceedingly cold, unless where sheltered by the mountains and exposed to the sun.

"The fogs often hovered on the mountain tops, but they never obscured the sky or settled in the bay.

"POSITION OF THE ICE IN *JUNE*.

"'We fell in with the ice in large, loose drifts on the 2nd of *June*, between 74° and 75° north, and in longitude 9° east; it ran a long way to the eastward and westward. We visited it at intervals, as the fogs would permit us, in longitude 8° E., 8° 30′ E., and 9° 00′. On the 7th we made an immense insulated *pack*, or heavy drift of it, in 74° N., and about 3° 30′ E. On the 8th, at night, we made a firm field of ice in 74° 50′, and about 3° E. (probably the extreme of the west ice joining to the main land of *Greenland*). It blew a fresh gale at W.S.W. We hauled round a cape of ice to the N. and N.E.—coasting it along. We saw here six or seven whalers. Our course was arrested on the morning of the 9th by firm ice in the N.W., and by large streams which embayed us to the N., N.E., and S.E. We were then in 76° 13′ north, and about 6° east; and such vessels as we spoke said it was not possible yet to proceed further northward. We hauled out again, and cruised amongst some large straggling islands of ice till the 12th, when we made the main west ice in 76° 30′, and about 5° east. We here saw and spoke several whalers, but having several days of fog and blowing weather, were obliged to stand off and were separated from them. We cruised amongst loose, scattered pieces, in thick fogs, till 17th, when we fell in again with large drifts off the south end of *Spitzbergen*, in 76° 00′ north, and about 5° east, which appeared to stretch across from the land to the west ice; but after several attempts (during which we were sometimes dangerously entangled amongst heavy masses, and in blowing, foggy weather), we found a passage between the ice and the land, in 9° or 10° east, and 77° north latitude. We then entered into a large, smoooth sea, and

having run through many loose drifts to the northward, we afterwards saw but little ice anywhere, except in small detached rafts, and some floating about the shore, which appeared to have recently drifted out of the bays.

"On the 23rd we anchored in *Magdalena.* From the fresh fracture of the ice at the beach, the strata of it remaining still upon the rocks, and the hovering drifts of bay ice round the sides, I imagine that *Magdalena* had not cleared itself above two or three days: the inner bay was still locked up. During our stay here we saw some huge islands wandering in the offing, but no other ice at sea, and only five or six of them.

"The currents most prevalent this month ran to the S.E.; but no calculation could be made upon them, as they were never regular for two days together.

"*July.* Whilst in *Magdalena* we had fine, clear weather (though sometimes cold) till the 2nd of this month, when it was calm and foggy, as it was part of the 3rd. We had always light, variable air in the bay, as the winds never blow home there from the N.W. or S.W. but in heavy gales. On the 4th we towed out to sea, and found a fresh breeze at S.W. with fog—we stood to the N.W. On the 5th was a freezing fog; wind N.E. On the 6th we had fleeting fogs and north-easterly winds; but it was very clear at intervals. Made the west ice a.m., in sight of *Spitzbergen:* it lay in firm fields and heavy packs; one coast of it stretching to the S.S.W. and the other to the eastward, curving round to *Hackluyt's Head* and *Cloven Cliff,* so as to prevent all passage to the northward, unless we might have found one further to the eastward, by pushing between the loose ice and the land about *Cloven Cliff* and *Muffin's Island;* but this measure would have been attended with an imminent risque of being crushed in the ice or locked up for the winter. We worked up into a deep, narrow bay of ice till the *Cloven Cliff* bore S.E. by S., and *Hackluyt's Head* S. by W.; when, observing the ice on the east side of us to close upon the other, and being able to proceed no further, we wore and steered away again round *Amsterdam Island.* Our extreme north latitude was about 80° 05′.

"We ran down off *Magdalena*, the wind being north-easterly, the weather cold but clear, and thence off the *Fair Foreland*, where we saw two or three large straggling islands, but no other ice. On the 8th we stood to the westward, in about 78° 40′, and passed many islands. Made the west ice at about twenty-five leagues from the foreland. We had frequent fogs the next week, and continued to cruise amongst the loose drifts on the edge of this ice between 77° 30′ and 78° 30′ till the 11th, with variable westerly winds—cool weather—some fresh breezes with snow. The winds then coming southerly, we hauled out. On the 12th saw ice in N.W. The fogs now seldom left us for above an hour in the day; the weather was damp and mild; we continued working to the southward. On the 13th, at night, we opened the sea swell, and perceived we had got out of the narrow channel—we were then in about 75° 30′ and 4° 0′ east. We had fogs and damp southerly winds, or south-easterly till the 20th, and saw no more ice.

"From the 20th to the 28th we were between 70° and 71° latitude, and had several fine days, but frequent fogs; the winds mostly north-easterly or north-westerly; some mild weather and moderate breezes. On the 23rd made *John Mayen's Island:* it appeared to be surrounded on the east and north-east sides by large drifts of ice. The fogs were so frequent and the winds variable that, after waiting some days for clear weather to reconnoitre the coast, and the wind coming to the south-eastward and freshening, I abandoned that project, and hauled off towards *Bear Island.* The remainder of the month (from the 26th) was hazy, wet, and foggy, with variable winds. On the 28th we had heavy rain all night for the first time in these seas, though we had frequently slight showers with the fogs; the winds were generally moderate, the air *mild*, and two or three days warm. On the 31st we were in 73° 18′ and 8° 30′ E. We had reason to think that we had been several times driven to the S.E. again during this month by the partial currents, but in a very irregular manner.

"*August.* The weather was tolerably mild at the beginning of this month, but a hard gale and a great sea rising from the S.W.

and W.S.W. on the 2nd, and the continuance of the fogs, made it unsafe to pursue our scheme of making *Bear Island*, particularly as the ships were both short of provisions and could not risque the delay which might be occasioned by our getting entangled in the south-east ice. We had then proceeded to about 13° east and 75° 40′ north.

"We now (on the 2nd) commenced our passage homewards, surrounded still by fogs, which sometimes partially cleared for an hour or two in the day; they made the ship very damp in spite of our fires, but the weather was not cold.

"The winds were remarkably unsettled, frequently round the compass in the twenty-four hours. We had several stiff gales for a few hours duration, from the S.E., S.W., and N.W., and often calms or light winds between them; at times there was a high, long swell from the S.W. for many days together, but the gales which had occasioned it never reached us in any force. We continued beating to the southward, or rather starting that way as the wind favoured us, without ever being clear of the fogs for above an hour at a time, till we got into 66°, after which we had some hazy weather, but several fine clear days with moderate or fresh breezes—variable, but mostly southerly. On the 15th we made the *Stadtland*. We had again been borne to the eastward of our reckoning by the currents, and somewhat to the southward: we saw no ice this month.

"Our azimuths, during this homeward run, gave the following result:

DATE.	LAT.	LON.	VARIATION WEST.	
Aug. 7th	70° 49′	1° 30′ E.	32° 00′	Means
„ 11th	67° 00′	1° 30′ E.	30° 42′	of
„ 12th	66° 00′	2° 00′ E.	26° 13′	several
„ 13th	65° 32′	2° 00′ E.	26° 50′	observations.

Between the *Stadtland* and *Shetland* we had some hazy weather, and chiefly south or south-westerly winds—with variable weather—sometimes calm, at others blowing a strong breeze for two or three hours together.

"GENERAL REMARKS UPON THE NAVIGATION OF THESE SEAS.

"From the uncertain and varying position of the ice (as remarked in the observations of *June*) and the frequent fogs, much caution is required in the navigation of these seas. We noticed that the whalers always hauled off a lee ice, upon a breeze rising or a swell setting in, with as much care as they would have done from a lee shore, although in the best fishing ground; and they considered it extremely dangerous to entangle themselves in the heavy streams. If caught in that manner a ship should be prepared to dock herself immediately, to prevent her being crushed to pieces, and must wait patiently for an off *shore* wind to open the ice again before she ventures out. But should she be thus locked up late in the season (as in *August*), and far to the north, it is not improbable she might be confined there for the winter and in danger of *starving*. Ships of war in such cases would be in a worse situation than the whalers, as the boats of the latter will always carry all their hands, and could be drawn over the ice to the water, so as to join any other ships that might be near them, or to get to the shore.

"The blink or brightness of the sky over the ice will often show its position long before the ice itself can be seen from the mast-heads. It is well to take advantage of fine weather to ascertain the position of the ice in general, that in thick or blowing weather a ship may know how far she can proceed with safety; and when cruising close on the skirts of the ice, or amongst the drifts which lie apart from each other (as may be requisite for keeping company with the trade or the pursuit of suspicious vessels), it is proper to note down by heaving, or a rough chart, the situation of the particular points and bays which the ice forms round you, so that upon the sudden arrival of fogs or thick weather you may know which is the most likely way of extricating yourself. The ice will certainly not be quite stationary, but the separate larger drifts will nearly preserve their relative form and bearings for some days, unless they are directed in their driving by firm ice or the land to leeward, or scattered by long and obstinate gales—so that, allowing them some

leeway, you will nearly know where to find them again. If caught thus with a fresh breeze, between weather and lee drifts, or absolutely amongst heavy driving masses of the ice, it is dangerous (in thick weather) to attempt to work or sail out again; the safest way is to lie and drive with the ice—backing and filling to avoid such pieces as you come near—in preference to *wearing* or bearing up to clear them, as the ship should never acquire headway enough to strike with violence. A man of war, with her fore and maintopsails aback, will drive to leeward, but a little faster than the heavier masses. The whalers in these situations hang their ships to the ice to drift slower—being more leewardly, it may be of use to *them* —but they are hardly so much at command as when driving under canvass.

"If when entangled in or between ice drifts you know that there is only loose ice to leeward, there is little danger, as that will probably recede as you advance towards it.

"But if there is firm ice to leeward, every means should be taken to render your drift slower, by mooring to heavy masses, furling sails, and making the ship as snug as possible. A ship of war, however, in this case will not benefit by the ice so much as a smaller vessel, as her masts will show so lofty over it as to quicken the way of the ice, and hang a great strain upon her hawsers; if ultimately the ship is hove thus down to the firm ice, she may be saved by docking herself immediately. In ice of moderate height this may be soon done; but when the ice is higher than ten or fifteen feet, and consequently very deep under water, it would be a work of difficulty.

"If driving upon the shore in the manner above mentioned it is certainly advisable to moor to a large mass of ice, as it will not only retard your drift, but probably take the ground in much deeper water than the ship will require to swim in; and, if so, will form her a smooth berth to ride in.

"Ships are sometimes crushed or rubbed to pieces amongst loose ice, when the fragments are large and close, and a great swell agitates them; in such circumstances the cables, hammocks,

&c., may save her from destruction by being used as fenders; though a frigate's sides are ill calculated to bear the pressure, even when protected from being cut by the edges of the ice.

"When very closely blocked up in this way, and aware that there is rather clearer water to leeward, a ship may with more safety try to force her way there, as she cannot gather *fresh headway.* But she should not attempt getting out to windward with a sea running, as the outward edge of the ice will be most violent in its motion; but the farther to leeward she penetrates among it the quieter she will be.

"A ship of war on this cruise should be provided with some additional hawsers, ice-anchors, hatchets, and saws. The sheathing and filling them would be a great security, but probably so affect their sailing, if done in the usual manner, as to render them useless as chasers.

"In what is called the *Bay ice,* or that which annually fills the bays and inlets of the coast, the ships easily dock themselves (when they cannot find room otherwise) with saws and hatchets, as it is seldom above eight or ten feet thick at most.

"The ice-drifts, particularly in the latter part of the season, frequently assume a picturesque appearance, the fragments above water being thawed and corroded by the wash of the sea into various and singular forms—as trees, coral branches, hollow caverns, and broken arcades. At this season the large masses should not be approached too close, as there are frequently shoal points running out from them under water.

"The heaviest islands we fell in with that were not stationary might measure two or three hundred yards in length, and at the highest sides from forty to fifty feet in height; but we saw these only in the higher latitudes, or on the skirts of the west ice. Their depth under water must be considerable according to the usual calculations. We observed some pieces aground in seven fathoms water that were not above eight feet high above the surface, and part of that was snow, with which all the ice is covered to the depth of two or three feet. The main field ice is generally of a

moderate height, compared with these great islands; they appear to be fragments of ice hills or bergs that have accumulated for many years, and at last have been separated from the land and driven to sea.

"Bears and seals may be frequently found upon the west ice, the latter in numerous herds.

"A ship can never be really distressed for water in these seas, though a ship of war would find it an inconvenient task to complete herself early in the season.

"We took up some of the smallest pieces of ice, many of them porous, and which had all been long washed by the sea water. They were not bigger in general than a man could lift: even this, after draining an hour or two upon deck, yielded when melted a *drinkable* water, though certainly brackish. But a ship of war may with a few guns shake down solid blocks of flinty ice from the larger pieces that, though they fell in the sea water, could receive no taint from it, as the surface would drain itself clean. A ship might hoist it in, and soon get a large stock on board; but how to reduce it to water in large quantities is another difficulty; we left it to itself in *butts*, expecting it would thaw by exposure to the air, but it remained solid. It took us two hours and much firing to melt three butts' full of it in the ship's coppers, which yielded two butts of water; thus an hour a day would probably have converted enough ice for the ship's use, if we had headed it up and completed in that manner.

"Immersion in cold fresh water did not perceptibly quicken the thawing of the ice, as we expected it would.

"The snow upon the surface of the large islands will pack better in casks and melt easier; but it would be a longer work to complete with it, and is sometimes injured by the salt spray.

"I went upon one large island in the middle of *June*, on a fine sunny day, expecting to find the snow on its surface in a state of thaw, but it appeared more inclined to freeze. Later in the season water is easily procured in this manner, as the sun melts the snow which, lodging in the hollows of the surface, forms large

pools of fresh water, and is frequently running in streams off the edges; and this water is generally very sweet and good, as there is not much sea at that time of the year to throw the spray over it, and what was *outside* ice in the spring is then all melted or driven away: a ship by mooring to the ice will then complete rapidly.

"Much more ice is annually destroyed by the washing of the sea and the grinding of the pieces against each other than by the power of the sun.

"The sun had hardly begun to thaw the snow, even on the southern slopes of the mountains, till near the end of *June*. The water would probably continue to run in a mild year till the end of *August*.

"The whalers consider the narrow basin or gulf between the west ice and the north-west end of *Spitzbergen* as the head of the fishery. From 78° to 80° N., and round *Hackluyt's Head* in open seasons, they have smooth water in that region, and generally finer weather and fewer fogs than when further to the southward, and abundance of whales; but if the southern ice is so disposed that they cannot speedily make a passage to this place, they abandon the scheme and fish upon the edge of the west ice, as they cannot afford to lose time. Some who are incomplete will try to get to the northward at the end of the season; but the ice lay so long in their way this summer, and the fish were so plentiful on the west ice, that I do not think many ships went beyond 78°; we did not hear of any there from the Russians.

"To keep a correct reckoning in these seas is impossible, from the frequent fogs and the irregular currents; the constant daylight, however, compensates for this disadvantage. The whalers seldom trouble themselves with keeping any reckoning but latitude; the ice will seldom allow you to come near the land, and the degrees of longitude are so small that a south course will always carry them to *Shetland* or *Faroe*.

"In clear weather the sun affords an easy calculation of the latitude at noon and at midnight, and by double altitudes at any

time; but in the foggy months of *July* and *August* he is seldom seen. We obtained some lunar observations, and generally found our longitude by reckoning three or four degrees *wrong*, the ship being always to the eastward of where we supposed ourselves. As no stars are ever visible in the summer months our celestial observations were but few.

"The position of the headlands of *Spitzbergen* appeared to coincide with such charts as we could get. *John Mayen's Island* is variously laid down in these, both as to latitude and longitude; by some good distances of the sun and moon we determined the longitude of the *Bearenberg*, or mountain on the north end of it, to be about 7° 50′ west, and its latitude 71° 13′ north.

"The currents in these seas set strong and irregular, generally in a S.E. direction, but sometimes apparently at more than a mile an hour for twenty-four hours, and the next day perhaps not perceptible, though the weather remained the same; the ship probably had crossed their partial influence.

"The uncertain variations of the compass probably caused us frequent errors: the charts lay down variations by no means according with our observations, which we repeated frequently for the sake of accuracy; and the compasses when fairly placed seemed all to agree tolerably well. The undermentioned list denotes the variations observed, contrasted with those in the most recent charts.

SHANNON'S OBSERVATIONS.		CHARTS.
In *Magdalena Bay*, *June* and *July*	27° 00′ W.	None marked down
Off *Hackluyt's Head*, and in 79° 30′ & 79° 50′ near the land	29° 30′	Off *Cloven Cliff* 12° 47′
Off the *Fair Foreland* in 79° 38′ *July*, long. 8° E.	24° 37′	14° 55′
In 71° 00′ N. lat., from lon. 2° W. to *John Mayen's Island*, and about the island	3 points W.	None noticed.
Between *John Mayen* and *Bear Island* in E. lon.	1¾ or 2 points W.	17° 30′ W.
In 75° 30′ N., and 7° or 8° E. lon.	27° 26′	None remarked.

There is a great difference between these observations—probably our compasses were faulty. The azimuths were taken at various times in the day and night, and their mean adopted, which was found consistent with the sun's noon and midnight bearing; the apparent time being calculated for ascertaining more correctly the moment of his culmination or midnight depression.

"There are many banks in the seas to the northward and on the edge of the west ice, but the water is deep; we never struck soundings on them with a line of 120 fathoms, except near the land off *Magdalena*, and there they are irregular; the water, however, frequently appears green and indicates soundings.

"When in the narrow sea about *Magdalena*, and in clear weather, the sun was frequently as bright and the weather as warm at midnight as it was at noon—it being more generally calm at that season than in the day time.

"Live stock, as bullocks, sheep, and poultry, may be kept as well on a *Greenland* cruise as they are in the winter on board the cruisers off *Scilly* or *Cape Clear*.

"Our ship's company was extremely healthy the whole time; we had several times no person in our sick list for weeks together. Much care was taken to keep the between decks dry, clean, and well aired with fires. We carried from *England* six bullocks alive, and a stock of vegetables, which, being partly secured in casks as we could find room, preserved well in spite of the frost, and afforded a supply two or three days each week during six or seven weeks.

"Fresh beef (or other meat) can be carried with great advantage, as, though killed off *Shetland* (or as soon as a ship gets into the cold latitude), there is no danger of its spoiling, at least before the end of *June*.

"Ships' companies on this cruise should be prepared with abundance of warm clothing: flannel jackets, worsted stockings, stout shoes, &c., as the cold in *May* and part of *June* is sometimes extremely severe.

"1 & 2. DIRECTIONS FOR SAILING IN, MARKS FOR ANCHORING, &c.

"There are no dangers that we could discover which are not

laid down in the accompanying chart. In addition to the descriptions and explanations there given, I have to remark that there appears to me no positive necessity for a pilot to take a ship into *Magdalena*—nor is it easy to procure one acquainted with the place; few have been there above two or three times in their lives, and perhaps at such remote periods that they have forgotten what knowledge they had acquired; their ideas of the bay are not more accurate in general than the common charts.

"The only material use of such pilots as can easily be procured would be to find out *Magdalena Bay*, as when the mountains are capped with clouds the entrance is not distinct.

"The best mark to prevent a ship's overshooting it from the southward are the seven icebergs which lie between the *Whaleback Point* and the *Fair Foreland;* and the last but one to the northward is of remarkable extent in front, the white cliff stretching some miles along shore.

"In coming from the northward it is the next inlet after passing the islands in *Dane's Gatt* (as placed in the common charts). In sailing into the bay from the southward you must give the *Whale Point* a berth of two cables' length at least, and may coast at that distance, or a cable and half, till about off *Adam's Stone*, when a ship should bring up, if not assured that the inner cove is clear enough of ice to afford her a berth.

"In coming from the northward it will be dangerous to haul up near the eastern shore, as the shoal rocks lie scattered to the distance of more than a quarter of a mile.

"I have marked in the chart the only two places which appear to afford a safe anchorage in the outer bay, viz., *Adam's Bank* and under the *Shannon's Rock* and adjoining shoals.

"A ship on *Adam's Bank* would probably hold on a long time with the wind on shore, but if near the edge would be in danger of driving off with the squalls that come off the iceberg in strong S.W. gales; it is, however, a tolerable summer anchorage. The other we never tried, nor was *English Cove* clear enough to afford us a berth.

"*Adam's Stone* generally shows very distinct, the ground round it being covered with snow; it looks like a *milestone* on the beach.

"The icebergs all resemble, more or less, the view I have given of that one adjoining to *Adam's Stone*—being all lofty plains of ice, covered with a smooth surface of snow, and filling up the gorges and vales between the mountains; they slope down to the seaside, and there terminate in abrupt precipices, resembling cliffs of pure chalk, only more brilliant, and partially tinged with the light blue colour of the solid ice. Some rest their bases on the beach or scattered rocks, but many occupy deep inlets, which in another climate would probably be rivers and harbours; they vary in extent of front with the vales or ravines which they fill, but those we saw seldom appeared to be higher than eighty or ninety feet high at the cliffs, and many were much lower, though they frequently rise thence to the highest ridges of the mountains which they lean on.

"By the appearance of the loose stones upon the isthmus beach a great sea must set into the bay in strong N.W. gales; but in summer the sea winds seldom blow home, and a ship will be becalmed in the bay when there is a fresh breeze at N.W. in the offing. After waiting several days for a breeze we were obliged to tow the ships out with the boats, and proceeded some miles before we reached the sea winds. When a sea does set in, there can be no landing but in *English Cove*. The wind sets in to the outer bay from north to west; when blowing hard in that quarter it would be a risk to run in, as at N.N.W. and N.W. *Adam's Bank* is a lee anchorage. Of the other anchorage I have no certain knowledge, but should run there if absolutely driven into the bay in bad weather, and not assured that the inner cove was clear.

"The tides rose and fell three or four feet at most in spring. At the season we were there it was high water about noon, at full, and change. The current of tide was slight, and frequently irregular, but never running above one mile an hour.

"Whilst we remained there the winds prevailing most in the offing were westerly and south-westerly.

"*Magdalena* is altogether a very indifferent place of shelter; it is the *most common* rendezvous of our *Greenland* ships, though perhaps

in many years not one of them enter it, and there are many men who have been employed all their lives in the trade who never were at an anchor on any part of the coast of *Spitzbergen;* it is, however, the refitting port and rendezvous of those ships who in open seasons fish far to the northward. The burying-ground testifies that it has been frequently visited, as there remain several hundred graves of *Englishmen* and *Dutchmen,* some of recent date and many as old as 1750.

"About four miles to the southward of the *Whale Rock* lies a harbour called *Hambro' Creek,* which is now frequented by the *Russian* hunters. It is not a port for ships of any burthen. Its form is oval, running directly in shore, and terminated by an iceberg. It is about a mile and a quarter in depth that way, and half a mile wide; the entrance is not two cables in breadth, and it is very shoal, being nowhere above two fathoms deep, and these soundings continue for a considerable distance into the bay, with rocky bottom. About the middle of it appears to be good riding upon a sandy bottom for small vessels; the sides of it are shoal. Ships may be somewhat protected from the sea here by the narrowness of the entrance; but as it lies in a low plain, without any hills to shelter it or to check the sea winds, they must feel all the fury of a western gale. The Russian craft are small, and haul up aground upon the beach to the southward.

"There is a harbour to the northward of *Magdalena* which seemed to me to afford excellent shelter, but I had not leisure to survey it: there are some rocks in the entrance, but within is a capacious bay, completely landlocked; perhaps, like *Magdalena,* it may be too deep for anchorage, but no sea can ever set into it. The formation of this inlet by no means agreed with any charts that I have seen of the coast to the northward of *Magdalena.* Why *Magdalena* is resorted to by our whalers in preference, I do not comprehend: they, probably, know only that place; and even to that the charts they showed me have but little resemblance.

"3. WOODING AND WATERING.

"Water is easily procured anywhere upon the beach when once

the sun has commenced to thaw the snows; by digging small pits and channels it may be conducted into the boats. But when we first arrived the thaw had hardly commenced, nor was there any water dripping from the ice. We found some small pools on the icy crust which covered *Bird's Island*, but soon afterwards completed near *Adam's Stone*.

"The low ground and the fissures in the mountains are never entirely clear of snow, but it melts off the more prominent parts in *July* or sometimes earlier—particularly in the southern aspect.

"Wood cannot be procured—we saw nothing like a bush in the country. There is some rotten, boggy earth, which appears to be chiefly composed of vegetable fibres, and perhaps might be used for firing if dried. Some few pieces of drift and wreck wood were seen upon the shore, but not sufficient to supply even a small ship with firing.

"4. PROVISIONS OR REFRESHMENTS.

Are not easily to be procured here, excepting wild fowl, which are abundant, and, by persons provided with small shot, may be killed in great numbers; they have all a rank oily or fishy flavour, but were a wholesome variety to men upon salt provisions. The only eatable fowl we saw were the *lumni*, the sea dove (or, as the *Greenland* seamen call it, the *duffy*), the didapper or roach, the wild duck, and a few geese; the three former kinds are plentiful in the bay—they are all divers. The *roaches*, made their nests in the southern faces of the mountains, and were so numerous that when disturbed they rose in dark swarms like bees, and made the rocks ring with their cries. Our people caught a great many of them in their hands under the loose stones, or knocked them down as they flew. *Roach Hill* was constantly covered with them.

"The ducks were shy except when near their nests; they were to be found in plenty upon the islands to the northward of *Magdalena*. Their eggs, which were picked up by our seamen by basketfuls, were a good fresh meal for them, though they also had a strong taste.

"The *Russian* hunters have destroyed all the bears, the deer,

and the foxes, from this part of *Spitzbergen*, and have rendered the seals and seahorses so shy that they are difficult to be taken or killed; they may still, however, be found amongst the inlets and islands to the northward and eastward.

"5. FORTIFICATIONS, &c.

"Probably no power will ever think *Magdalena* worth fortifying. There are no remarkably advantageous positions for forts, every height being commanded by some near and loftier mountain. Armed ships, seeking shelter here from a superior enemy, might defend themselves more effectually by landing guns on the *Burying-ground Point*.

"6. TRADE AND SHIPPING.

"There are neither. The *Russians* occasionally visit *Magdalena* to set traps for the foxes, and will sometimes barter a few skins for rum or brandy with the *English* whalers; but these furs are of no great value, and are probably smuggled from the factory by stealth or connivance.

"The surest means of making a passage to *Magdalena* is by pushing directly up to the ice in the end of *June*, in the longitude of 6° or 8° east, and, if arrested by it near the south end of *Spitzbergen*, traverse the edges of it to the eastward or westward (the former in preference), till an inlet is found between the ice and the land; this will sometimes lie far to the eastward, or near *Cape Lookout*. In some close seasons a passage is quite impracticable.

"7. INHABITANTS.

"At *Magdalena* there are none.

"GENERAL REMARKS ON SPITZBERGEN.

"The positions of the most remarkable headlands in *Spitzbergen*, as laid down in the charts, agreed with our own observations; but the form and inlets of the coast—as far as we could judge by that part of it which we had leisure to examine—are by no means accurately drawn in any of those charts which I have been able to procure.

"The disagreement of our variations by azimuth with those laid down in the charts I have already noticed in my general remarks upon the navigation of these seas.

"There appears to be a long flat of low land on the N.E. or inland side of *Prince Charles's Island;* but all the coast of *Spitzbergen* elsewhere, that we had seen, rises abruptly from the sea, with craggy ridges or pyramidal mountains. There is little variety to distinguish one part of the coast from the other. There are fewer icebergs on the west coast of *Prince Charles's Island* than on the shores of the main; but the fissures in the mountains and the low beaches are everywhere alike filled or chequered with snow—the inland summits are perpetually covered with it; where the rocks are bare they usually appear of a dark colour.

"It appeared to us that the highest mountains were at the south and south-east end of the island, about *Cape Lookout.*

"INFORMATION RECEIVED RELATIVE TO SPITZBERGEN.

"This was very scanty indeed. I made inquiries concerning the coast, the anchorages, &c., of all the vessels we spoke; the *English* knew very little of it, and the foreigners less. They were *Danes* and *Hamburghers,* or *Bremeners* (probably some of them *Dutchmen;* many had never anchored on the coast, and only knew the names of the chief headlands: some had in the course of their lives been once into some one harbour or roadstead. The charts now extant of the island must have been drawn in the earlier time of this fishery, when the ships frequented the ports and fished on the coast or in the neighbouring gulfs and inlets, and boiled their blubber on the shore. Those men who had been in *Magdalena* and some other anchorages had been mostly driven there by necessity, to avoid being wrecked on the coast or crushed by the ice in violent gales.

"INHABITANTS, TRADE, &c.

"The residence of the *Russian* hunters proves that, though in such an extreme northern latitude, *Spitzbergen* is habitable, even

in the winter; some shipwrecked crews of *English* whalers have also wintered here.

"The *Russians* have resorted here for more than twenty years. They are hunters employed by the merchants at *Archangel*, and come in small lug-rigged vessels of about seventy or eighty tons burthen, of a clumsy construction. These vessels they usually lay up in some of the northern harbours, particularly *Hambro' Creek;* and, building their huts, they make themselves a home, from whence they go on frequent excursions in their boats to the adjacent bays and islands, being often away for many days together. This year there were three vessels there carrying each a gang of twenty or twenty-five men; they seldom have more vessels here together. Some of them go home every autumn with their crews, and others arrive from *Archangel* to stay the winter in their turn; they bring their wood with them to build their huts. I saw two of these habitations at *Hambro' Creek;* they were merely blockhouses of fir balks laid upon each other, and joined at the ends, as the cottages are built in *Norway;* they must also bring their fuel for the winter and wood for their traps.

"The people said that the cold in winter was not more severe than at *Archangel;* but as they had fourteen or fifteen weeks of total darkness, and frequently violent storms of wind—they seldom ventured much out of their houses at that season—they were not incommoded by the drifting snow which was whirled about by the gales. They sometimes killed a few bears or foxes which came to visit them in the winter. They brought their bread with them from *Russia*, and an ample supply of warm clothing, shoes, and gloves, though they were mostly clad in their shirts, in deer skins rudely dressed, with the hair inwards. Besides bread, stockfish or salt fish was their chief food; their prejudices would not allow them to vary this diet by eating the bears or seahorses, or even the wild fowl, and they consequently lost some of their number every year by scurvy. They have never attempted to raise any vegetables, though it is probable that those of quick summer growth might be cultivated with success in the warmer spots.

"They had no live animals with them but dogs, one of which I saw at *Hambro' Creek;* it appeared to be of the *Pomeranian* breed.

"We had reason to believe that some of these men were sent to *Spitzbergen* as a punishment for crimes.

"They were provided by the merchants who equipped them with rifle guns, launces, and other instruments required for their business, and to these merchants they were bound to deliver all their furs under severe penalties; but they sometimes smuggled a few of them aboard the whalers to traffick for spirits. These men were all of the lowest order and extremely ignorant; they knew nothing of maps or charts; they did not think it possible to circumnavigate the island on account of the ice, though at different times they had been in most parts of the coast.

"The profits of these annual hunting parties may possibly be an object to the merchants of *Archangel,* but they would hardly answer to *Englishmen,* as their equipment and expenses of wintering would be infinitely greater, and the returns by what I could collect were not of great value. The mass of their cargo is the oil which they procure from the seals and seahorses, but one large whale would probably produce more than their annual shipload. The most precious part of their lading are the skins, but the chief of these are the seal and seahorse, with perhaps at most a dozen bearskins (of the coarse white bear), and two or three dozen of white foxes' skins: the latter are the only furs we saw of tolerable fineness—some of them are probably very good.

"They had so frightened away all the beasts from the parts they resorted to that they now rarely killed a bear and but few foxes; we saw their traps for the latter set in all the bays which we visited. These parties had not seen any deer, though some perhaps might still be found upon the seven islands. An *English* vessel of equal tonnage with theirs, manned with ten or twelve men, if sent to kill seals and bears upon the west ice, would collect almost as valuable a cargo in three months as the *Russian* vessel carries once a year to *Archangel,* and the expense of the venture would not be one-fourth of what it would cost *English* merchants to follow their plan."

In no long time after the *Arctic* cruise just described the *Shannon* joined a squadron sailing to the southward, its object being the reduction of *Madeira.* The *Portuguese* Government having declared war against *Great Britain,* the *Comus* frigate was detached to reconnoitre the island. She rejoined the squadron on the 23rd of *December,* and on the 24th the squadron ran into *Funchal Roads,* and, anchoring close to the walls of the town, intimidated the Governor into an unconditional surrender.

The *Portuguese* had armed a numerous militia for the defence of the works, which, by position, were strong; and, as there was reason to suppose that they had received aid from two *French* frigates, every disposition had been made for a most vigorous and determined assault. They were wavering in their councils, whether they should adhere to their mother country or follow the fortunes of the Prince of *Brazil;* but, on the appearance of so large a force of those whom they knew to be the friends of their prince, they soon decided.

The island having been taken possession of, the respective ships of the squadron dispersed on various destinations.

On the 14th of *January,* 1808, the *Shannon* sailed homewards, with the transports under convoy. She went round the western islands, and anchored in *Plymouth Sound* on the 7th of *February.*

The *Shannon's* next cruise was, under the orders of Lord *Gardner,* in the *Bay of Biscay,* from which, having only captured some small vessels, she returned on the 19th of *May* to *Plymouth Sound.*

On the 5th of *June*, having refitted, and being attached to the channel fleet, under Lord *Gambier*, she sailed to join the squadron off *L'Orient*. Captain *Broke* was thence detached to the *Loire*, where, with a small force under his orders, he remained closely blockading two *French* frigates, and harassing the coasting trade, for five months, excepting at such times as he was relieved, to complete provisions and water, at the *Glennans* or in *Quiberon Bay*. During this irksome service Captain *Broke* employed much time in surveying the anchorages and passages in the entrance of the *Loire*.

On the 10th of *November*, at midnight, having been relieved in charge of the blockade by the *Naiad*, the *Shannon* fell in with the *Amethyst*, Captain (the late Sir *Michael) Seymour*, just at the close of her gallant action with the *French* frigate *Thetis*. The *Triumph* had joined a few minutes before; but the enemy was conquered and taken possession of by the *Amethyst* before it was known that any other ship was near. In the morning the *Shannon* assisted to man the prize, and took her in tow; and, on the 15th of *November*, she arrived with her at *Plymouth*. Here occured a striking instance of the disinterested generosity of Captain *Broke*'s character, which, coupled with his destruction of his many valuable prizes afterwards, on the coast of *America*, rather than weaken the *Shannon* by detaching prize-crews, strongly mark his entire devotedness to the welfare of the honourable service to which he belonged. Few men, probably, ever were called on to resist so powerful a series of temptations to restore the fortune of an ancient

family by these honourable means. On his passage to *Plymouth*, so much was he struck with the gallant achievement of Captain *Seymour* and his crew, that he obtained the concurrence of the *Shannon's* officers and ship's company to forego their rightful claim to share prize money for the capture of the *Thetis*. This generous offer was declined, in consequence of the *Triumph*, seventy-four, having put in her claim to share, and thereby so reduced the value of the prize that it was no longer an object to accept it. Captain *Seymour*, however, fully appreciated, and warmly expressed by letter his gratitude for such practical sympathy.

The *Shannon's* next station, in the beginning of the year 1809, was off *Black Rocks*, watching the enemy's force in *Brest*. Having captured a large privateer, and being relieved by another frigate, she proceeded to *Plymouth* to land her prisoners. On her return off *Ushant*, on the 21st of *February*, the look-out frigate intimated, by signal, that the enemy's fleet had sailed from *Brest*. Captain *Broke*, having detached vessels to the fleet under Lord *Gambier* and to *Plymouth* with this intelligence, reconnoitred the port again; and, ascertaining that the enemy's force had all escaped, he sent a cutter which had joined him to convey the information to the squadrons off *L'Orient* and *Rochefort*. The channel fleet came round *Ushant* on the 23rd; and Lord *Gambier* detached Sir *John Duckworth*, with eight sail of the line and two frigates, of which the *Shannon* was one, in quest of the enemy. The *Shannon* was sent ahead of the fleet, to reconnoitre *Ferrol;* and, on rejoining, she was again detached to *Lisbon*, to obtain reinforcements from the

squadron under Admiral *Berkeley*, and to apprize him that the enemy was at sea. Two seventy-fours were, in consequence, detached from the *Tagus*, and some other ships joined Sir *John Duckworth*, off *Cape Finisterre*. The *Shannon* was again sent ahead of the fleet, to procure intelligence and refreshments at *Tangier*. On her return she went with despatches to *Cadiz*, the fleet remaining in the offing. Reports having arrived that the *French* force which Sir *John Duckworth* was in pursuit of was blockaded in *Rochefort* by Admiral *Stopford*, the *British* fleet proceeded homeward, touching at *Madeira* for more certain intelligence. The *Shannon* lost her bowsprit, by getting foul of a line-of-battle ship, and was obliged to put into *Cadiz* to refit. She sailed thence on the 28th of *March*, for *Madeira*. Agreeably to orders there received, she followed the fleet; and on the 2nd of *May* anchored in *Plymouth Sound*.

On the 13th of the same month the *Shannon* sailed again for *Rochefort*, and continued cruising off that port, *Bordeaux*, or *Belleisle*, *thirty-three weeks*. During this cruise her crew, though so long without refreshment, continued perfectly healthy. She returned to *Plymouth* on the 30th of *December*, having captured only a few *French* runners.

On the 20th of *February*, 1810, the *Shannon* sailed again to the station off *Brest*. The *Arethusa* joined, and took the command, on the 6th of *March*. At that time the enemy had only one frigate fitting in *Brest* water, but their force gradually increasing, the *British* squadron was also augmented. The *Shannon*, occasionally touching at *Plymouth* for refreshments, continued on this station till

the 17th of *November*. In *December* she went out to join the squadron in *Basque Roads*, then under the command of Lord *Amelius Beauclerk*, who detached her successively to cruise off *Bordeaux*, *Belleisle*, and the *Glennans*.

On the 20th *March*, 1811, the *Shannon* returned to *Basque Road*, and was stationed under *L'Isle d'Aix*, with some small craft, to obstruct the enemy's coasting trade. The squadron was then under the orders of Sir *Harry Neale*, who, on the 10th of *April*, detached the *Shannon* to cruise in the offing and off *Bordeaux*. At the end of *May* she was ordered home, and arrived in *Plymouth* on the 1st of *June*.

During these last cruises—which we have noticed somewhat in detail, rather to show the monotony of the service to which Captain *Broke's* activity was condemned, than for their intrinsic interest—the *Shannon* had chased many vessels, but captured few, as, from her copper being foul, she sailed badly.

At *Plymouth* she was docked and new coppered, and ordered round to *Portsmouth* to complete for foreign service.

At this period in the hitherto uneventful life of Captain *Broke* we close the first part of our Memoir. The reader has, no doubt, observed the severe training—the long trials of patience and vigilance, and the perfect self-surrender they yielded in forming the matured character of the fully competent sea officer, at the working age of thirty-six. The scene will now change to the western hemisphere, where all these acquirements were to be yet far more severely tested, crowned with success, and signally rewarded.

THE *AMERICAN* WAR OF 1812-14.

When *Philip Bowes Vere Broke* opened his sealed orders, off *Cape St. Vincent, August* 20th, 1811, he found the destination allotted to him was *Halifax, Nova Scotia.* He detached the *Hyacinth* and convoy—wrote to his wife—and turned the *Shannon's* prow westward. Almost daily some trader was overhauled—now a *Portuguese* hoy, or an *American* brig, or, again, a *West India* tartan. On the 26th they set up the rigging, and caught a turtle; on the 30th they passed *St. Michael's;* and on *September* 1st, being *Sunday,* Captain *Broke* read prayers. On *September* 2nd the marines were exercised at target. *September* 7th was an eventful day: at dawn they fell in with a wrecked brig; and before nightfall they had caught fifty bonettas, a shark, and some dolphins.

"10th. Heavy gales; lay-to under trysail.

"17th. On bank *(Newfoundland);* caught codfish and halibut, one of 250 lbs.

"19th. General exercise.

"22nd. Beat up to a brig on west reef (off *Cape Sable*); nobody in her.

"23rd. Made *Sambro' Light.*

"24th. Went into *Halifax* and dined with Admiral *Sawyer.* Found here *Africa* (flag), *Æolus, Spartan, Eurydice, Tartarus, Goree, Atalanta,* &c."

At this period of his life Captain *Broke* was extremely fond of society; his gentle, winning manners, his kind

attention to others, his varied information, and his cheerful temper, made him everywhere a most welcome guest. During his *Arctic* cruise, Captain *Broughton* and he met daily at the social table, either on board the *Meleager* or *Shannon*. It is not in the strict chronological order I had proposed to observe, but the annexed letter (written when these festive but harmless and happy meetings were ended for our hero) fully bears out the above statement.

From Admiral Sir *John Beresford*, Commander-in-Chief.

"*Sheerness, May* 22nd, 1833.

"My dear *Broke*,

"Nothing will delight me more than making your son's acquaintance. He will find his bed ready—a plate at my table—and a horse in the stable. If he should come this week Captain *Chambers* will take care of him. Until *Sunday* I shall be absent, as I am invited with my children to the Queen's ball on *Friday*, at *St. James'*.

"*It would make all your friends most happy, my dear fellow, if you could gratify them, as in former days, by your cheerful society; but we must all bow to God's will.*

"I show the dear old *Shannon* as a lion here; she is moored near the flagship. If Lady *Broke* or you think I can in any way promote the wishes or views of your son, you have only to command me, for I am yours, ever, with esteem and great regard,

"My dear *Broke*,

"*J. P. BERESFORD.*

"Say all that is affectionate and kind for me to Lady *Broke*."

On arriving at *Halifax*, therefore, Captain *Broke* thoroughly enjoyed the society he found glad to welcome him.

"26th. Dined with commissioner.
"27th. Dined with admiral.
"28th. Dined with *Rockingham.*
"29th *(Sunday).* Went to church.
"30th. Dined with *Hickey.*
"*Oct.* 1st. Dined with admiral.
"2nd. Shooting; had party on board, &c.
"3rd. Dined alone."

This was pretty much *Broke's* life on shore, in his active working days of service; and we may as well finish this genial log.

"4th. Dined with General *Hunter.*
"5th. Shot snipes—party here.
"6th *(Sunday).* Went to church.
"7th. Sailed to cruise off the *States.* *Goree* in company.
"9th. Tempest—hove-to.
"10th. Dried sails.
"11th. Beat *Goree*, on a wind, one and a half per hour.
"29th. The gulf-stream current had carried us eight degrees eastward of reckoning—fifty miles in twenty-four hours.
"*November* 2nd. Spoke *Guerriere.*
"22nd. Spoke and relieved sickly *American* brig from *N. Orleans.*
"29th. *Kingsbury* killed out of the maintop.
"*December* 6th. Went into *Murray's* anchorage, *Bermuda.*"[1]

After five days' repose Captain *Broke* was again ordered to sea, in quest of a *French* squadron. He had, however, received eight letters from his wife, and one from *P. B., i. e., Philip Broke*, his eldest son, then a fine boy of eight years.

At this period, also, Captain *Broke* formed a close professional intimacy with Captain *Brenton*, of the *Spartan*, who thus speaks of him, many years after *Broke* had retired from active service—

"I had been long intimately acquainted with the gallant and excellent Captain *Broke*. The *Shannon* and the *Spartan* were sister ships; we were often much in company, and I had frequently observed the high state of discipline and training in which Captain *Broke* kept his ship; he was most exact in his exercise of the great guns, and to this particular branch of his duty he was, in great measure, indebted for his success."

I have made this extract from Captain *Brenton's* very patriotic volumes as the best apology I could offer to my reader for omitting from Captain *Broke's* journal many professional extracts.

As we are now approaching the outbreak of the *American* war, it may be well to note the *British* force upon that station.

SHIP.	GUNS.	MEN.	COMMANDER.
Africa	64	..	Vice-Admiral *Herbert Sawyer.* Captain *F. Bastard.*
Shannon	38	284	*Philip Bowes V. Broke.*
Guerriere	38	284	*James Richard Dacres.*
Spartan	38	284	*Edward Pelham Brenton.*
Belvidera	36	264	*Richard Byron.*
Æolus	32	254	Lord *James Townshend.*
Tartarus	20	125	*John Pasco.*

SLOOPS OF WAR.

SHIP.	GUNS.	MEN.	COMMANDER.
Indian	20	125	*Henry Jane.*
Atalante	20	125	*Frederick Hickey.*
Rattler	18	121	*Alexander Gordon.*
Julia	18	121	Honourable *V. Gardner.*
Sapphire	18	121	*Henry Haines.*

Subsequently reinforced, of course.

American squadron principally engaged in the course of the war. Rating, &c., from *James*, and *American Naval Annals.*

SHIP.	GUNS.	MEN.	
Nautilus	14	106	*(A. N. A.)*
Constitution	..	468	*(James.)*
James Madison	10	65	
Congress	..	..	
Constellation	..	..	
Hornet	..	..	
John Adams	..	..	
United States	..	..	
President	58	477	
Chesapeake	49	391	
Essex	46	265	
Wasp	18	130	
Vixen	..	..	
Viper	12	93	
Argus	20	125	
Enterprize	16	125	*(James.)*
Frolic	22	171	
Rattlesnake	16	131	
Syren	16	137	

And here, reader, the Compiler of this Memoir gladly resigns, for a time, his pen into a far more able hand. It would be presumptuous in a civilian to attempt to treat a subject so extensive as this, both in its political and military aspects. He leaves it, therefore, to be dealt with by one who, by professional rank and talent, is most justly entitled to be heard.

CAUSES OF THE *AMERICAN* WAR OF 1812-14.

"The *American* War commenced in 1812 and ended in 1814 may certainly be included among the least satisfactory of our martial annals. Whether we consider its origin or progress, there is little calculated to flatter our patriotism or to enhance our good opinion of the wisdom which prevailed in the national councils.

"It originated, so far as *England* was concerned, in high-handed disregard of international justice, and the rights and feelings of a people whose spirit and resources were inexcusably misconceived—in a vacillating, clumsy diplomacy, which incurred, not without some reason, the suspicion of treachery, and in some degree, also, in the naval mismanagement which drove many of our best seamen into the ranks of irritated rivals.

"Ignorance and mismanagement, similar to that which originated the war, marked its course, and led to naval reverses as unnecessary as they were humiliating. That flag which had contended successfully against almost every

European navy, was repeatedly humbled by a power which, at first, opposed but twenty ships of war to one thousand pendants.

"Nor did the mortifications of this unfortunate war end with it, for we have in very recent days felt the effects of that overweening confidence with which the successes obtained over us by sea have inspired the government and people of the *United States*. Several times within the last thirty years we have had the option given us of concessions which we felt to be undue, or the arbitrament of the sword. Dearly have we paid for the mismanagement of those days, and yet, what is more remarkable, the lesson was thrown away upon our naval administration, and the same causes which led to defeat in the beginning of the century have been in full operation almost to the present day.

"We do not propose, of course, to write the origin and history of the *American* war within the brief limits of a chapter. The more agreeable task of pourtraying the hero whose gallant exploit shines all the brighter for the gloomy background of the period, is before us. But it cannot be out of place to make some reflections upon the causes of a rupture which it seemed the manifest interest of both parties to avoid. We may learn much by tracing false steps in diplomacy to false principles, and considering what are those unalterable maxims of public morality which ought to guide a Christian and upright nation. Let it not be supposed that nations, any more than individuals, can promote their permanent interests by crooked courses, or that, even as regards political influence, an unswerving adherence to right

is without value. If it was true in our great poet's time that 'Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,' it is true still at the present time; and we may venture to say, that in the case of a great power like *England* a character for inviolable good faith and justice would double her national influence abroad. We are far from joining with those perverse spirits who find pleasure in vilifying their own country; and we can afford to smile at the epithet of 'perfidious,' as applied to *England* by *Frenchmen.* For the last eighty years our conduct towards other countries has been more equitable than that of *France;* but still we had fallen as much below the true standard of political morality as we have risen above the conduct imputed to us in *France.* Were an average *Frenchman* required to give his reason for upbraiding *England* as 'perfidious *Albion*,' we should find that he relied upon things which *England* has certainly not done, while he was silent upon charges which might as certainly be brought home to us, though not implying any perfidy. But the voice of *France* reaches far, and the cuckoo-note of '*perfide Albion*' has gained a hold upon continental minds, which makes it all the more needful for us to oppose unimpeachable conduct to interested abuse. That would be a proud title for any country to win—prouder far than any which the *ignis-fatuus* of so-called 'glory' could confer—the title of 'the just,' given by the general consent of nations. Nor is it an unattainable honour, nor a mere romantic idea. Sovereigns have lived who were looked to as arbitrators whose award might be relied upon both for wisdom and honesty; it is no uncommon thing to refer

international disputes to such arbitration, and there is no reason why a country, which outlives a monarch, should not acquire such a reputation. *England*, from her very isolation, seems peculiarly fitted for such a *rôle*, and might justly aspire to it by practising that honourable self-denial which is at the foundation of true *justice*. We are all *just* when impartiality costs us nothing, but we may be sure it is not this kind of cheap virtue which compels respect or admiration. The nation which aspires to the reputation of justice must be prepared to act upon the immutable principles of right, not only when these principles, as often happens, coincide with interest, but when they require a sacrifice of material advantages or national self-love.

"It is only a powerful nation like *England* which, in the latter case, would obtain the credit of acting upon principle, so few are the instances of any country bowing to principle at the cost of present disadvantage. It is clear, therefore, that no benefit to international morality would accrue from the example of a just act which was attributed to weakness. Nor is it every nation which duly appreciates the claims of abstract justice irrespective of the nation's censures. *France*, for instance, claims to be a general redresser of wrongs, and is always ready to draw the sword in what she considers the cause of justice. But if a candid *Frenchman* examined his own feelings, he would find that it is not the wrong done to another country that affects him so much as the honour to accrue to *France* from redressing the wrong. *France* willingly avenged the murders of Christians in *Syria*; but would she as willingly have seen *England* avenge them?

We may safely assert that she would rather have seen the wrongs unavenged. It is not, therefore, the pure, disinterested love of justice for its own sake which animates *France*, but a weak sentiment based upon the national vanity; and the latter feeling is so strong in most *French* minds as to incapacitate them from judging impartially when *France* is concerned.

"In *England*, on the other hand, the love of military glory is not powerful enough to obscure our perception of what is intrinsically just; and there is unquestionably a growing conviction that no degree of success can render an unjust war truly glorious. *Englishmen* are learning to feel that what would be wrong in individuals can seldom be right in nations; and that the love of our own country which would lead us to seek its welfare or benefit at the expense of another, is but a more refined species of selfishness.

"Unfortunately, however, the morality of nations, as of individuals, is sorely tried by the angry passions engendered by conflict, and the *American* war found us engaged in a death-struggle against the most unscrupulous enemy we ever contended with. The feeble restraints and somewhat capricious limits of what is called the law of nations, had been confessedly broken through by both *France* and *England*, each alleging that the first breach was made by the other; and while the two greatest nations of *Europe* were bent upon mutual destruction, the *Americans* occasionally received a blow intended for either combatant.

"That we should in the heat of such a conflict have somewhat overlooked the claims of neutrals was very natural,

23274

nor was it likely that the conventional rules of international law should restrain us; but there is a higher morality than that of the international jurists, which, it is to be hoped, may gradually take the place of arbitrary rules, and which, as having a divine sanction, ought at least to influence *England* —let us hope all Christian powers.

"In 1783 our first contest with the *United States* ended—*France* and *Spain* having, unwisely for themselves, and without any moral justification, intervened in the war and turned the balance against us. So far as *France* and *Spain* were concerned, their motive for attacking us when engaged with our revolted colonies must be sought in the defeats sustained at our hands in the seven years' war; and thus the war, ended in 1783, originated in the previous one as that of 1812 originated in the illwill generated by the *American* war of independence. Hence we see that one war begets another, and the statesman who incurs the guilt of promoting an unnecessary contest incurs the further responsibility of rendering subsequent wars more probable. If the struggle now under consideration resulted in no other gain to us than some dear-bought experience, let us at least make the most of the lesson by examining the points upon which we erred, whether in the origin of the quarrel or the belligerent measures adopted. We may premise, however, that although the *British* government fell into more than one error of policy, and gave just grounds of complaint to the *United States*, the *Americans* showed illwill to *England* and partiality to our enemies the *French before* we had furnished them with any excuse for it. So early in our

struggle with revolutionary *France* as 1793, it needed all the influence of *Washington's* great name and unexampled services to his country, to prevent his fellow-citizens from joining the *French* republicans against us. Even *Washington*, once the idol of his country, was slandered as a traitor and *British* spy for his conscientious opposition to a rupture which would have been utterly unprovoked on our part; and his last public measure of a commercial treaty with *England* was carried only by the casting vote of the president. From this and other facts we may judge how critical were our relations with the *United States* nearly twenty years before war broke out, and how great was the need of rigid adherence to law and justice even had we gone no further than the letter of international obligations.

"After this fresh outbreak of ill feeling towards *England* and enthusiasm for *French* republicanism, a reaction took place in *America*, partly owing to the excess of the revolution and partly owing to the operation of the commercial treaty with *England*, which proved highly advantageous to the northern states; so much, in fact, did commerce indispose these states to war that, both before the rupture and even during hostilities, there was a strong party there in favour of secession from the Union. There can be little doubt that three at least of the states—*New Hampshire*, *Connecticut*, and *Massachusetts*—would have seceded had our management of the war been as judicious as it was the reverse.

"But it was our unfortunate lot to irritate the *Americans* unnecessarily while peace lasted, and when war was declared against us to commence hostilities upon so inadequate a

scale that, before we had begun to fight in earnest, many defeats had tarnished our flag, and a premature peace left some stain upon our arms.

"*England*, as a great naval power, has at all times very naturally taken high ground in favour of belligerent rights, higher than other *European* powers, and the *United States* were disposed to admit them, or than would be practicable in those days. We claimed the right to seize the goods of all private subjects of hostile states, even when found at sea under neutral flags. The claim was certainly sanctioned by the great authorities on international law, and had been practically enforced by all the other powers when it suited their convenience. But the right in our hands, when *England* had practically become mistress of the seas, was a far heavier burden to neutrals than the same right exercised by any other country, and hence arose the 'Armed Neutrality' of 1780, and the treaty of *Morfontaine* between *France* and *America* in 1800. A special treaty between these powers in 1778, had provided that, as between themselves, 'the flag should cover the cargo,' or in other words, that an enemy's property should be respected if found in a neutral ship. This treaty had, however, been utterly disregarded by the *French* government under the Directory, who not only enforced the old maritime law as held by *England*, but, in defiance of all law, had treated neutral seamen found in the ships of a belligerent as pirates. Such outrages had nearly produced a war between *France* and the *United States*, when the accession of the first consul to power led to an accommodation, and subsequently to the treaty of *Morfontaine*.

By this treaty it was stipulated that neutrals should have the right of carrying an enemy's goods, not contraband of war, and that neutral property found in an enemy's ship should be respected. The interest of neutrals was still further protected to the prejudice of belligerents, by regulations intended to obstruct the right of search as then understood and practised. The terms, in short, were such as the weaker maritime powers would desire to establish against the stronger, and as such they found favour with the governments of those countries which attempted to carry on *French* commerce in neutral bottoms. But *England* was not in any sense bound by this convention, although the northern powers—*Russia*, *Sweden*, *Denmark*, and *Prussia*—adopted its principles, and in 1800, under the name of the Northern Maritime Confederacy, revived the policy of the Armed Neutrality of 1780. So far, *England* was not to blame as a nation, though acts committed by individual officers in command of cruisers gave just umbrage to neutrals. The Northern Confederacy, however, which virtually ranged all maritime *Europe* on the side of *France*, called forth an act of political vigour on our part, in the battle of *Copenhagen*, which re-established the ascendancy of our maritime policy. *Russia*, after the death of *Paul*, abandoned the Northern Alliance and its principles. *Denmark* and *Sweden* followed her example; and the peace of 1801 may be said to have left our claims as belligerents, founded upon the general practice of nations before 1780, unimpaired.

"However vexatious and oppressive these claims, when exercised by a belligerent whose cruisers cover every sea,

they were certainly borne out by international law as then understood and practised. But the old law of nations, like the contemporary municipal law, was not in accordance with the spirit of the present day. This may be inferred from our voluntary surrender at the treaty of *Paris*, in 1856, of the very principles which we so long contended for. We are now bound by the rule, that the neutral flag covers the goods; and it is well that one cause of foreign jealousy is thereby removed.

"Very different, however, were the principles and the feelings which influenced both sides in the first conflict which burst out between *England* and *France* in 1803; and as that conflict not only involved every *European* power, but directly led to our war with the *United States* in 1812, a brief glance at its history is here necessary. To judge the conduct of *England* during that struggle, in which both parties professedly exceeded the extreme severities permitted by international law, would be unjust; it was a conflict of life and death, in which each side, under the name of retaliation, exceeded the other in illegal acts. *French* armies, first under the republic, and then under the empire, had over-run *Europe*, and derided the claims of weaker powers to remain neutral. Each weaker state had in turn been taken possession of, and either incorporated with *France* or rendered tributary to her, and forced to join in measures of hostility to *England*. These measures did not even profess to accord with law and precedent. To exclude *British* goods from the whole continent by regulations of unheard-of barbarity, making the possession of *English* manufactures by any

French employé a capital crime, was the avowed policy of *Napoleon.* It is needless to say more of his open disregard of all law but that of the sword, or to argue that his notions of right by sea were not likely to be more scrupulous than his own practice by land. But the power of usurpation and exaction ended with the shore; and after the ruler of *France* had over-run all *Europe* he found himself defied upon his own coasts, and had to bear with language as arrogant as his own. The 'spoiled child of victory,' unable to cope with his enemy by sea, dragged the weaker powers into his quarrel, and, under pretence of regard for the neutral rights which he always trampled upon himself, compelled those powers to exclude *British* commerce. *England* at once replied by treating the countries which did the bidding of *France* as she did *France* herself; and between the violence of *France* by land and of *England* by sea, the weaker states were ground as it were between the upper and the nether millstones.

"In a strife so internecine, where each combatant was irresistible on his own element, and the limits of legality were for years lost sight of by both, it might seem like trifling to inquire into the earlier and slighter breaches of international law which afforded the pretext for fresh outrages. To us, however, it is desirable to inquire how far our own country was responsible; and we must remember that very small provocations may cause or embitter the greatest quarrels.

"The Peace of *Amiens* has been justly regarded as a mere truce which could only have been prolonged by acquiescence

on our part in the encroachments of *France*. Had we passed over these encroachments in *Holland*, *Switzerland*, and *Italy*, we may now fairly assume, judging from actual experience, that those would have been but the commencement of more serious usurpations. The character of *Napoleon*, as subsequently developed, forbids us to believe that peace would have been procured. But, on the other hand, while the act of declaring war was justifiable, the manner in which we commenced hostilities is open to censure. To declare war is the last dreadful resource left to nations who cannot otherwise obtain justice, and it is, therefore, most important to dissociate so solemn an act from all minor interests and objects. It is unworthy of a great country like *England* to aim at some paltry advantage attendant upon a sudden declaration of war, as though that advantage were the object aimed at: of course, we refer to acts not illegal or without precedent, but which, nevertheless, may be called 'sharp practice.' Of such a description were the steps taken, by *England* in 1803, and on other occasions of declaring war, when a sudden embargo was laid upon the merchant ships of *France* found in our own harbours. In the same spirit letters of marque were issued, authorizing a discreditable kind of warfare against *French* commerce. Both these practices, it is true, were like many other objectionable things authorised by the great writers on international war, and generally, though not invariably, resorted to by other countries. Some treaties contained express provisions against any embargo until sufficient time had been allowed for merchant vessels to secure themselves from capture; but the treaty of *Amiens* contained no such

provision. *England* could, therefore, legally seize the enemy's ships found in *British* harbours; but to do so was neither honourable nor expedient, as all would admit in the present day.

"In retaliation for these acts of petty rigor, the first consul, whose self-command had deserted him before this rupture, and who was now greatly provoked at the defiant attitude of *England*, adopted a measure far more reprehensible and entirely illegal. He made prisoners of all the *English* then travelling in *France* for pleasure or on business, although his own foreign minister had a few days before assured them of protection and hospitality. An act so utterly opposed to all law and good faith fitly inaugurated a war destined to embrace all *Europe* in its calamities, to prove almost as burdensome to neutrals as to the belligerents, and only to end in the utter overthrow of its author.

"That an act so outrageous as the imprisonment of nearly ten thousand harmless *English* travellers absolved us from the ordinary observances of civilised war, so far as *France* was concerned, is undeniable, but our obligations to neutrals remained the same, and it was unfortunately upon this point we fell into some errors. The new ruler of *France* had entered upon a career of conquest which soon gave him an absolute control over the north of *Europe*. In every case where his authority was established he made the exclusion of *British* goods an absolute condition of his favour, and compelled the subject nations who had no quarrel with *England* to attack her commercial interests. When *Prussia* had been forced to join in this hostile policy, and both

Holland and *Hanover* were over-run by *French* and *Prussian* troops, the whole coast from *Brest* to the *Elbe* became virtually an enemy's territory. Viewing it as such, the *British*, however, declared a blockade of its whole extent, and in doing so *England* was perfectly justified so far as *France* was concerned. The complaints of *Napoleon*, who had never scrupled to annex a neighbouring territory or impose a contribution upon a weaker power, were of course insincere, and his affected regard for public law, in open contradiction to his own acts. But it is in the nature of a blockade to concern neutrals as much as belligerents, and any deviation from established law may be a grievous injustice to them. In point of fact, *England* did hold the coasts of *France*, *Holland*, and *Germany* blockaded, though not exactly under close blockade; but there was an irregularity in proclaiming such an extent of coast to be closed against commerce—*Napoleon* turned it to account. He denounced *England* as the violator of international law—declared himself the protector of neutral rights, and published the celebrated *Berlin* and *Milan* decrees. The object of these decrees was to enforce what he called the continental system, under which all *British* goods, wherever found, were confiscated, all *British* subjects made prisoners of war, and all correspondence with *England* prohibited and punished. In the countries subjugated by *France* or intimidated by her, these decrees were remorselessly enforced against the inhabitants; but the animosity of *Napoleon* was not bounded by his power, great as it was. It found vent in a further declaration which carried illegality to an extent almost ludicrous, for he pro-

nounced 'the *British Islands* in a state of blockade,' at a time when no *French* ship dared to approach a *British* port or even to quit her own. This last provision was, of course, merely impotent illwill; but to a commercial country like *England*, the absolute exclusion from three-fourths of *Europe* was a serious evil, and *England* answered the 'decrees' by the no less celebrated orders in council. By these orders a real blockade was inflicted upon *France* and her allies, in return for the imaginary one denounced against *England;* and all countries adopting the continental system were treated as enemies.

"Such was the course of violence and retaliation which the two belligerents pursued. *France* prohibited all commerce with *England; England* prohibited all commerce except with herself and her possessions, so that the few neutral powers who really deserved that name could hardly avoid collisions with one or other of the belligerents. Before explaining how these violent measures conduced to the *American* war, it is well to reflect upon their moral character and results. No more trying circumstance can be imagined for a proud and gallant nation like *England* than to find herself debarred from a just and natural act of retaliation because, although provoked by an enemy, it might injure a neutral. *France*, disregarding all law and equity, adopted a course which threatened us with ruin unless we fought her with her own weapons. We had the *power* of answering an insolent threat by a well-deserved blow; and the struggle was for life and death. Yet we *ought* to have forborne. The immutable laws of justice required that *we* at least should

respect the rights of neutrals; and what would have appeared to us then too hard a sacrifice would, we now know, have been a real gain. The continental system, which proved a curse to every country upon whom it was imposed by the iron despotism of *Napoleon*, would have broken down under its own weight—as it ultimately did—and we should have escaped an amount of illwill and obloquy which no country, however powerful, can despise. For it is a fact that our maritime blockades and captures have created more prejudice against us in *Europe* than all the unjust wars and exactions of *France* have obtained for her. Nor is this unintelligible when we remember that our cruisers, traversing every sea and watching every coast, necessarily made far more prizes than the few *French* ships that ventured out of their own ports.

"To the *Americans* our 'Orders in council' became a grievance of which they had just cause to complain; and, unfortunately, the party then in office under President *Jefferson* were the most hostile to us. With a want of good faith, too common among *American* statesmen, he called the attention of congress to the *British* 'Orders in council,' stigmatising them in the strongest terms, while he made no allusion to the *Berlin* and *Milan* decrees which had provoked the Orders in council. With more reason he also procured the 'Non-intercourse Act,' which prohibited all commerce with either belligerent—a measure which was at least impartial and of which neither could complain. But this suspension of trade with *England* and *France* was a grievous loss to *America*, and of course increased the illwill

towards *England*. While our policy upon one point was then making us unpopular, an accident, arising out of our bad naval system, gave still juster grounds of offence. The bad administration of our navy has at all times been the weak point in our national defences, and although it could not outweigh the transcendant merits of our sailors or neutralize the advantages so lavishly bestowed upon us by nature, it has been a heavy clog and immense loss of strength to us.

"Two difficulties, neither of them needing much sagacity to surmount, have at all times baffled the very limited ingenuity of our Admiralty. The first was how to procure seamen either in peace or war; the second was how to avoid losing their services through desertion or mutiny. The first difficulty might seem a natural result of our great requirements in war, were it not that the same difficulty has always arisen whenever we required a few thousand additional seamen. Even in our own days the Admiralty have never succeeded in manning a squadron soon enough to save our credit in peace, or to meet the danger of sudden hostilities. The press-gang, indeed, to a great extent supplied the want of better means, and so far helped to conceal the weakness of our naval administration; but here the second difficulty arose. The press-gang obtained seamen as slave traders obtain slaves; but to render men so obtained contented and loyal, required more of head and heart than presided over our navy in those days. The alarming mutinies of the fleet in 1797, due entirely to mal-administration, corrected the most intolerable abuses and grievances which had led to them; but the navy throughout the war, and for half a

century later, was not popular with seamen. Desertion to an almost incredible extent weakened our fleet, turned our ships into prisons, and, worse still, ranged many *British* seamen under the banners of the enemy. Hence it happened that the very hand which humiliated our flag in the *American* war was too often the one that should, and but for unspeakable mismanagement *would*, have maintained its honour.

"Of such deserters from our fleets, an *American* frigate, the *Chesapeake*, was known to have several on board; and in *June*, 1807, orders were given by the *British* Admiral on the station, Hon. *J. Berkeley*, to his squadron to demand their surrender, and, if refused, to take them by force. As the order was clearly and confessedly wrong, it is needless to enter into the very peculiar circumstances which led to it, and which reflect much discredit on the *American* officers concerned. The result of this order was a conflict between H.M.S. *Leopard*, fifty guns, and the *Chesapeake*, when the latter, being overmatched, struck her colours, and the deserters were taken out by the *British*. In this case the *Americans* had just grounds of complaint, though the act was at once disapproved of and apologized for; but, unhappily, lives had been lost, which no apology could restore. Many cases occurred also of *American* seamen being pressed by our ships of war, adding fresh fuel to the anti-*English* feeling which our captures, regular and irregular, and the restrictions upon neutral commerce, had caused. The current of hostile feeling seemed, therefore, to threaten a rupture several years earlier than it actually occurred; but, at this time, President *Jefferson* was succeeded by *Madison*, whose political friends

were less hostile to *England* than the *Jefferson* party. The change told favourably, and, but for a fresh blunder on the part of our Government, peace might possibly have been preserved. The *Americans* had suffered so much from their own 'Non-intercourse act' that five of the northern states had threatened to secede unless it was repealed. The president had been vested with power to renew commercial intercourse with *England* and *France*, whenever either power should withdraw the obnoxious Orders in council or Decrees, and it was obviously our interest to do so. So obviously, indeed, that our ambassador, misconceiving his instructions and thinking the moment (1809) favourable, gave a promise that *England* should repeal the Orders in council. The president, in return, promised that by the day which our representative had named, 10th *June*, the non-intercourse act should likewise be repealed, and was no doubt happy at the prospect of thus getting rid of a serious internal difficulty. Unfortunately, the *British* Government disavowed the acts of Mr. *Erskine*, and the *Americans*, who had congratulated themselves upon the expected return of commercial prosperity, were naturally more than ever incensed at the disappointment. From the date of this ill-advised decision of the *British* cabinet (which was reversed when too late) war became certain, and our mistaken policy alienated those states whose interests were most involved in the preservation of peace. But, if our policy was at times unwise and some of our acts unjust, it must not be supposed that the fault was all, or even chiefly, on our side. *England* had at least the excuse of being engaged in a mortal strife

with the greatest military genius of modern times, wielding against her the strength of almost an entire continent. The unscrupulous measures of *Napoleon* naturally provoked retaliation in kind, and a more generous government than the *American* would have taken this into account. Instead of doing so the illegalities of *France* were passed over, while *England* was closely watched and her plainest rights as a belligerent contested. The right of search, so freely used by the Federal Government in their present civil war, was denied to us, and, although enforced by us, always represented to be a grievance. With such feelings towards *England*, who could not surrender her right of search without succumbing to *France* and endangering her own existence, war was only a question of time and accident. A further sinister accident, if we may so call it, threw much discredit upon an *English* official of high position. The Governor of *Canada*, Sir *James Craig*, without any authority, but we must admit in defiance of every right principle, engaged in an unworthy intrigue (so at least the *Americans* assert) to stir up disaffection in the northern states of the Union. At this time Congress had determined upon war, and laid an embargo upon all ships in *American* harbours to conceal the warlike preparations in progress; but even these facts would be far from justifying any such dishonourable proceedings as those imputed to Sir *J. Craig*.

"On the 18th of *June*, 1812, an act of Congress, passed by a majority of seventy-nine to forty-nine, declared the existence of war between *Great Britain* and the *United States*; and war commenced at once.

"The causes of this war, in so far as it arose out of animosity towards *England*, have been impartially traced out; it remains to show what grounds the *Americans* had for hoping that war would gratify such animosity, for without some grounds their conduct would be unintelligible.

"*England*, at the commencement of 1812, may be said to have been undisputed mistress of the seas, no hostile fleet having ventured to sea for some years before that date. The harbours of *France* and her allies were closely blockaded; and the few enemy's cruisers which ventured to sea had usually but a brief career before they were captured. Of efficient cruisers we had 621 at sea, 102 being line-of-battle ships, while, including harbour service, reserve, and ships building, the total force was nearly 1000, being 978. For this immense force the total number of seamen and marines voted was 145,000.

"To oppose this colossal navy *America* possessed *no* line-of-battle ships, eight frigates, and twelve corvettes or sloops, so that it was evidently not by sea that she could look for any great gain. It is true that the requirements of the *European* conflict absorbed a very large portion of our force, a fact which the *Americans* could not overlook, and they probably considered that conflict a more favourable opportunity than might occur again; but still it was not to advantage by sea they could have trusted. *Canada* was then the coveted spoil which lured the *Americans* into war, as it has nearly done more than once in our own times. It lay temptingly at their very doors, while *England*, far away beyond the *Atlantic*, needed every soldier for a sterner

struggle close at hand. Doubtless the *Americans* looked for an easy triumph over the handful of *British* regulars supported by a small militia force in *Canada*, while at sea they must have expected the natural result of an inferiority almost incalculable.

"How different was the result! In *Canada*, except on the lakes, the honour of the *British* flag was nobly maintained against heavy odds; and there the contest ended without our losing an inch of ground in a territory both widely extended and sparsely inhabited. At sea, on the other hand, though an overwhelming superiority enabled us to destroy *American* commerce, harass their coasts, and severely chastise their aggression, we met with some very humiliating reverses.

"If we seek the causes of these reverses we shall find them in the negligence and incompetence of that department which had much to do with causing the war. It was the Admiralty which made impressments not an extraordinary and supplemental resource, but our sole reliance for manning a fleet. In the indiscriminate exercise of this odious power we pressed, as has been shown, *American* and other foreign seamen into our fleet. It was the Admiralty which, by neglecting the just claims of our seamen, caused their desertion in shoals, and the unjustifiable attempt to take them by force out of *American* ships of war. The Admiralty again were responsible for such irregular acts of our officers as arose from faulty instructions. It is not, therefore, unnatural that the same department showed its deficiencies when hostilities commenced.

"The first duty of our naval administration was to know

the nature of the enemy's force, which was no secret to any one desirous of learning it, and the next to provide ships not hopelessly inferior to the enemy's of the same class. Beyond the walls of the Admiralty it was generally known that so far back as the year 1797 the *Americans* had built two frigates of the *Constitution* class, and in the next year two more. The *Constitution* in size was to the average *British* frigate as 15.3 to 10.9; weight of metal as 76 to 51; and crew as 46 to 25. To *American* frigates of such relative superiority three *British* frigates were sacrificed.

"Now the difference both in offensive and defensive power, as compared to our *Guerriere*, *Java*, and *Macedonian*, was fully forty per cent., or enough to make victory impossible unless the *Americans* had been wholly wanting in courage or skill. The Admiralty must have known that in our own long war with *France* an *English* twelve-pounder frigate had never taken a *French* eighteen-pounder frigate, and here the disparity was far less than that of the *Constitution* and *Guerriere*. Beyond the additional size—half as large again—and the additional number of men in the same proportion, it must be remembered that the heavy guns of the *Constitution* class would penetrate the thin sides of the *Guerriere*, while the light guns of the *Guerriere* could not penetrate her adversary. The contest was, therefore, virtually between a wooden ship and an ironclad. So, again, with the masts in respect of vulnerability—the heavy shot of the *Americans* felled the light masts of their adversaries, whose light guns could not produce the same effect on masts as large as our line-of-battle ships'. Again, the large ship lying comparatively steady could point

her guns with more effect. As between these classes, therefore, the result of a conflict might have been known as well before as after the capture of the *Guerriere* and *Macedonia*. Yet the Admiralty threw away a third frigate, the *Java*, in as hopeless a struggle. Nor was it without warning; for the gallant Captain *Lambert*, whose crew were utterly unfit to engage an enemy, had strongly urged that fact upon the Admiralty, and had received a reply as harsh as it was unmerited. For another and very painful circumstance connected with the capture of our ships the Admiralty must also be held responsible. When our gallant though defeated sailors were transferred to the enemy's deck they too often recognized among their victors the very men who had fought and conquered under the *British* flag, and even under the eyes of our own *Nelson*. When the officers and crew of the *Macedonia* were taken on board the *United States* they observed over two of the gun ports the words *Victory* and *Nelson*, and learned that the reason was because the men quartered at those guns had served many years under the hero and had even been his own bargemen.* Can we for a moment suppose that these men deserted their colours and turned traitors without a cause, or that they and too many others would have done so but for the wretched administrative system which has ever weighed like a millstone round the neck of our gallant navy? Had not that system nearly driven *Nelson* himself from the service, when he declared himself about to 'quit for ever the service of an ungrateful

* *James' Naval History*, edited by Captain *Chamier;* vol. vi, p. 120.

country'? But it was not the country that was to blame, except in so far that it tolerated an Admiralty system which can best be described as wanting both head and heart.

"The capture of our smaller vessels, by *Americans* nominally of the same class, may be traced to similar mismanagement of the Admiralty. Our sloops, besides being smaller than the *Americans* and more weakly manned, were armed with the worst ordnance ever used—the *English* carronade; and that imperfect species of artillery (which, by the bye, we retained some twenty-five years too long) was made still worse by bad fittings. The carronade frequently upset in action, and in the contract-built vessels as often drew the breeching-bolts and became useless. The evil was increased by the mistaken practice of double-shotting, which in the case of carronades should have been positively forbidden by Admiralty orders.

"For those who know the circumstances under which our sloops of war were taken, by *Americans* nominally of the same class but in every respect superior, there can be no surprise at the result. And yet it is mortifying to think that the courage and skill displayed by our officers and men was not only unsuccessful but in many cases very ineffectual; the loss of the enemy being so much less than it ought to have been.

"It was on the *Canadian* lakes, however, that we sustained still more mortifying and equally unnecessary defeats, as some set-off to our gallant and successful defence of *Canada*. It is true that in the capture of our lake squadron the superior strength of the enemy in all respects exonerates

our officers and men; but that superiority need not have existed, and affords an additional instance of our inefficient system. We need not, however, describe the operations upon these inland seas. It was on the seaboard of the *United States* that our principal efforts were made, and in spite of much mismanagement we succeeded in humbling the foe. But here again our blows, though gallantly and successfully struck, were ill-devised and supported by very inadequate force. To coerce the inhabitants of a country equal to *Russia* in extent, we despatched small squadrons and a military force which would hardly have sufficed to subdue the *New Zealanders*. Yet it was eminently a case where true policy called for operations upon a very different scale, and the success actually obtained shows what would have been the result of a more decided policy. It must be remembered that the population of the *United States*, in 1812, was under 8,000,000, the regular army about 24,000 men, and the extent of maritime assailable frontier, rivers included, near 3,000 miles. There was probably no town within twenty miles of the sea that a *British* force of 10,000 men would not have captured, nor any *American* army that could have met it without certain defeat. Instead of such a force which after the Treaty of *Paris* could easily have been despatched, we sent an insignificant military expedition of less than 5,000 bayonets, sometimes under generals of second-rate ability. It is certainly less surprising that they failed at *New Orleans* than that they captured the *American* seat of government after utterly defeating its defenders.

"The naval operations again began with one of those

strange errors of judgment which the Admiralty has at all times been prone to, and has given a remarkable instance of in our own days. It was essential no less to our political than military success that the *Americans* who had rushed into war should be instantly made to feel its weight. Every harbour, bay, river, and creek should have been blockaded, and the whole coast kept in a state of alarm. Few better men for the purpose could have been found than Admiral Sir *George Cockburn*, had he been allowed to act; but it is the traditional policy of the Admiralty to neutralize a *Nelson* by a *Hyde Parker*,* a *Cockburn* by a *Warren*, a competent junior by a worn-out senior. Sir *John Warren* had been a very good man in his day, but had subsided into an over-cautious and unenterprising veteran. While his command lasted the *Americans* enjoyed something like peace, and it was only when the first invaluable year and more had past that Admiral *Warren* was recalled and hostilities began in earnest.

"Well did Sir *G. Cockburn* teach the enemy that war with *England* was no light matter, and that her arms reached far and struck heavily. The shores of the *Chesapeake*, the *Potomac*, the *Patuxent* afforded no refuge to the enemy: wherever his ships or boats could float they pursued the foe; nor did *Cockburn* hesitate to land and attack the enemy with unvarying success. With the trifling force at his disposal he showed what *British* sailors and soldiers are capable of, and won as many

* Not to be confounded with the *Hyde Parker* of the *American* war, gallant *Broke's* friend.

laurels by land as by sea. Nothing places in a stronger light the confidence which our chiefs and their subordinates then felt than the unconcern with which they used to march through an enemy's country, and bivouac at night in presence of a, numerically, very superior force. So little had the unexpected reverses at sea damped the ardour of our sailors that at no time did they more ardently seek a conflict or, generally speaking, maintain their superiority.

"Let our *American* kinsmen, then, who seem only to remember their successes, recollect that we put forth but a very small part of our strength; and yet when peace was made the balance of success was greatly in our favour. A very small *British* force—not 5000 strong, seamen included—marched upon the Federal capital,* a distance of fifty miles, occupying five days in the advance. During that time the *Americans*—under the immediate authority of the president himself—collected their forces; fought a battle for the defence of their capital, on ground of their own choosing; were utterly defeated by a very inferior force; and could neither save their metropolis nor even molest the *British* in their leisurely retreat. It was, moreover, no surprise, but a march, as long as from *Brighton* to *London*, effected in defiance of the enemy. *New Orleans* was, indeed, a *British* defeat; but there, also, an insignificant force undertook a long march through a very difficult country, and soon after a repulse retired unmolested. Nor was that disastrous day inglorious to our sailors, who,

* It is proper, however, to express here the regret and disapprobation which every *Englishman* feels at the destruction of public buildings on that occasion.

in their open boats pulled up against a rapid stream, under a deadly fire from the *American* gunboats, and gallantly carried them by boarding. Considering that our men had rowed thirty-six miles, and that the adverse current kept them long under the fire of a powerful flotilla, fully prepared and carrying thirty-nine guns and 200 men, and that the *British* success cost them eighty-four in killed and wounded, few more gallant exploits have been performed.

"Both sides, then, had their triumphs; both showed courage and skill worthy of their common ancestry; and the *American* naval administration showed a marked superiority in prudence and foresight over our own. That superiority, unless we take warning, may again cause us much mischief. Let the *Americans*, then, boast of victories where superior judgment supplied better ships, heavier guns, and more men. For our part, we admit their right to do so—and yet we feel more proud of our *Shannon* in equal fight than we should of many victories over an inferior force."

"The navigation between *New England* and *Nova Scotia* is the most dangerous that is to be found in *America*, especially in winter: a rocky, iron-bound coast, and (with the wind from N.E.) heavy falls of snow, so that you cannot see half the vessel's length ahead." So says, in 1774, Lieut. *W. Hunter*,* last of *Greenwich* Hospital; and so may Captain

* Lieutenant of *Greenwich* Hospital, who thus concludes his biography. *Naval Chron.*; vol. xiii, p. 45. "Amidst all my fortunes I have preserved that

Broke have as justly described it in 1811, '12, and '13, the years we have now to recall. When the *Shannon* hauled to the westward (as before has been mentioned), and her destination became apparent to her crew, the "galley-packets" were numerous as to the probability of war with *America*. There was something ominous to the superstitious on board in the brilliant comet of that year, which accompanied the *Shannon* the whole voyage and was visible before daylight closed in.

The passage out was quick; but on one occasion the safety of the ship was greatly endangered by "an absurd piece of fun," as Admiral *King* justly calls it, played off by one of *Broke's* earlier lieutenants (neither engaged, it is believed, in the subsequent action with the *Chesapeake*) on the other. In the first watch the wind had freshened to a gale and the sea was fast rising. The ship was under a close reefed maintopsail, reefed courses, and trysails. In the middle watch, towards four a.m., the wind had increased to a very heavy gale. Though the wind was near a point before the beam, the *Shannon* was going eleven and a half knots. The look-out on the starboard gangway (lee) could not keep his station. Every lurch the ship took, vast seas came over and flooded the main deck; the three foremost quarterdeck guns were often under water, and the lee-side of the quarterdeck flooded. The ship plunged fearfully, trembling and struggling under the pressure of the canvas.

---

sheet anchor which no man taketh from me—*a firm belief in* an overruling Providence, and a constant reliance upon Him who stilleth the waves."

The lieutenant of the watch would not call the captain, nor take the maintopsail in, because it was close to four o'clock and he wished to leave the task to his successor.

Before this latter could shorten sail, the lee bridle port was stove in, the main deck instantly filled, the water poured down the hatchways to the lower deck.

The men were alarmed and turned out; and those on the lee side stated that the water rushed over their tables. The great "heel" of the ship would, of course, facilitate this. Sail was *now* shortened to a reefed foresail and main try-sail. On making *Halifax* harbour the *Shannon* narrowly escaped running on to the rocks of *Sambro'* lighthouse. The only person in the ship who had been there before was the gunner. He assured Captain *Broke* that he knew the place well, and could take the ship in safely until a pilot came off. By his advice the ship was steered so as to bring *Sambro'* lighthouse a point on the starboard or weather bow. The wind was easterly and very strong, and about "abeam." The ship was sailing very fast. The rocks and breakers were not more than three miles off. It was in the middle of breakfast time. The gunner still thought all was right; but the officer of the watch went down to report the circumstance and to say he thought the ship was standing into danger. Captain *Broke* hurried on deck; ordered the helm to be put "hard a lee," and the hands turned up to 'bout ship. She was just saved. All hands were aghast! After standing off two or three hours the ship was put about, and then entered the harbour of *Halifax*, leaving *Sambro'* lighthouse and rocks two or three miles *to leeward*, and

to the westward! Whilst on this station, and before the war with *America*, the *Shannon* visited *Bermuda*, and cruised, at various times, in the track of the homeward passage from the *West Indies*. In running up to *Ireland*, *Bermuda*, the pilot—a young and clever man, esteemed as the best pilot at those islands—very nearly bilged the ship upon one of the *Coral Rocks*. The pilotage is by the eye and the colour of the water, not by marks on the land; and, by some unaccountable infatuation, the pilot called out "Starboard;" and the faster the ship answered her helm, the more earnestly he reiterated the order, "Starboard." The pilot was on the foremost gun on the quarterdeck, on the *larboard* side, and the rock was on the larboard bow! He got into a perfect frenzy, and jumped on the gun, up and down, as if he were mad, still calling out "Starboard." Not one could comprehend all this, and every soul *on deck* stared with astonishment. The ship's company were at dinner. On a sudden the pilot called out, "*Port, port, I mean;*" and the ship struck the rock at the same instant. It took her under the larboard bilge, about ten feet under water. The shock was severe, and the grating noise very loud; but she did not *hang;* she heeled over considerably, and passed on. Had she been her own half-beam more to port, she would have taken the rock stem on—she was going nearly nine knots; so that, in that case, she must have split in two. It is quite impossible she could have been got afloat again.

In 1812 it was reported that two *French* frigates had been seen in the *West Indies*, and were to make their passage to *France* immediately. These were the same frigates

which were destroyed off *L'Orient* by the *Northumberland*, so skilfully and gallantly commanded by the Hon. Sir *Henry Hotham*. Captain *Broke* earnestly requested Admiral *Sawyer* to send him to waylay these ships off the *Western Islands;* but the admiral said he was ordered to look after *St. Mary's Island*, and he must send the *Shannon* there. The *Shannon* and *Guerriere* went on that duty, but much against her captain's opinion and feelings. She did not, however, make the land; but, after boarding an *American* ship, and getting some intelligence to justify it (it must be supposed), she made all sail for *Bermuda*. There an officer was sent on shore with a letter to the admiral, with *very strict* orders to return immediately, if the admiral were not at *St. George's Town*, but at *Ireland*. This officer was Lieut. *C. L. Falkiner;* he did so return, and the *Shannon* immediately under all sail made away, and steered for the *Western Islands*. The run to *St. Mary's* and back to *Bermuda* consumed two weeks. Arrived off the *Western Islands* the *Shannon* fell in with the *Niobe*, Captain *Loring;* and *just two weeks* before, the *Niobe* had parted company with those two very frigates and a brig, after having kept close to them for two or three days. They went off in the night; and it was said they went to the S.E. Captain *Broke* thought *Madeira* and the outward-bound trade their object; and the *Shannon*, the *Niobe*, and *Guerriere* ran before a gale of wind in that direction for about thirty-six hours. As the enemy were not seen the ships parted company, and the *Shannon* and *Guerriere* steered to the S.W. and returned to their admiral along the "variable winds."

Previous to the war with *America* the *Shannon* fell in with and detained the *American* schooner *Susan and Emeline.* She was a most beautiful vessel, sailed very fast, and was full laden with cognac, &c., from *Bourdeaux.* She was sent to *Bermuda;* Mr. *William Smith* was the prize master. The *Shannon* was running to E.S.E. before the wind. The schooner was reported from the masthead soon after three p.m; she was close to the wind on the larboard tack, and it so happened that the courses of herself and the *Shannon* were such as to bring them exactly to meet; the vessels, therefore, did not alter their course. The *Guerriere* was in company with the *Shannon;* and the captain of the schooner looked upon the two ships as homeward-bound *West-Indiamen.* It had been dark, though fine, for some time. The day was *Sunday.* Captain *Broke* was at tea in the gunroom. The officer of the watch mismanaged the ship most seriously. The schooner was now almost within musket-shot, and if the mismanagement had been prolonged but for twenty minutes, she would have crossed the *Shannon's* bows, and the frigate passed under her stern with all sail set. The signal mate, therefore, went down to the gunroom and asked the first lieutenant to come on deck.

"Why; is anything wrong?"

"Yes, sir; and if you do not come up we shall lose the chase."

Broke immediately inquired the cause of this uneasiness; and on his lieutenant observing, "I think I had better go on deck," accompanied him thither.

The ship was now properly handled. The chase saw this, and, bearing up under all sail, made away. The

Shannon, however, outsailed her; and two or three point-blank shot made her shorten sail and heave-to.

The time was now approaching when the hostile leaven fermenting in the *United States*, and still farther stimulated by foreign agency and a domestic newspaper press, reckless of all consequence, produced its natural results—a desperate and sanguinary war.

The journal of *Broke* is, perhaps, the most faithful exponent existing of the mixed incredulity and indifference with which the long-tried soldiers and sailors of *Britain* saw this new enemy arrayed against them, in their contest for the true liberties of the universe.

In 1812 the *Shannon* was going into *Halifax* when Captain *Hickey* informed *Broke* that the *United States* had declared war, and that Commodore *Rogers* had chased the *Belvidera* (Captain *Byron*) and fired upon her. "*Rogers*," says Admiral *King*, in his *Recollections*, "had the *United States* and *Congress* with him on this occasion. The *President*, at one time, was within less than point-blank range of the *Belvidera*, the *President* much outsailing her; but, instead of steering steadily on in pursuit, Commodore *Rogers*—to say the least of it, by a very inexcusable order—had his very superior ship yawed twice in the quickest possible succession, that he might bring his *broadsides* to bear, one after the other, on the *Belvidera*. They were so fired, but without the slightest effect. This manœuvre threw the *President out of action*, and she never regained the position she had lost. The *Congress* was so well up that *she* fired at the *Belvidera*, but her shot did not reach. The

Belvidera now had time to consider and arrange. Her course was altered, and she was put upon her supposed best point of sailing. Her bower anchors were cut away, and water started. After this the *American* ships could not gain upon her; and in the night, though it was fine, *they left her*, and were not in sight in the morning. In *Rogers'* public letter, he said, he 'yawed the *President* in the hopes of unrigging the enemy, *her stern fire having proved very galling*.' It is worth notice that, in the chase, a twenty-four-pound shot went through the *Belvidera's* maintopmast, about the double-reef height, yet it stood! It was fished with capstan bars. Another twenty-four-pound shot went through the cross-jack-yard; and yet that stood. If *Rogers* had not been the most inexperienced captain in the *American* navy the *Belvidera* must have been captured."

This, however, is an ungracious theme to dwell upon.

Let me rather beg the reader's attention to some brief extracts from the journals of Captain *Broke* at this period.

"1812. *Jan.* 13th. Sailed at two p.m.

"31st. Running S.E. by E. under forestaysail. Heavy gale at W.S.W. Sent *T. G.* masts on deck. Struck topmasts; housed jib-boom. At three, fury of the gale over; a great sea.

"*March* 6th. Light, variable winds or calms. Tried carronades, non-recoil. A breeching broke at a *short recoil*, double-shotted; but stood double-shotted at non-recoil; warmed by six rounds.

"23rd. Anchored at *Bermuda*.

"*April*. Landed and aired powder. *Guerriere* came down to join us. *Indienne* and *Rattler* came into the *Narrows*. As soon as the weather would allow us we sailed with *Guerriere* in pursuit of two *French* frigates and a corvette.

"13th. We spoke schooner from *Newbury* to *Barbadoes*, who said a general embargo was laid on *America*.

"26th *(Sunday)*. P.M.—at dusk chased a schooner. At midnight caught her. The *Susan and Emeline, American*, sixteen days from *Bourdeaux*, for *Philadelphia*.

"*May* 5th. At ten a.m. joined *Niobe*. She had been sent with *Sybille, Dottrell*, and *Zenobia* to seek a *French* squadron, said to be out of *L'Orient* (four sail of the line and four or five frigates or corvettes); but, having detached all the vessels except *Dottrell* on the 24th of *April*, eleven a.m. he met two *French* frigates and a corvette brig, cruising in lat. 35° 15′, long. 21° 38′. He haunted them to the 26th, when he lost them in the night. They scuttled a brig in *Niobe's* sight.

"*May* 10th *(Sunday)*. At dawn spoke *Chace*, an *American*, from *Lisbon* to *Baltimore Light;* twelve days out. He told us *Badajos* was taken by the *British*, and the siege of *Cadiz* raised. *French* left *Seville*, &c. Read prayers.

"17th. Timekeeper fell on deck, and stopped.

"21st. Went into *Fyal Bay* for beef and vegetables for ship's companies, they having had scarcely any supply during our first stay at *Bermuda*, and no beef at all during our last fortnight there, owing to the scarcity of cattle on the island.

"Squally, strong wind. At 2.30 a.m. on the 22nd *Guerriere* drove and passed us, but brought up on a second anchor in-shore of us.

"*June* 11th. Tried maindeck gun non-recoil; broke breeching at second round; mines stood better, being lashed for chase.

"16th. Anchored at *Bermuda*.

"Spoke *Rattler* and *Indienne*, who told us of *Belvidera's* action with the *American* squadron, and of the rumour of *American* declaration of war. At twelve p.m. anchored in entrance of *Halifax*.

"*July* 1st. Went to *Halifax*. *Declaration of war came.*

"5th. Sailed with *Belvidera, Africa*, and *Œolus* in pursuit of *Rogers* and *American* squadron.

"6th. Captured *American* brig *Minerva.*
"9th. Burnt *Brutus.*
"10th. Burnt a schooner.
"11th. Burnt ship *Mechanic:* Captain *Crane,* sixteen carronades —eighteen-pounders, 106 men: sailed yesterday from *New York.*"

"The *Shannon,*" says *King,* "fairly ran her down, outsailing, as she always did when in chase, the rest of the squadron. The *Nautilus* was sent to *Halifax,* bought by government, and fitted as an *English* sloop of war under the name of *Emulous*—our *Emulous* having just then been wrecked. During the first fortnight of the war our squadron burnt about forty sail of *American* vessels, some empty, some full of valuable cargo. Of these, two large ships from *Liverpool* were said to be worth £150,000. The scene at the first capture was distressing to all who witnessed it. The prize was a fine ship from *Lisbon,* where she had sold her cargo for the use of the *British* army under *Wellington,* and had several thousands of dollars on board. One great object with the *British* squadron was to obtain information. The *American* captain was, therefore, sent on board the *Shannon,* and kept in ignorance of the war until this was fully obtained.

The natural manner in which these questions were put obtained full and unreserved answers; but it was evident to those who knew *Broke* that he was labouring under strong feelings of dislike of the deception. He had now, however, obtained all the information the *American* had to give, and the next step must be taken. The struggle to announce this to the prisoner (for such he really was) was

painfully evident. At last he forced out the expression—"Well, captain, I must burn your ship."

The *American*, overcome with surprise, faltered—"Burn her?"

"Indeed I must."

"Burn her; for what? Will not money save her? She is all my own—my favourite ship, and all the property I have in the world. Is it war, then?"

"Yes," replied *Broke.*

"What, war between *America* and *England?*"

"Yes, it is war between *America* and *England.* Your country declared it, and three of your frigates fired upon one of ours, when we had not any notice of the *American* declaration of war. *England* has not yet declared war in return, but I have orders to act as if she had done so."

Both parties were painfully moved, and the scene did not end without a tear from each; but the sad duty was inevitable, and the prize was destroyed.

In the evening a frigate was seen to leeward, six leagues off the land, about *Navesink.*

"17th. At dawn an *American* frigate *(Constitution)* within four miles of the squadron. Had a most fatiguing and anxious chase, both towing and cadging, &c., as opportunity offered (*Shannon* did not cadge, *American* did). Latter exchanged a few chase shots with *Belvidera*, carried near the enemy by a partial breeze. Cut our boats adrift, but all in vain; the *Constitution* sailed well and escaped."

The vexation of the whole *British* squadron may be inferred from the following letter received by *Broke* from the gallant *Byron*, as well as from *King's* account of the

sharp recriminations among the sailors. The commanders of the little squadron exchanged their explanations in the *Shannon* cabin.

"*Belvidera, July* 20th, 1812.

"Dear *Broke*,

"Nothing can exceed my mortification from the extraordinary escape of the *American* frigate, and I am likewise much concerned it should fall so heavily on *Dacres*. We were at quarters all night. The *Guerriere* and *American* frigate were seen from us most of the night, and, *firing near together*, the impression upon my mind was they were both *American* frigates. We saw often lights on board both of them during the night, and I thought they were making signals to each other. I expected to be in action very early in the morning, and did not make signals, being apprehensive they might induce the enemy to make sail from us. I really did not think, from the squadron's position in the evening, the *Guerriere* would take the *Belvidera* and *Œolus* to be *American* frigates. About seven bells in the middle watch, as it must have been (as the night signal appears to have been made by *Guerriere* at 3.15), it was reported to me on the quarterdeck; but, from the haziness of the morning, I was not satisfactorily convinced it was the real night signal. I rather thought it was the signal to distinguish *British* ships from the enemy when going into or in action, and I had mine hanging at the gaff, ready for showing, all night. The *American* came down within a mile of my bow, and hauled close upon the starboard tack. My anxiety was

not to frighten him away by signals. I am now very sorry I did not answer the *Guerriere's* signal, but it was so near daylight I thought a day signal might nearly be seen as well. Whatever I did was from the most anxious intention to secure the enemy; and I have to regret that, from a succession of unfortunate circumstances, he should have escaped. I considered the rockets and guns of the *Guerriere* to announce an enemy in view; but whether one or more ships the daylight immediately coming on would inform us.

"Dear *Broke*,

"Yours most sincerely,

"*R. BYRON.*"

"19th. Took *Phœbe.*

"22nd. Took the *Dolphin*, privateer, of *Salem;* four guns, seventy men. She had taken six prizes.

"23rd. Burnt the *Dolphin.*

"24th. Retook *Hazard, Dolphin's* prize.

"*Sep.* 2nd. Took *Planter.*

"4th. Chased the *Essex.*

"6th. Took *Fabius*, 460 tons.

"20th. Went into *Halifax* with prizes. *Heard of loss of Guerriere.*

"21st. Dined alone. Wrote letters.

"27th. Sir *John Warren** came, with *San Domingo* and *Poictiers.*

"29th. *Dacres came, and Guerriere's crew.*

"*Oct.* 1st. *Dined with Dacres.*

"2nd. *Court-martial on Dacres.*"

This, my reader, is, perhaps, the best time to call your attention to a brief but true account of the action between

* "Superseding the amiable and good Admiral *Herbert Sawyer.*"

the *Constitution* and *Guerriere*. It took place on the 19th of *August*, lat. 40° 20′ N., long. 55° W. The respective forces stood thus:

		GUNS.		MEN.	BOYS.
Constitution—	Maindeck,	30	24-pounders.	476	
	Quarterdeck,	24	32-pounders.		
	Forecastle,	2	long 18-pounders.		
	Total	56		476	
Guerriere—	Maindeck,	30	18-pounders.	244	19
	Quarterdeck,	14	32-pounders.		
	Forecastle,	2	32-pounders.		
		2	long 9-pounders.		
	Total	48		244	19

"After nobly struggling with her huge antagonist for nearly an hour and three quarters, the *Guerriere*, having lost fifteen men killed and sixty-three wounded, and being rendered quite ungovernable with the loss of all her masts, was at length obliged to surrender—in so shattered a condition, indeed, that on the following morning she was set on fire and blown up. The *Constitution's* loss on the occasion amounted to seven killed and as many wounded. Among the badly wounded on board the *Guerriere* was her gallant defender, Captain *Dacres* himself, who received a musket-ball in the back while standing on the starboard forecastle hammocks animating his crew, but who could not be prevailed upon to leave the deck. By the court-martial which, on the 2nd *October* following, assembled on board the *Africa*, sixty-

four, at *Halifax*, to try Captain *Dacres* for surrendering his ship to the enemy, he was, as may be readily imagined, 'unanimously and honourably acquitted of all blame on account of her capture.'"

The *Guerriere* was an old, worn-out frigate, originally *French*. Sometime before this action she was cruising in company with the *Shannon*, and the commanders and friends, after dining together as usual, were walking the quarter-deck, when Captain *Dacres* drew attention to his ship, which had then recently been painted and puttied, looking like a second-hand jaunting car, very fair without, but most ricketty and rotten within.

"Well, commodore, what do you think of the *Guerriere* now?"

"H'm," said *Broke*, surveying her thoughtfully alow and aloft, "I think she looks very handsome."

"Is that all? I say she looks beautiful; and, more, she 'd take an antagonist in half the time the *Shannon* could."

Broke took off his hat, made a very low bow, and, with the melancholy smile occasionally seen on his countenance, replied—"I am truly happy to hear His Majesty has so effective a ship in his service."

Alas! for the jesting, good-natured boast—how often is it followed by unexpected disaster in every occurrence of life! With all her smart and fine exterior, the *Guerriere* had scarcely a sound spar, plank, or cord about her. The mainmast had been struck by lightning, the bowsprit long been sprung, the breechings were rotten, and the timbers through which the bolts passed were thoroughly decayed.

She was built at *L'Orient*, on a sudden emergency, hastily run up with half-seasoned wood; and had the *Constitution* succeeded in towing her into *Boston*, she would not have been worth the cost of repairing.

"*Oct.* 3rd. Sailed to relieve *Barbadoes'* crew, wrecked on *Sable Island.*

"Gales westerly—lay-to; at dawn made sail. Telegraphed with *Barbadoes'* crew. Too much surf to land; stood off at night.

"8th. Beat up to wreck at three p.m. Sent boats in; at two turns brought off all the crew (180) and 63,000 dollars.

"11th *(Sunday)*. Took *American* schooner *Wily Reynard*, one gun, twenty-four men; manned her with *Barbadoes'* men.

"12th. Arrived at *Halifax.*

"14th. Dined with *Dacres.*

"18th. Sailed with *Tenedos*, *Nymph*, and *Curlew.*

"31st. Took the *Thorn*, *American* privateer, eighteen guns, 140 men. Sent Mr. *Leake* and six men to assist in manning her.

"*Nov.* 1st *(Sunday)*. Lay-by and completed prize.

"6th. Recaptured brig *Friendship;* sent her and four men to *Bermuda.*

"8th *(Sunday)*. Gales and rain split foresail. P.M., snow.

"9th. Lightning, snow, and squally gales.

"24th. Arrived in *Halifax* and dined with Admiral *Warren.* Another week of *severe* dinner service.

"25th. Dined with *Gordon.*

"26th. Dined with *Dixon.*

"27th. Dined with *Wallis.*

"28th. Dined with *Wodehouse.*

"29th. A party at home.

"30th. A party at home—levee.

"*Dec.* 1st. Dined with admiral.

"2nd. Dined with *Manby.*

"3rd. Dined with *Tucker.*

"4th. Dined with the governor."

So eagerly was *Broke's* cheerful and improving society sought by all who had the happiness to know him.

"*Dec.* 2nd. Severe frost—the people sliding.

"12th. Sailed with my squadron (*Nymph*, *Tenedos*, *Curlew*) and convoy of six sail.

"1813. *Jan.* 12th. Recaptured *Stag*, and sent her in to *Madeira*."

Captain *Broke* here remarks: "Reefs out and royal yards up all the week;" and takes advantage of the fine weather thus to exercise his crew.

"12th. Seamen at target.

"13th. Swivel men at target.

"15th. Mids at target and carronade.

"16th. Swivels in maintop, &c."

In short, every day had its allotted share of warlike exercise except *Sunday*, on which none but the most indispensable labour was ever permitted.

"22nd. Chased a schooner, E.N.E., all sail possible; beat all the squadron; outstays all set. At dusk hauled up; *Tenedos* out of sight.

"*Feb.* 1st. Retook *Hebe*, *Smyrna* ship; sent *Clavering* and eight men into her.

"5th. Relieved a hungry *Spanish* brig, 125 days from *Monte Video*.

"17th. Sounded over *St. George's Bay*.

"23rd. Beat into *Halifax*. Severe frost and snow. Several barbers. They had not more severe weather during the winter. During many days we could do no work; I living at *Wodehouse's* and made report to admiral.

"*Shannon, Halifax, March* 17th, 1813.

"Sir,

"I have the honour to acquaint you that the cartel transports, *Regulus* and *Royalist*, arrived here yesterday from *Boston*, after a four days' passage; they brought no exchanged prisoners with them, and I learn by the letter addressed to His Excellency Sir *John Sherbrooke* and to the agent for transports here, that for some time past nothing could be effected in regard to the exchange of prisoners at *Boston*, in consequence of the *American* Government having, without any reason assigned, prohibited Mr. *Allen*, the *British* agent there, from exercising his functions, and ordered him to remove forty miles inland from *Boston*. Mr. *Allen* had since resigned his appointment, and delivered over all his papers and instructions relative to the agency for prisoners to Mr. *Skinner*, formerly his vice-consul; but Mr. *Skinner*, not being approved by the *American* Government, had no power to act decisively.

"He, however, signifies that, by an arrangement of the *American* Government, the *Bostwick* cartel is to collect and carry to *Bermuda* all the hostile prisoners at *New York*, *New London*, and *Boston*. The object of this inconvenient and dilatory mode of sending home our men is evidently the same as has been followed up in all the enemy's measures relative to the prisoners—to keep our men as long as possible in confinement, with the double view of weakening the king's ships, and of inducing these men to enter into their own service to escape from confinement. Two hundred *British* subjects were at *Boston*, anxious to return home, or to any *British* port, but were not allowed to embark, and the two cartels ordered away empty. I shall consult with his Excellency, Sir *John Sherbrooke*, upon the expediency of retaliating upon the *American* government, by removing Mr. *Mitchell*, the *American* agent here, to a distance from the coast, in like manner as they had done Mr. *Allen*. We understand, by the *American* papers, that Colonel *Barclay* is again coming to act as consul for *Great Britain*, but have no official accounts of it. From an intelligent person I have learned the following particulars. The *British* prisoners at *Boston* are generally well inclined, and eager to

get home; they had been informed of the protection they would meet with here on their arrival; but the greater part of them seemed anxious to volunteer their services in H. M. ships, if they could recover their liberty. The *British* officers at *Boston* were treated with marked hospitality and politeness, and the inhabitants as averse to the war as ever. No additional defences had been constructed round the town, though it was in contemplation to fortify *Long Island* when it was reported that the squadron from *Chesapeake* were coming to *Boston*. *Rodgers* talked of drawing the frigate's guns up to *Dorchester Heights*, but no platforms had been prepared or any arrangement made. The recruits were kept upon *Castle Island*, to be drilled and form a garrison. The *Congress* was perfectly ready for sea, except bending sails, when the cartels were sent away, and it was generally believed would sail as soon as they were out of sight, possibly upon some distant excursion. The *President* and *Constitution* were *certainly to sail upon the 10th of April.* Our division will certainly be off *Boston* at that date, but it appears to me very doubtful if the enemy will be ready so soon. By the accounts we have of their present state they are all full manned, with from 510 to 530 men. On board *Constitution* are 216 *British* seamen, and about as many in *President*, the latter chiefly *Irish*. A person who was lately in company with some of the *Constitution's* men says she has a much larger proportion of *British*, and hardly fifty private seamen *Americans* born. We hear that a large steamer, built by the corporation of *Boston*, and presented to Commodore *Rodgers* as a tender, is now cruising after the *Liverpool Packet* privateer. She has six long nine-pounders, brass guns, and is manned by a lieutenant of the *President*, with 150 seamen, all *British subjects*. A reward of £4,500 has been offered to any vessel who shall take this *Liverpool Packet*. I have ordered *Curlew* out to see for her off *Shelburne*, where it is expected she will haunt, or off *Liverpool*. The schooner is disguised as a coaster, and *Curlew* will adopt the same plan to surprise her. This circumstance reminds me of the exchange again; and it appears evident that the enemy will always try, on every pretence, however unfairly, to detain a great number of our seamen as *hostages*, that

they may be able to murder honest men for such traitors as may be taken in their ships and legally hanged. In this view, every week's delay is highly important. Any one of their frigates captured will expose a number of these villains to justice; and if the *Americans* continue the exchange fairly, or pay the debt they owe, they will not have a *British* subject to threaten with vengeance. To recover our men now at *Boston* it will, perhaps, be necessary to make the *American* agent here feel himself more interested in the business. They now owe our Government, including the *Canadian* transactions, between two and three thousand men. In Commodore *Decatur's* ship, the men who entered from *Macedonia's* crew received an earnest of four dollars each, upon her capstan head, and were marched under an *American* naval lieutenant to *New York:* forty of them remain on board the *United States*, and about twenty repented of their conduct, and were put in prison again. Commodore *Decatur* landed them in the night, contrary to agreement with the *British* agent, and before any place was prepared to receive them, thereby throwing them completely into the hands of their recruiting parties.

"Some intelligent people at *Boston* expected that the *United States* and *Macedonian* would come over the shoal to join the frigates there; if so, we must try to meet them separately.

"There are no regular troops at *Boston;* and as fast as the recruits are made serviceable they are marched to the army; there generally remain about 300 of them on *Castle Island*, and 200 or 300 on *Governor's Island*, exercised but little—chiefly at the great guns. Commodore *Rodgers* had said that he doubted if 500 marines would not carry *Castle Island Forts.* The inhabitants all expected our attack, and would certainly make little resistance against such a large force as might justify their acting neutrally to save their town; but they turn out, in thirty hours, about 20,000 militia, and have one volunteer artillery corps with six six-pounders in the town, and several similar brigades in the neighbourhood, and would probably make much resistance to save their ships, if they thought our force not large enough to *insure* our destroying their town. They have hardly yet felt the pressure of the war upon their coasting trade, but begin

to miss the supplies from *Chesapeake*, and some of those most anxious for peace have suggested that a vigilant blockade of the *Sound* would so completely stop their supplies of provisions that all parties would unite against the *War Ministry*. The Federal party certainly wish *any event* which would tend to restore peace. If Commodore *Rodgers* does not choose to meet us, we shall try what mischief we can do in the *Sound*, but cannot cover both together.

"The military commandant at *Boston* was extremely civil, having taken up and restored to the transport two men who had deserted from her: one of them had been some time drilling as a recruit on *Castle Island* before he was sent back. They have eight gunboats at *Boston*. The timber which had been collected and partly moulded for a frigate and two corvettes has been cut up into gun-carriages for their armies and frontier defences. We hear that Sir *George Prevost* has defeated General *Harrison*, and was pushing for *Sackett's Harbour* with 6,000 men to destroy their shipping. I shall enclose you a paper containing accounts of the brilliant successes of the *Russian* armies, though, probably, more recent accounts have reached *Bermuda* from *England*. The inhabitants of *Boston* were contributing liberally to the subscription for the distressed *Muscovites*, and had remitted considerable sums to *London* for that purpose. The pacific party did not disguise their satisfaction at hearing of General *Winchester's* defeat. There was hardly any cash to be obtained, and the exchequer bills on their own Government bore a discount of twenty-five per cent.

"*Curlew* will act as an additional protection to our convoy at their outset, and will rejoin us off *Boston*, unless she return directly with her schooner; we hope to be out on *Friday*. A schooner from *St. Thomas's* informs us that the *John, American* privateer ship, was carried into that island by the *Peruvian*. There is a twenty-gun privateer in *Boston* ready, and several of that force, or nearly so, out. It is now arranged, by the governor's wish, that *Regulus* transport shall proceed with *Nautilus* and the *Nova Scotia* up the *Bay of Fundy* in the first week of *April*, the *Regulus* to lie block-ship, with all the guns she can mount and swivel-moorings at *St.*

Andrews, ready, if reinforcements be suddenly wanted from *Annapolis*, to bring the demand and return with the supply.

"P.S.—An *English* merchant, two years resident in *Boston*, and who left in the cartel *Royalist*, agrees in most points with the above information, but adds the following particulars, which may be relied on with more safety from his having been personally acquainted with the officers of the corps he mentions.

"'At *Castle Island* is constantly a company of artillery of 110 men. There are about 150 or 200 regulars, and generally 300 recruits. At *Governor's Island*, some few regulars. At the *Navy Yard Battery*, a company of 110 artillery. These artillery are good troops—the regulars of the line indifferent. This *Navy Battery* is open; it consists of about twelve heavy cannon and some mortars; it is much relied upon by the inhabitants as the only defence against ships who may have passed the *Castle* or *Governor's Island;* it is in the *Navy* (or *Dock*) *Yard*, close to the beach.'

"*April* 2nd. Off *C. Anne* and *Salem*; foggy and calm; spoke fisherman.

"3rd. Reconnoitred *Boston.* Report of the state of the enemy's ships in *Boston* harbour when reconnoitred by the *Shannon* and *Tenedos* on the 3rd *April*, N.N.E., at 10.30 a.m., in clear weather. The observations were made in *Broad Sound*, *Boston* lighthouse bearing S. by E.; the *Stadthouse* (in the middle of the town) W. by S.

"Lying close up to the town, ready for sea, one large frigate, said to be *Congress*, her sails bent and top-gallant-yards across."

The following acknowledgment was received from Captain *Oliver*, through whom the previous report to the admiral was forwarded:

"*Valiant*, 8th *April*, 1813.

"Dear *Broke*,

"I have received your letter by *Capel*, which is perfectly satisfactory. The night you parted we neither moved tack or sheet after ten o'clock, when we took

in the maintopsail, and continued on the same tack till nine the next morning.

"The information about the *Chesapeake* I received yesterday, at two p.m., from a ship the master of which had been on board of her for two hours on *Monday*, then in latitude 38° 28′, longitude 69°. The ship I spoke was bound to *New York;* I therefore conclude, if the *Chesapeake* was bound there, she must have been far ahead of the other; but, if bound to *Boston*, there is still a chance, as the winds have mostly been from the northward.

"I enclose some signals which I established with the *Sir John Sherbrooke*, which may save some trouble.

"The papers on artillery practice I will thank you to leave with *Capel.*

"Believe me, very truly yours,

"*ROBERT DUDLEY OLIVER.*"

At this period the *Shannon* had a narrow escape, which her captain thus notes:

"On the evening of the 5th, at half-past eight, we were struck with lightning, when laying-to, boarding a small schooner we had taken; the maintopmast and top-gallantmast shivered to pieces, and fifteen feet out of the middle of the former blown to atoms; the topsail yard broke in the slings; a cheek and hasp forced off the head of the mainmast, and the mast much shook to the quarter-deck, where the partners were broke. The mainyard sprung in two places; the brass skewers in the truck melted as if they had been in a furnace, also some of the links of the maintop chain. Fire was in the top for some seconds after the crash, and nothing but the heavy rain and the goodness of *Providence* saved us from destruction; and, thanks be to *God*, not a man was hurt. I was in

the cabin at the moment, when I thought several of the guns had been fired; when I ran on deck I still saw fire in the top. Those on board the schooner close astern of us thought we were in a blaze."

This was the last winter Captain *Broke* was destined to pass on this trying station; and it may be well to give the young sailor an idea of its inclemency, as often experienced on board the *Shannon*. The cold was so intense that it was impossible to handle the ropes without the fingers suffering from frost-bite. The sails were so frozen as to become brittle as glass; when furled they would not fall from the yards; and when forced down they broke like chips as they opened their folds. The ropes were so encrusted with ice that they cracked when moved, and so thickened were they that they could neither start nor run through the sheaves. If the ship had to wear (and to tack was impossible) it was necessary to haul the foresail up first, as no dependence could be placed on the tacks or sheets working in their blocks. The top-gallant-masts could not be got up when struck. The spray came over the gangway and quarterdeck, and froze on the guns and deck as fast as it fell. The ship's hull from ahead to abaft was a mass of ice. The *Tenedos*, *Shannon's* consort, had fifteen men frost-bitten on one occasion of wearing ship. The *Shannon's* crew, during this cruise, wore in winter a very thick worsted under-dress, mittens, and *Welsh* wigs.

The following was the system of exercises devised by Captain *Broke*, and carried out with the utmost regularity:

On *Monday*, forenoon, the watch on deck exercised at great guns; and, in the afternoon, the first division of the watch exercised at small arms.

Tuesday, forenoon; watch on deck at great guns: afternoon; first division of watch on deck at small arms.

Wednesday, forenoon; the watch on deck at second deck guns: afternoon; second part of watch at small arms.

Thursday, forenoon; watch on deck at second deck guns: afternoon; second part of watch at small arms.

Friday, forenoon; midshipmen at great guns: afternoon; at small arms.

Saturday; wash clothes before breakfast, and wash lower deck in the forenoon.

Sunday; church, and not any work.

The guns were manned from the larboard and starboard watches *alternately*—the odd-numbered guns from the larboard watch, the even-numbered guns from the starboard watch; the idea was that the watch below should not be disturbed, and that those men who *fought* together ought to be *exercised* together.

In exercising with shot at a mark each gun was allowed three shot. The mark was a beef-cask, with a square piece of canvas of about four feet. It was always cut to pieces, the distance about three to four hundred yards.

There was also an occasional exercise: this was to lay the ship to, throw a beef-cask over board, and, at the *same time*, pass the word, "Numbers two and four main-deck guns, up to your quarters." Then the captain gave the word to "Clear for action and fire at the cask." It was, in most instances, sunk; but the shot always went close enough to be called *effective*. *All* the guns and carronades had dispart sights on them, and a wooden quadrant

for degrees of elevation. Besides these, to every port a compass was inscribed on the deck, by cutting grooves in the planks and filling them up with white putty.

The *Shannon's* crew were not practised at the cutlass, but they played very much at singlestick, and many of them were very expert at that game.

All *Broke's* eager desires to bring one of the formidable *American* frigates to action, notwithstanding his unwearied efforts, had hitherto been disappointed; and in the month of *April* the last and most mortifying vexation of this kind was experienced. On the 3rd of the month he had reconnoitred *Boston* harbour from the back of *Nahaunt Island;* the lighthouse bearing S. by E.—the stadthouse W. by S.

The view was tantalizing: there lay the *Congress* ready for sea—the *President,* topmasts rigged and apparently might be ready, if hurried, in twenty-four hours—and the *Constitution* with only mainmast in.

Broke immediately wrote thus to Captain *Oliver* of the *Valiant.*

"*Shannon, April* 8th, 1813.

"My dear Sir,

"In haste I enclose you some papers I meant to have brought myself if I had had the pleasure of waiting upon you this morning. Captain *Capel* promised to deliver you my report of reconnoitre. Our view was clear and distinct, and the pilots' and coasters' reports agreed with our observations. The fogs and some other interruptions prevented my comparing accounts with *Parker* afterwards, but you have that advantage.

"I did not understand where the two *American* frigates were seen in chase; but think if two of us show off *Boston* for a few days, *President* and *Congress* will *turn out*, provided no *seventy-fours* are seen from the capes or pilot boats.

"I wish you joy of your *Volante;* we heard of her at *Boston.*

"Yours truly,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

For more than a week the *Shannon* and *Tenedos* lay off and on; and on *April* 11th, *Sunday*, they again ran in to reconnoitre. They saw *President* and *Congress* ready—*Constitution* only mainmast in—another (supposed *Chesapeake*) got in lately, with no mizenmast, mainmast stripped, and foretopmast fidded and rigged.

"12th. Enemy's frigates in *Boston* loosed sails.

"18th. Another week's anxious watch; and then in the evening ran in to reconnoitre. Enemy nearly as before. On the evening of *Friday, April* 30th, the weather being thick and rainy, the *American* frigates stole out of harbour, evaded the long and diligent watch kept by the *Shannon* and *Tenedos*, and got safely out to sea.

"*May* 13th. Again reconnoitred *Boston* harbour, and saw the *Chesapeake* there with top-gallant-yards across.

"16th. Took *L'Invincible.*"

"H. M. S. *Shannon*, off *Cape Ann*,

"*May* 16th, 1813.

"Sir,

"I have the honour to inform you that we, this morning, in company with H. M. S. *Tenedos*, chased on shore a large armed ship under *American* colours, near *Cape Ann Town;* having anchored close to her, and fired a few

shot on the beach to disperse the militia who were assembling, I sent in the boats of both ships, under the command of Lieut. *Watt* of the *Shannon*, who brought the vessel off without any loss. She proves to be *L'Invincible*, a *French* corvette-built privateer, of sixteen guns, lately captured by H.M. sloop *Mutine*, and retaken by the *Alexander*, *American* privateer. I have sent her to *Halifax*.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*

"The Honourable *Thomas Bladen Capel*,
"Captain of H. M. S. *La Hogue*."

The time was now drawing nigh when Captain *Broke* and his brave *Shannons* were to bring the value of their long, constant, and assiduous training to a triumphant test. For more than seven years—in fair weather and in foul—in calms and storms—in the excitement of the chase and the regularity, the monotony perhaps, sometimes, of the morning and evening exercise—they had learned to know each other thoroughly. Discipline was paramount; and, consequently, every duty was quickly, noiselessly, and effectually discharged. One burning desire was ever in the breast of *Broke*—to meet one of the boasted *American* ships; and, with whatever odds against him, strike one more *British* blow for the old country's ensign.

The patience with which he had bided this hour and chance was now soon to be rewarded.

END OF PART I.

Part II.

§ I.

CAPTURE OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

A.D. 1813.

WHEN the Duke of *Wellington* was in the midst of his Peninsular campaigns he heard of the action we are about to describe. At a dinner, on the anniversary of the battle of *Salamanca,* he proposed the health of Captain *Broke* of the *Shannon;* and on many a subsequent occasion spoke of the capture of the *Chesapeake* as an achievement he held in the highest admiration.

This feeling was fully shared by everyone competent to judge of the severity, the gallantry, and brevity of this engagement.

The *Shannon,* smaller by seventy tons than her opponent, with less men by ninety, and after many weary months of blockade service, captured her foe, fresh from her own port, within fifteen minutes.

The loss of life, alas! being greater than in many general actions.

It need not be denied that *Broke* had long and eagerly

desired an opportunity such as this, of throwing some gallant deed into the scale as a counterpoise to the *Guerriere*, the *Macedonian*, the *Java*, and the *Peacock*. This desire had been greatly increased by the various challenges which had passed between irritated commanders on both sides, and by inflammatory and deeply-wounding newspaper articles.

This is all I can say in answer to the question—"How will you excuse the challenge sent by *Broke*, which was followed by such sanguinary results?"

This challenge, it now appears, certainly never reached *Lawrence;* and the action, therefore, would have taken place had it never been written or sent.

But of its fairness, manliness, and patriotism I am sure there can never be but one opinion.

Let me, however, put the reader in the fullest possession of the facts (as recorded under the hand of the *Shannon's* commander), and then leave the question to the decision of his own good judgment.

On *Friday*, *May* 21st, 1813, at daybreak, His Britannic Majesty's ship *Shannon*, with a fine fresh northerly breeze, was chasing (in company with the *Tenedos* frigate) a suspicious sail, which turned out to be His Britannic Majesty's ship *Rattler*. In no very amiable mood, as may well be supposed, at these lost labours and pains, the crew set themselves to the more peaceful task of washing clothes. At noon the breeze fell, a calm settled down upon the sea, and the rusty, but well-disciplined, steady old *Shannon* lay motionless "in between *Marshfield* and *Plymouth*, five or six miles off land." She, at night, hove-to under *Marshfield*

light, had been in at dusk close to *Boston*, but could distinguish nothing for haze, but *heard that "Chesapeake had bent sails to-day."*

On *Saturday, May* 22, the morning broke calmly, and the *Shannon* and *Rattler* were slowly floating in a N.W. direction from *Marshfield* to *Cohasset Point*, about five leagues from the latter. On board the *Shannon* the topmast rigging was set up, the 'tween decks was dried, and the mids exercised twelve-pound carronades at target; also thirteen supernumeraries were received from *Rattler*.

At noon a fresh S.E. breeze; tried six and three-pound sights. At dusk, took a sloop with an obsolete license; appropriated from her some flour and cider for our people; burnt the sloop.

On *Sunday, May* 23, the *Tenedos* and *Curlew* joined. They had captured the *Enterprize* privateer, 214 tons, ninety-four men. The *Curlew* was at once despatched to *Halifax*, under the following order, by Captain *P. V. B. Broke*, &c., to *Michael Head*, Esq., commanding His Majesty's brig *Curlew:*

"You are to proceed immediately to *Halifax* with His Majesty's brig under your command, and having there landed the prisoners, &c., in your charge, you are to make good defects and complete your provisions, and, having done so, to rejoin the *Shannon* off *Boston*, unless you are otherwise ordered by the senior officer at *Halifax*.

"Given on board the *Shannon*, off *Boston*,
"23rd *May*, 1813."

Monday, May 24, was ushered in by a fresh and strong southerly breeze. An unfortunate *Salem* schooner, the *Post Boy*, 154 tons, had ventured out with a view of attempting a run with fish and sundry goods to *Saint Domingo;* but at 1 20, after a short interview with His Majesty's ships, this course was altered to *Saint John's, New Brunswick*, under convoy of the *Rattler.*

The evening closed in S.W. gusts and rain.

On *Tuesday, May* 25, *Broke* determined to detach the *Tenedos.* He took fifteen tons of water from her, and parted company, with the following letter to her commander, the gallant *Hyde Parker:*

"His Majesty's ship *Shannon*, off *Boston*,
"25th *May*, 1813.

"Sir,

"Having every reason to expect that the *American* frigate *Chesapeake* will sail from *Boston* in a few days, and thinking there is more chance of her being intercepted by our frigates cruising separately than if they keep together, I have to direct that during the absence of the Hon. Captain *Capel*, the senior officer, you will proceed to and cruise upon the range lately occupied by *La Hogue*, viz., from *Cape Sable* to the latitude of 42.10 N., to watch for the *Chesapeake*, should she pass by the *Shannon* in night-time or thick weather. You are to take an opportunity, in such winds as you think least likely to favour the enemy's escape, to procure water enough to last out your provisions at *Shelburne*, or any other port which you may find most

convenient, joining the *Shannon*, off *Boston*, on the 14th *June*, unless otherwise ordered by the senior officer.

"I am, Sir,
"Your very obedient humble servant,
"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

Being now alone, the *Shannon* steered in a northerly direction towards *Cape Anne*, passing the *Sir John Sherbrooke* between the shoals and cape. At night the wind and rain fell together.

With daybreak of *Wednesday, May* 26, came a fresh S.E. breeze, and also a suspicious-looking brig to windward. After a baffling chase she was taken off *Cape Cod Light* (the *Lucy*), and sent to *Halifax*. Rainy all day.

Thursday, .27th *May (Ascension Day)*. Was marked by strong gales and constant rain. Spoke various coasters and lumberers.

Friday, 28th *May*. The like weather. Heavy swell. Split mizentopsail. At night, wind dropped. Fog. Out reefs.

Saturday, 29th *May*. Light, variable winds and damp fog. Fixed and corrected nine-pounder sights. Practised at target with musket. At four p.m. spoke the *Sherbrooke* and *General Flower*, her prize. The latter had forty *Irishmen* on board. Took twenty of the youngest.

Sunday, 30th *May*. Foggy. S.S.W. Stood in to the westward; saw a coasting schooner for a few minutes. Noon, clearer, but hazy horizon; saw several fishing boats. At three tacked to the eastward. *Isle Shoals* W. half S., ten miles. At night, rain and fog.

Monday, 31st *May*. Was a busy day. It opened with light, south-westerly winds, haze, and rain. At ten a.m. recaptured *Hunter*, *Halifax* schooner, taken by *Yankee* privateer brig (fish to *West Indies*). Sent Mr. *Stevenson* and four men in her to *Halifax*. Noon, 42 34, *Cape Anne* land W. half N. of us, ten leagues.

Exercised the *Irishmen* at small arms. At eight p.m. *Cape Anne* N. by W. seven miles.

Tuesday, *June* 1st, 1813.

"*June* 1st. Off *Boston*. Moderate.
"N.W. W. *Lawrence*.
"P.M. Took *Chesapeake*."

The above three lines are a literal transcript from Captain *Broke's* pocket journal, when able to record the capture of the *Chesapeake*. It proves that he despatched the celebrated letter of challenge on this morning; "W. *Lawrence*" meaning, as occurs in numberless instances, *wrote* to Captain *Lawrence*. There is no trace of this letter in the *Shannon's* letter book: its last entry, in the very excellent caligraphy of the brave and worthy clerk, Mr. *Dunn*, who fell in the action, bearing date *May* 31.

By the captain of an *American* cutter, which had been captured and burnt, the challenge which follows was, on this morning, despatched to Captain *Lawrence*, but by him never received.

It is only fair to cite Mr. *James's* account of this transaction, remarking, however, that he has made an error, beyond all question, in the day. Captain *Broke* says: "*June*

1st, W. *Lawrence;*" and *June* 1st, 1813, fell on *Tuesday.* This is apparently the only inaccuracy in Mr. *James's* narrative, and this may be rectified by the supposition that the letter was written on *Monday* but despatched on *Tuesday.* He says: "Early on *Monday* morning Captain *Broke* addressed to the commanding officer of the *Chesapeake* a letter of challenge, which, for candour, spirit, and gentlemanly style has rarely been equalled. This letter was confided to a Captain *Slocum,* a discharged prisoner, who immediately departed in his boat for *Marblehead,* a port a few miles north of *Boston.* At the same time the *Shannon,* with colours flying, stood in close to the lighthouse, and there lay-to. She had been as near to *Boston* during several of the preceding days, but thick, rainy weather had obstructed the view of the harbour. The *Chesapeake* was now seen at anchor in *Nantasket Roads,* with royal yards across, and apparently ready for sea." * * * *

Captain *Broke* went himself to the masthead, and, while aloft, saw *Slocum's* boat had not reached the shore in time for the delivery of his letter, which ran as follows:

"H. B. M. ship *Shannon,* off *Boston,*
June, 1813.

"Sir,

"As the *Chesapeake* appears now ready for sea, I request that you will do me the favour to meet the *Shannon* with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags. To an officer of your character, it requires some apology for proceeding to further particulars. Be assured, sir, that it is not from any doubt I can entertain of your

wishing to close with my proposal, but merely to provide an answer to any objection which might be made, and very reasonably, upon the chance of our receiving unfair support. After the diligent attention which we had paid to Commodore *Rogers*, the pains I took to detach all force but the *Shannon* and *Tenedos* to such a distance that they could not possibly join in any action fought in sight of the capes, and the various verbal messages which had been sent into *Boston* to that effect, we were much disappointed to find the commodore had eluded us by sailing on the first change, after the prevailing easterly winds had obliged us to keep an offing from the coast. He, perhaps, wished for some stronger assurance of a fair meeting. I am, therefore, induced to address you more particularly, and to assure you that what I write, I pledge my honour to perform to the utmost of my power. The *Shannon* mounts twenty-four guns upon her broadside, and one light boat-gun—eighteen-pounders upon her maindeck, and thirty-two-pound carronades on her quarterdeck and forecastle, and is manned with a complement of 300 men and boys (a large proportion of the latter), besides thirty seamen, boys, and passengers, who were taken out of recaptured vessels lately. I am thus minute, because a report has prevailed in some of the *Boston* papers that we had 150 men additional lent us from *La Hogue*, which really never was the case. *La Hogue* is now gone to *Halifax* for provisions, and I will send all other ships beyond the power of interfering with us, and meet you wherever it is most agreeable to you, within the limits of the undermentioned rendezvous, viz., from six to ten leagues

east of *Cape Cod* lighthouse; from eight to ten leagues east of *Cape Ann's* light; on *Cashe's Ledge*, in latitude 43° north; at any bearing and distance you please to fix, off the south breakers of *Nantucket*, or the shoal on *St. George's Bank*.

"If you will favour me with any plan of signals or telegraph, I will warn you (if sailing under this promise) should any of my friends be too nigh, or anywhere in sight, until I can detach them out of my way; or I would sail with you, under a flag of truce, to any place you think safest from our cruisers, hauling it down when fair to begin hostilities.

"You must, sir, be aware that my proposals are highly advantageous to you, as you cannot proceed to sea singly in the *Chesapeake* without imminent risk of being crushed by the superior force of the numerous *British* squadrons which are now abroad, where all your efforts, in case of a rencontre, would, however gallant, be perfectly hopeless. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the *Chesapeake*, or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation: we have both nobler motives.

"You will feel it as a compliment if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and, I doubt not, that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs, in even combats, that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect. Favour me with a speedy reply.

"We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"*P. B. V. BROKE,*

"Captain of H. B. M. ship *Shannon.*"

"N. B.—For the general service of watching your coast it is requisite for me to keep another ship in company to support me with her guns and boats, when employed near the land, and particularly to aid each other if either ship, in chase, should get on shore. You must be aware that I cannot, consistently with my duty, waive so great an advantage for this general service by detaching my consort without an assurance on your part of meeting me directly, and that you will neither seek nor admit aid from any other of your armed vessels if I despatch mine expressly for the sake of meeting you.

"Should any special order restrain you from thus answering a formal challenge, you may yet oblige me by keeping my proposal a secret, and appointing any place you like to meet us (within 300 miles of *Boston*), in a given number of days after you sail; as, unless you agree to an interview, I may be busied on other service, and, perhaps, be at a distance from *Boston* when you go to sea.

"Choose your terms, but let us meet.

"To the commander of the *U. S.* frigate *Chesapeake.*"

Endorsement on the envelope:

"We have thirteen *American* persons on board which I will give you for as many *British* sailors, if you will send them out; otherwise, being privateersmen, they must be detained."

THE BATTLE.

Having so far cleared the way by the foregoing preface, we may now proceed to the particulars of the action.

The morning of that most eventful day, *Tuesday, June* 1st, 1813, broke over the shores and islands of the *Bay of Boston* in unclouded summer loveliness. A faint breeze rippled the waters, and the rising sun cast long rays of light and broken brilliancy over the wide and gently-heaving bosom of *Boston Bay*. The *Shannon*, under easy sail, slowly floated down the eastern coast in order to take an early look into the harbour and upon the vessels of the enemy. Viewed from seaward, a more peaceful scene could scarcely be conceived. The lighthouse, friendly alike to friend and foe, the distant shore—the light hazy clouds over the port and town of *Boston*—and the lofty masts and wide-spread spars of the man-of-war lying ready for sea—these, as usual, were the prominent objects on which the eager and anxious gaze of *Broke* had often before rested. But to-day, or at farthest to-morrow, he had strong hopes the issue would be decided. His challenge, that model of the utterance of a bravery which had well calculated and was now resolute to stand the hazard of the die, had gone forth. Meanwhile all went on as usual on board the well-ordered, well-trained, unassuming, and well-disciplined *Shannon*. At eight bells a.m. the gallant young *Wallis* (the second

lieutenant) took the watch; and from that hour onward to the close the events of this momentous day are all within the accurate reach and record of the historian's pen, employed only on facts furnished by eye-witnesses of the engagement. The previous day had been rainy, and there were consequently many small matters of watchful routine and ever-ready preparedness requiring attention. At ten a.m. these duties were being discharged; the beat to quarters rattled along the decks, and sent its short, sharp, and alert summons down the hatchways of the *Shannon*. Quickly, silently, and resolutely the men repaired to their appointed stations, and the great gun exercise, without firing, was assiduously practised, as the *British* frigate, with light airs of wind, made quiet reaches to and fro across the bay, full in the enemy's sight.

It was at this time that the vigilant captain, in the prime of his manhood and the calm of his settled purpose to conquer or die for his country's honour, ascended to the *Shannon's* maintop. Until half-past eleven he remained there, watching eagerly the tapering masts and wide-spread yards of the beleaguered ship, which, beyond a loose foretopsail, gave no sign of her departure. Slowly, and deeply disappointed, *Broke* descended to the deck and ordered the retreat from quarters, observing to his young officer—"*Wallis*, I don't mean this for general quarters, but because she (with a gesture towards the harbour) will surely be out to-day or to-morrow." The watch was relieved, and the young lieutenant said cheerily to his successor, as he went below—"Be sure you call me if she stir." The

men went to dinner. *Broke* lingered still on deck, for the tide was flowing and the day already beginning to wane.

It was the gallant *Falkiner's* watch, and he is now not here to give us the precise details; but in that quiet hour of rest from the meridian eight bells the word passed on lightning wings along the decks—"She is coming out," and soon every *Shannon's* eye was on her movements. At length the watch and ward of weary, toilsome weeks was ended. Sail after sail spread forth, flag after flag unfurled, and with all the speed the light air and an ebbing tide could yield her, and attended by a large number of lesser craft to witness and applaud her expected triumph, the haughty *Chesapeake* bore down upon her waiting adversary. Her commander, *Lawrence*, glowing with recent triumph, anticipated an easy victory. Colossal in figure, and with muscular power superior to most men, he was on this day fatally conspicuous by the white vest and other habiliments he had assumed. Having stimulated his men to the utmost by prize cheques and an exciting harangue, closing with the sanguinary and remorseless words—"*Peacock* her, my lads! *Peacock* her!" *—he then ascended to his quarterdeck, with the fell determination of forthwith wreaking the like speedy destruction on the *Shannon*. His words, however, had fallen on irresponsive and misgiving hearts. There was murmuring forward and depressing caution aft. The men were discontented, and *American* officers, not of the *Chesapeake* (but who

* "On the previous 24th of *February*, *Lawrence*, in the *Hornet*, had sunk the *British* brig of war *Peacock*, of eighteen guns, in little more than fifteen minutes."

accompanied *Lawrence*, together with his two youthful sons, to the wharf from which he was to pull on board the *Chesapeake)*, had whispered—"Be cautious; take heed. We know every *British* ship on the station *but this Shannon.*"

Far different was it on board "this *Shannon*," rusty with long cruising, her ensign faded and worn (she wore but one), and short of provisions and water.

The moment, the long desired moment, of reckoning was at hand; and but one feeling prevailed on board, to exact it to the utmost.

Broke (amid the busy hum of interest on the quarter-deck) descended silently and thoughtfully to his cabin, and there made his own final personal arrangements. What passed in that solemn hour no living creature now on earth can tell; but we know enough of the warrior to feel assured that he then committed himself, and the wife and children then probably sleeping the sleep of the peaceful in distant *England*, to the great *God* he had so long confessed and honoured.

The battle ground, some fifteen or twenty miles from *Boston*, being very nearly reached, the men were at once called aft, and their commander proceeded to address them. He stood on the break of the quarterdeck, the men of the upper-deck quarters standing in front of him and along the gang-ways; the men of the maindeck assembled below, and within partial earshot. In substance, *Broke* addressed them thus:

"*Shannons!* You know that, from various causes, the *Americans* have lately triumphed, on several occasions, over

the *British* flag in our frigates. This will not daunt you, since you know the truth, that disparity of force was the chief reason. But they have gone farther: they have said, and they have published it in their papers, that the *English* have forgotten the way to fight. You will let them know to-day there are *Englishmen* in the *Shannon* who still know how to fight. Don't try to dismast her. Fire into her quarters; maindeck into maindeck; quarterdeck into quarterdeck. Kill the men and the ship is yours. Don't hit them about the head, for they have steel caps on, but give it them through the body. Don't cheer. Go quietly to your quarters. I feel sure you will all do your duty; and remember, you have now the blood of hundreds of your countrymen to avenge!"

At this stirring and touching allusion to the fate of the *Guerriere*, the *Macedonian*, and the *Java*, many of the hardy seamen wept. A dead and heavy silence (the voiceless calm of do or die) rested over the *Shannon's* decks; but it was twice broken before a shot was fired. *Jacob West*, late of the *Guerriere*, said, "I hope, sir, you will give us revenge for the *Guerriere* to-day?" To which *Broke* replied, "You shall have it, my man; go to your quarters." Another seaman, eyeing the rusty blue ensign which fluttered at the *Shannon's* mizen peak, asked, "Mayn't we have three ensigns, sir, like she has?" "No," said *Broke*, "we've always been an unassuming ship."

All now went silently and resolutely to their stations.

At this moment, all being ready for action, *Boston* light

bearing west distant about six leagues, the *Shannon* finally hauled up, with her head to the southward and eastward, and lay-to under topsails and jib, the latter flowing and the spanker hanging by the throatbrail only, ready for rearing or running free, and the helm amidships.

The *Chesapeake* was now coming rapidly down, at an angle of impunity, having sent her royalyards on deck and reduced her sail to very much the same dimensions as her adversary. The *Shannon's* royalyards were kept across, as her captain considered that those lofty sails might be serviceable in the event of the light air dying away, or being altogether lulled by the approaching cannonade.

When nearly within gun-shot the *Shannon* filled under jib, topsails, and spanker, and, having little more than steerage way, awaited her opponent's closer approach. All were now at their posts. On the quarterdeck *Broke*, assisted by his first-lieutenant, *Watt*, and attended by his aide-de-camp, Mr. *Fenn* (a light-hearted midshipman and general favourite on board, more familiarly known as *Tommy Fenn*) and the marine officers. The purser (a volunteer), the clerk,* and a trusty sergeant *(Molyneux)* were stationed in the waist and gangways. The maindeck was most ably officered by *Wallis* and *Falkiner*.

It was at first doubtful whether the *Chesapeake* would make a raking evolution astern of the *Shannon*, or come fairly alongside; but when she arrived within pistol-shot all suspense was ended, for she rounded-to on the star-

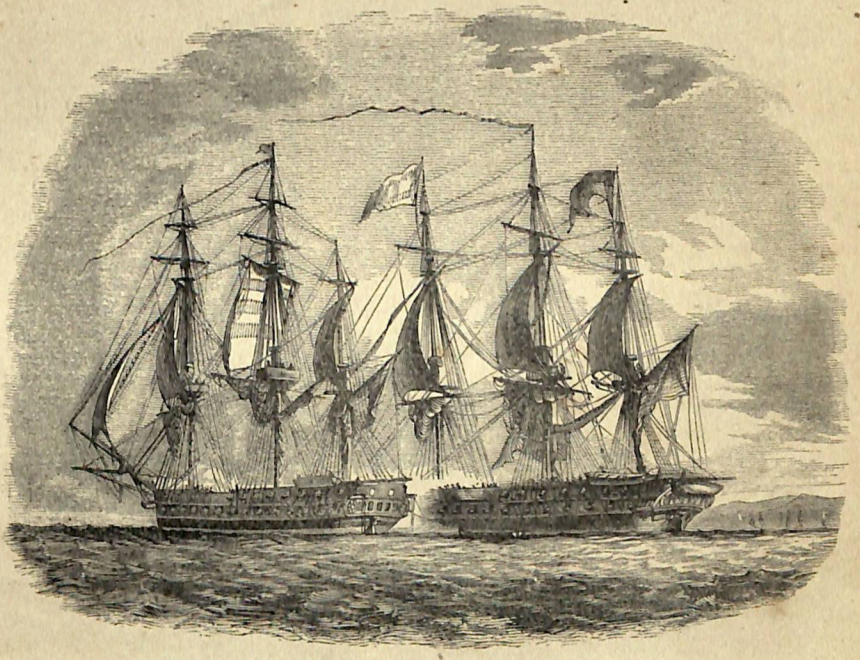
* The duty of the clerk being to take minutes of the action.

board quarter of her opponent (precisely the *Hornet's* mode of attack).

Captain *Broke* walked forward, and through his own skylight gave orders to the maindeck captains of guns to "fire on the enemy as soon as the guns bore on his second bowport." (A man named *Rowlands*, who was captain of the maintop on board the *Guerriere* when captured by the *Constitution*, was so delighted with this order that he very audibly and admiringly ejaculated, "Ah, that's the man for me; she's ours!") *Broke* now walked forward to the starboard gangway to observe the effect of his directions. The ships were closing fast. The sails of the *Chesapeake* came rapidly between the slanting rays of the evening sun and the *Shannon*, darkening the maindeck ports of the latter, whilst the increasing ripple of the water against her bows as she approached could be distinctly heard at all the guns of the after-battery on the *Shannon's* silent maindeck. In another moment, the desired position being attained, the *Shannon* commenced the action by firing her after or fourteenth maindeck gun; the steady old captain of the gun, *Billy Mindham* (Captain *Broke's* faithful coxswain), having first reported to the officer of his quarters, Lieut. *Wallis*,* that his gun bore, and received permission to fire; a second afterwards, her after-carronade on the quarterdeck; then her thirteenth maindeck gun; and, as the *Chesapeake* ranged alongside, she received, in close and steady succession, the whole of the broadside. The effect of this *(as witnessed from the Shannon's tops)* was

* Now Admiral Sir *Provo Wallis*, K.C.B.

truly withering. A hurricane of shot, splinters, torn hammocks, cut rigging, and wreck of every kind, was hurled like a cloud across the deck. Of 150 men quartered thereon, more than 100 were instantly laid low. Nor was this all. In this moment of deadly strife, *Lawrence*, who was fatally conspicuous, standing on a carronade-slide, received a ball through his abdomen from the hand of Lieut. *Law*, of the marines. He fell, severely wounded, and, after four days of suffering, doomed to die. But to relate this at present is premature. The conflict continued. In passing the *Shannon*, and after receiving her first broadside, the *Chesapeake* made a stern board; her tiller-ropes and jib-sheet had been shot away; her wheel broken; and thus she gradually luffed into the wind, exposed, whilst making this crippled and helpless movement, to the *Shannon's second* and most deliberate broadside. From the first the *Chesapeake* had apparently attached much importance to her small-arm force, with which, indeed, from her tops and deck, she commenced the action. It was now the *Shannon's* turn and time to make use of these. *Broke* saw that she was crippled, and, by his order, the marines in the gangways and the seamen in the boats and clustering about the booms, under the direction of *Aldham*, *Dunn*, and *Molyneux*, poured in a precise and deliberate fire. *Broke* perceived the flinching of the enemy, and, throwing down his trumpet, hurried forward with the simple words, "Follow me who can!" The *Chesapeake* had continued drifting astern till her larboard quarter struck the *Shannon* about the fifth or sixth gun on the maindeck. Here the veteran boatswain, Mr. *Stevens*, who had fought in *Rodney's*



THE AMERICAN FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE

COMMENCING THE BATTLE WITH H.M.S. SHANNON,
JUNE 1, 1813.

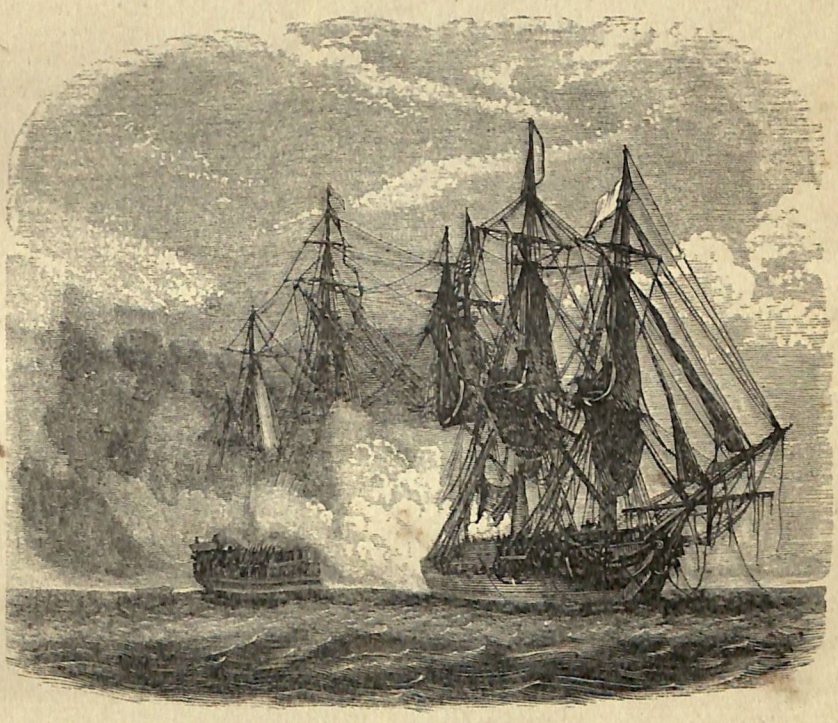
action, received, in lashing the ships together, the wounds of which he afterwards died in hospital at *Halifax.*

The ships were in contact at but a small point and but for a short time. Fifty or sixty gallant hearts, however, had fortunately heard their brave captain's words, and followed him closely. Lieutenants *Watt* and *Falkiner*, *Collier*, *Stack*, *Van Loo*, *Fish* (first and second gunners), and others, stationed chiefly on the quarterdeck, with a large body of marines, pressed on in the way so nobly led by their captain. On gaining the *Chesapeake's* deck a desperate and disorderly resistance was made. Her so-called chaplain, a Mr. *Livermore*, of *Boston* (an amateur and volunteer, no more), presented and snapped a pistol at Captain *Broke.* A backward stroke of the good and weighty *Toledo* blade which the hero carried (mounted, however, in the regulation ivory and gold wire) left his reverence to his better meditations against the mizen-mast; and a vigorous charge along the gangways followed. This is the most confused moment of the conflict. A severe encounter had been raging in the tops. The midshipmen—*Smith* in the fore and *Cosnahan* in the main—had vastly distinguished themselves. *Smith* boarded the enemy off the foreyard of the *Shannon*, and, after hard fighting, chased his last remaining adversary down the foretopmast backstay on to the deck. *Cosnahan*, in the maintop, finding the foot of the topsail intervene between the enemy and himself, laid out on the mainyardarm, and, receiving loaded muskets handed down to him through the "lubber's hole," shot three men from thence. These were midshipmen indeed!

To add to the confusion, the *Chesapeake's* head gradually

falling off, her sails again filled; she broke away from the lashings and forged across the bow of the *Shannon.* At this moment, it would appear, the *English* party had divided —the upper deck was entirely theirs; *Watt* was aft, hauling down the enemy's flag. *Broke* was on the forecastle interposing between his men and some three or four *Americans*, who must otherwise have instantly been cut to pieces. The first lieutenant, in his haste—unwisely, alas! we can now see—hurrying the sailors so employed, caused them to bend on a white ensign under the *American* ensign.* The moment this was seen from the *Shannon* her fire recommenced, and a grape-shot from his own ship carried away the top of his head, the same discharge killing and wounding others around him. The consternation diffused by this accident on the *Chesapeake's* quarterdeck reanimated the conquered *Americans* on the forecastle. *Broke* had already spared their lives—that was nothing. With pike, sabre, and musket they formed *behind* their gallant preserver; and, when roused by a fervent adjuration from a sentinel, he unsuspectingly turned about, he found not one, nor two, but three men—but, no! let me rather say, treacherous, indomitable

* *Edward Rexworthy* was one of the *Shannon's* quarter-masters; he was standing before Lieut. *Watt* when the grape-shot from the *Shannon's* seventh gun, maindeck, passed over *Rexworthy's* head and pierced *Watt's* chest—*Rexworthy* was a very short man, Lieut. *Watt* was six feet, or rather more. Whenever the *Shannon* beat to quarters, in expectation of a battle, Lieut. *Watt* always had a white ensign laid upon the capstan; and this, he said, was "to hoist over the colours of the enemy." He boarded with this in his hand; and there is no doubt about its having been hoisted up some distance *under*, instead of *over*, the *American* ensign on board the *Chesapeake.* It was this mistake, as everyone said at the time, which caused the seventh gun to be fired at that party.



THE AMERICAN FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE

CRIPPLED AND THROWN INTO UTTER DISORDER BY THE TWO FIRST BROADSIDES FIRED FROM H.M.S. SHANNON.

enemies—prepared and anxious to take his life. These were great odds; but *Broke* parried the pike of his first assailant and wounded him in the face. Before he could recover his guard the second foe struck him with a cutlass on the side of the head; and, instantly on this, the third *American*, having clubbed his musket, drave home his comrade's weapon, until a large surface of the skull was cloven entirely away —the brain was left bare. *Broke* sank, of necessity, stunned and bleeding, on the deck; his sword fell from his relaxing grasp, and his first assailant, who had already fallen, strove to muster sufficient strength to consummate the attack. At this moment a marine bayoneted the immediate opponent of his captain, whilst the enraged *Shannons* almost literally cut his companions to pieces. It was truly a sanguinary scene. *Broke* was scarcely to be recognized, even by his own comrades. He was plaistered with lime and blood. Mr. *Smith* and *Mindham*, however, tenderly raised him; and, whilst the latter bound an old handkerchief round his captain's streaming head, he applied a strong mental cordial by directing his look aft, with the cheering words, "Look there, sir; there goes the old ensign up over the *Yankee* colours!"

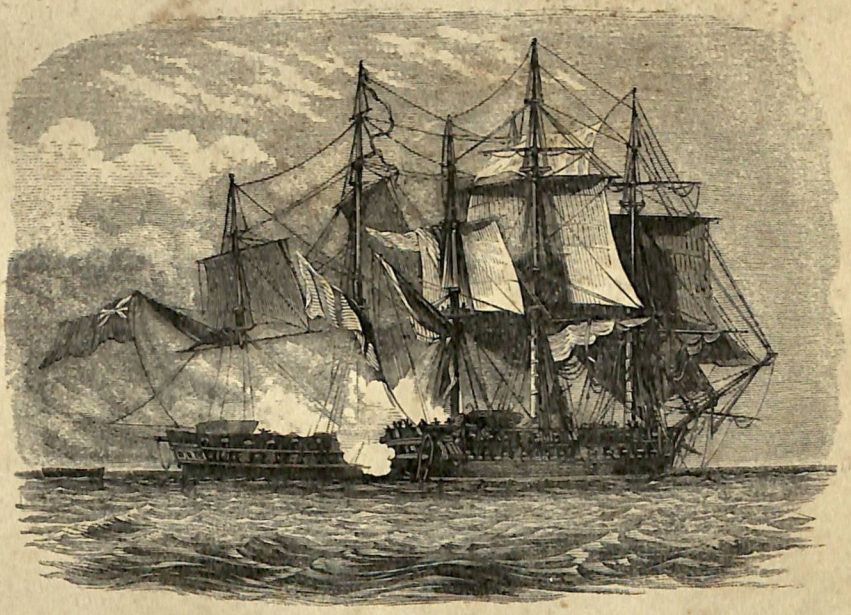
Slowly they then led him to the quarterdeck, and seated him, half fainting, on a carronade-slide.

Whilst these events were passing on the *Chesapeake's* forecastle and quarterdeck, an animated conflict had been going forward (for not more than two minutes, however) on her maindeck. This also ended in the dispersion of her crew. They were driven below, a grating placed over the

main hatchway, and a marine *(William Young)* posted sentry over it. It chanced that this man, seeing a comrade pass, stretched out his hand by way of congratulation on their victory and joint escape. Whilst doing this he was most fatally and treacherously shot from below. The surrounding *Shannons*, terribly enraged, instantly poured down among the *Americans* a warm discharge of musketry. This proceeding excited the anger of the brave Lieut. *Falkiner*, who was sitting on the booms, fatigued by his exertions in boarding. He rushed forward, and, presenting his pistol, protested he would blow out the brains of the first man who attempted to fire another shot. He then sang out to the *Americans* below, that, if they did not instantly send up the man who shot the marine, he would call them up and put them to death one by one. This vigorous proceeding put an end to all farther resistance.

The firing alluded to aroused *Broke*, and, on being informed of the cause, he faintly directed the *Americans* to be driven into the hold, and then lapsed, from his great loss of blood, into total insensibility.

The battle was now over, and the victory won, according to the most careful and largest computation of time, in thirteen minutes. In this brief space 252 men were either killed or wounded in the two ships. In the general engagement off *Cape St. Vincent* the whole loss was 296; and in the battle of *Navarino* 272 only. Fresh reinforcements of *Shannons* were now sent on board the *Chesapeake*, conveying back to the *English* ship her gallant Captain *Broke*, and



H.M.S. SHANNON

CARRYING BY BOARDING THE AMERICAN FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE,
AFTER A CANNONADE OF FIVE MINUTES, ON THE 1ST OF JUNE, 1813.

the first lieutenant of the enemy *(Augustus Ludlow)*, both severely, and the latter, as it turned out, mortally wounded. Captain *Broke* was laid in his own cot, in his own cabin, his "good old sword" ("Pray," said he, "take care of my good old sword") being laid beside him. Lieut. *Ludlow* (who, in the hurry of the moment, was left for a little while lying unnoticed in the steerage) sent a touching message—"Will you tell the commanding officer of the *Shannon* that Mr. *Ludlow*, first of the *Chesapeake*, is lying here badly wounded?" He was immediately placed in the berth of poor *Watt*. And Captain *Lawrence*, who, on receiving his wound, had been conveyed, in consequence of the shattered state of his cabin, to the *Chesapeake's* wardroom, remained there—in *four days* to breathe his last. The *Americans*, in full confidence of victory, had provided several hundred pairs of handcuffs for the *English*. "With their own" (as Admiral *Wallis* quaintly remarks) "they were now ornamented."

At this moment the ships were lying not, perhaps, more than pistol-shot asunder, with their heads towards the eastward. The action was over. The companion vessels of the *Chesapeake* slowly and sadly steered back for *Boston*. The sun went down over the blood-stained waters of the bay; and in the twilight interval between his setting and the moon's uprising, which that night lighted the *British* the first stage of their triumphant voyage to *Halifax*, the slain were committed to the deep—in the sublime language of the Church of *England* Liturgy, "to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead"—tenderly, yet quickly; sadly,

and with few words. This done, the rigging was knotted, the masts fished, and the decks partially washed. The *Shannons* then divided. Half of her choicest officers—*Falkiner, Smith, Raymond, Leake,* and *Johns*—going on board the prize; the rest, with their now unconscious captain, remaining on board the *Shannon.* So, full in sight of hundreds of *Americans,* thronging the highlands of *Gloucester* and *Cape Anne,* the two ships, having shaped their course for *Halifax,* slowly receded from the land, and from the sight of the afflicted inhabitants of *Boston.*

§ II.

Our account of the engagement closed about nine o'clock p.m. on the first of *June,* 1813. The *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* slowly bore away to the eastward. The yawl of the former, now repaired, exchanged a load or two of prisoners, and the *Shannon's* damages were carefully inspected. Her log gives them thus: "Masts considerably wounded, and rigging and hull of the ship much cut up." At midnight *Cape Cod* light bore S. half W. five leagues. All hands were still diligently employed refitting the rigging and stopping shot-holes; and at 2.20 a.m. on *Wednesday, June* 2nd, having exchanged fifty prisoners, sail was made to get further off land.

On board the *Chesapeake* the night was equally anxious and far more turbulent. The *Americans* were noisy and vituperative; her maindeck was, therefore, scuttled, and one of her "Mad *Anthonys*" or "Raging Eagles" (as some of her

guns were denominated), was pointed down into the hold among the prisoners, and submission by that means established.

At four a.m., however, it was found advisable to exchange more prisoners, and the ships again hove-to, *Cape Cod* still in sight, and not more than eight or ten leagues distant. In the course of this morning the fatal results of the last evening's terrible strife became more accurately known. The most anxious surviving case, with the exception of *Broke*, was that of *Lawrence*. He lay, as we have said, in the ward-room of the *Chesapeake*, mortally wounded in body, and scarcely less so in mind; for he rarely or never uttered a word which his sufferings or necessities did not draw from him. Captain *Broke* and Lieutenant *Wallis*, deeply commiserating his condition, joined in requesting Dr. *Jack*, the *Shannon's* surgeon, an extremely able but eccentric man, to unite with the *Chesapeake's* medical officer in consultation, and to assist to the utmost of his power in alleviating the unhappy position of the *Chesapeake's* late commander. Dr. *Jack*, accordingly, repaired on board the prize, and was immediately admitted to an interview with the brave but unfortunate *Lawrence*. He was tractable, gentle, and docile, as the brave always are, under the questioning and discipline of the patriarchs of medicine, as knowing they are given for our good. Few inquiries, alas! were necessary; but, few as they were, *Lawrence* anticipated nearly all, and, on their mournful answer, steadily prognosticated his own decease.

"I know," said he, "why you ask *that* question; my own surgeon asked the same, and I see from it that there is no

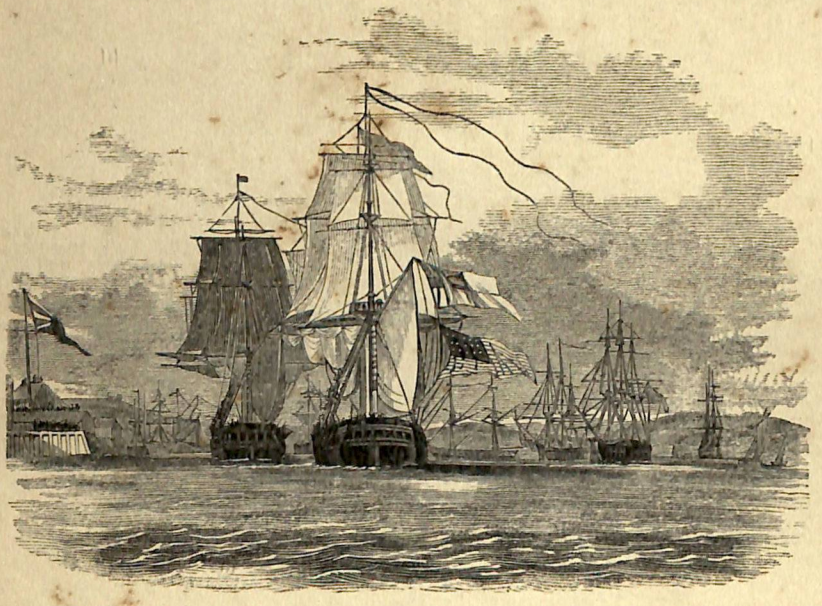
hope for me." He was told there was, humanly speaking, none.

We may as well say here all that can now be said of the *Chesapeake's* voyage to *Halifax*.

The following officers were placed on board: Lieutenant *Falkiner;* Mr. *Smith;* midshipman; Mr. *Raymond,* midshipman; Mr. *Leake,* midshipman; and Lieutenant *Johns,* R.M.

The monotony of the tedious voyage was suddenly broken by the well-known notes of the *American* national air, the lively "*Yankee* doodle," resounding along the *Shannon's* deck from a shrill fife. The *Americans* in hold pricked up their ears with eager expectation of a possible recapture. The *British* hastily armed themselves and quickly tumbled up on deck. All, however, was quiet there; but at *Broke's* cabin door stood the *Shannon's* fifer, playing in his very best manner the hostile tune. An explanation was soon given. Dr. *Jack*, *Tommy Fenn*, and other friendly visitors, had united in entreating their almost lifeless commander to "cheer up," and on their departure he gave the order which caused so much confusion. "I thought," said he, with a faint flash of his old humour, "nothing would cheer me up so much as that tune."

The *Chesapeake* remained in sight of the *Shannon*, and was directed by her movements, during the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of *June*. On the 5th *(Saturday)*, whilst off *Sambro' Light*, a dense fog obscured her whereabouts. The signal guns fired on that day from the *Shannon* must have sounded to those on board the *Chesapeake* with mournful sadness, for *Lawrence* then lay dead in her wardroom.



H.M.S. SHANNON

LEADING HER PRIZE, THE AMERICAN FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE,
INTO HALIFAX HARBOUR, ON THE 6TH JUNE, 1813.

On *Sunday* morning, the 6th *(Whit Sunday)*, all at sea was foggy still, and no prize in sight. An hour after noon H. M. S. *Minerva* exchanged numbers with the *Shannon;* in another hour the fog lifted, and the *Chesapeake* hove in sight; and at 3.30 p.m., just as all the church bells of *Halifax* had called its godly and loyal citizens to evening prayer, the *Shannon,* closely followed by her prize, glided past the wharves amid heart-born cheers, and, clewing up her topsails, came-to with her starboard bower. The wounded who were judged fit for removal were sent on shore, amid the warm sympathy of the inhabitants. *Broke* lay—still, motionless, and almost drained of blood—on board the *Shannon,* but in full possession of every faculty. *Lawrence,* also, lay motionless, but *dead;* shrouded in his country's flag, and stretched upon the deck of the ship he had carried into action with a bravery which, in a better cause, might have met a better fate.

§ III.

CONTEMPORARY ACCOUNTS OF THE ACTION, OFFICIAL LETTER, AND LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

I trust I shall have my reader's approval in first of all giving Captain *Broke's* own account of this action. It is brief indeed.

"*June* 1st. Off *Boston.* Moderate.
"N.W. W. *Lawrence.*
"P.M. Took *Chesapeake.*"

Now this passage in *Broke's* journal opens up a very important inquiry, viz., whether the last line was written on the day above dated, or at some subsequent time? If at the time, we should have no right to attribute the letter conveying the account of the action to any but his own hand. If not, then the conclusion is that this letter was compiled by others, and may possibly, though even this is doubtful, have been signed by him whilst in a condition of great debility, in which his surgeon, for fear of excitement, would, doubtless, prohibit all mental exertion. The matter is more fully touched upon in Admiral *Wallis'* memoranda, a few pages onward. After carefully examining the original journal, I have only been able to arrive at one conclusion, which is this, that for two or three weeks after his arrival at *Halifax* Captain *Broke* was unable to write even a line, and that his few notes were made subsequently to that period at least.

On sailing for *England* in *October*, he appears to have recommenced his naval memoranda, with the same regularity which characterizes them through his earlier years of service. Even on *September* 5th there is an entry noting the *Shannon's* sailing on another cruise, and the changes made in her officers by the late action.

The next document to be adduced is an attested copy of the *Shannon's* log.

EXTRACT FROM *SHANNON'S* LOG.

"*June* 1st *(Tuesday).* 1.30 a.m. Wore and filled. At three hove-to.

"4.0. Fresh breezes and cloudy. Land and several sail in sight.

"4.20. Filled, set courses, jib and spanker.

"6.30. Out second reef, and set top-gallant-sails.

"7.0. Tacked; crossed royalyards.

"8.0. Moderate and fine. *Cape Ann* N.E. by N., ten or twelve miles.

"9.40. Tacked. Exercised great guns.

"12.0. Noon. Light winds; fine. *Cape Ann* N.N.E. half E., ten or twelve miles.

"1.0. p.m. Light breezes and fine. Observed the enemy's frigate *Chesapeake* under weigh. Kept away to gain an offing. At one the enemy rounded the light-house. Up foresail and down jib (steering off the land).

"3.20. *Cape Ann* north, six or seven leagues, the enemy still coming down under all sail, with several small craft around him, and a large schooner.

"3.40. In top-gallant-sails and down staysails. The *Chesapeake* closing fast, with three ensigns up and a white flag, having on it 'Free trade and seaman's rights.'

"5.10. Beat to quarters. Hoisted the jib and filled the foretopsail.

"5.30. Filled the maintopsail and kept a close luff, the enemy coming down under his topsails and jib.

"5.40. The enemy luffed up on our weather quarter, within pistol-shot, and gave three cheers.

"5.50. Commenced action within hail. After three broadsides the enemy appeared unmanageable, and, having shot away our jibstay, fell on board of us. Grappled the

enemy and boarded him, and after an action of ten minutes succeeded in hauling down his flag, pendant, and ensigns. Cleared the enemy and sent the jollyboat to exchange prisoners. In boarding, lost the life of Mr. *Watt*, first lieutenant, and several men.

"Captain most severely wounded by one of the enemy whilst endeavouring to rescue him from his own men. Could not ascertain our own loss or that of the enemy from the lateness of the evening, and the greater part of the ship's company having boarded the *Chesapeake*. Out yawl (having repaired her) and sent her to exchange prisoners. Found our masts considerably wounded, and the rigging and hull of the ship much cut up.

"12.0. *Cape Cod* light, S. half W., five leagues.

"*June* 2nd *(Wednesday)*. 1.0. a.m. All hands employed in refitting the rigging and stopping the shot-holes low down.

"2.20. Having exchanged about fifty prisoners, made sail to get farther off the land.

"4.0. Hove-to and commenced exchanging the prisoners.

"Filled occasionally. Found our loss in killed to amount to (*not stated*) men, including Mr. *Watt*, first lieutenant; Mr. *Aldham*, purser; and Mr. *Dunn*, captain's clerk. The wounded not yet ascertained.

"7.0. *Cape Cod* W. by S., eight or ten leagues. Enemy's loss still unknown.

"Noon. Calm and fine. Prize in company.

"2.0. p.m. A light breeze sprung up from S. and W. Filled, made sail, employed fishing the mizen, and repairing the rigging fore and aft.

"Midnight. Moderate and fine. Prize in company.

"*June* 3rd *(Thursday).* 4.0. a.m. Light breezes and cloudy. Prize in company.

"4.30. Crossed royalyards and set the sails. Set fore-topmast studdingsail.

"2.0. p.m. Sounded in forty-five fathoms: gravelly bottom.

"4.0. Moderate and cloudy. Prize in company. Bent the best bower-cable to the sheet-anchor.

"6.0. In studdingsails and hove-to.

"8.10. Filled. Made sail.

"12.0. Light breezes and cloudy. Sounded in fifty fathoms: sandy bottom.

"*June* 4th *(Friday).* 2.0. a.m. Sounded in forty-two fathoms.

"3.50. Saw a strange sail N. by W. Hauled-up for ditto.

"4.0. Moderate and fine. Prize in company.

"4.10. Bore up and set her broad studdingsails and mainskysail.

"6.0. Saw the land on the larboard-bow.

"1.30. Saw three strange sail. E.S.E.

"4.0. Moderate and clear. Prize in company.

"4.30. Observed the strangers to bear up in chase of us.

"6.0. Light winds and fine weather. Three men-of-war in chase of us to windward.

"6.30. Made our numbers to the men-of-war.

"8.0. Light airs and cloudy. *Sambro'* lighthouse N.N.E., nine miles.

"10.0. Braced round on the larboard tack. Up courses, in royals, and down staysails. *Sambro' Light* N. three-quarters E., ten or twelve miles.

"12.0. Light airs and variable. Prize in company. *Sambro' Light* N. half W. fourteen miles.

"*June* 5th *(Saturday).* 1.30. a.m. *Sambro' Light* N.N.E. sixteen miles.

"4.0. Light airs with a thick fog. Prize not in sight.

"5.15. Tacked.

"7.0. Fired a gun, heard the report of others. N. by E. Tacked and hove-to. Sounded in eighty-five fathoms: mud with small stones.

"7.30. Filled.

"8.0. Light breezes and foggy.

"9.0. Tacked and tried soundings: no bottom.

"11.50. Sounded in sixty-six fathoms: rocky bottom. Tacked ship. Heard a gun to leeward, and one N.N.E. Prize not in sight.

"8.0. Light airs and variable with thick fog. Tried for soundings: no bottom.

"12.0. Light airs and foggy. Tried for soundings. Fired a signal-gun.

"*June* 6th *(Sunday).* 2.0. a.m. Tacked. Set mainsails and staysails.

"7.0. Set royals and mainsail.

"8.0. Light airs and hazy. Saw a sail on the weather bow.

"9.0. Set starboard studdingsails. Trimmed sails as necessary. Steering in for *Halifax.*

"Noon. Light airs with a thick fog. Prize not in sight.

"1.0. p.m. Trimmed sails occasionally. Exchanged numbers with H. M. S. *Minerva*, and made our number to the shore.

"3.20. Shortened sail. The *Chesapeake* astern.

"3.30. Passed the wharfs and received several cheers from the inhabitants, as likewise from His Majesty's ships and vessels in the harbour.

"3.40. Clewed up the topsails and came-to with the starboard-bower. With the assistance of the squadron's boats sent the wounded to the hospital."

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE ACTION.

It was considered by Captain The Hon. *Bladen Capel* of some importance that the report of the *Shannon's* engagement with the *Chesapeake* should be forwarded to *England* with as little delay as was compatible with the active service requiring his attention on the station. He, therefore, almost immediately requested Lieut. *Provo Wallis* (who, by the disability of his captain and the death of First Lieut. *Watt*, had now become the senior officer in charge) to furnish him with a report of the action. It is a striking proof of the affectionate regard in which the brave *Broke* was held, alike by officers and crew, that his attached second lieutenant could by no means persuade himself to undertake this most honourable and gratifying duty whilst one hope remained to him that his commander might discharge with his own hand the official obligation. "I could not persuade myself"

(he said and felt years afterwards) "to do this whilst there was a chance of my dear captain's strength enabling him to write with his own hand."

A week passed by and, as the young lieutenant still delayed, the commanding officer briefly told him that "A report had been received, and would be forwarded on a given day to *England*, in charge of Lieut. *Falkiner*, as the promotion of Lieut. *Wallis* was a certainty."

"Very well, sir," was the disciplined and proper reply of Lieut. *Wallis*. The slight, however, naturally rankled in his mind, and gave rise afterwards to a sharp correspondence, of which such portions as relate to the following letter shall be given in a future section.

Admiral *King*, who possessed a directly personal knowledge of this and all other particulars of these occurrences, states that *Broke* was greatly annoyed by the injustice thus done to *Wallis*, and by the several inaccuracies contained in the official letter to which his name was affixed; a letter which it is perfectly certain he was then unable (from the severity of his wounds) to have written, if, indeed (as is most questionable), he even added the sanction of his signature to the document.

Here, however, follows the official report:

"To Captain The Hon. *Bladen Capel*, &c., &c., &c.,

"*Halifax.*

"*Shannon, Halifax*, 6th *June*, 1813.

"Sir,

"I have the honour to inform you that being close in with *Boston* lighthouse in His Majesty's ship

under my command on the 1st instant, I had the pleasure of seeing that the *United States* frigate *Chesapeake* (whom we had long been watching) was coming out of the harbour to engage the *Shannon*. I took a position between *Cape Ann* and *Cape Cod*, and then hove-to for him to join us. The enemy came down in a very handsome manner, having three *American* ensigns flying; when, closing with us, he sent down his royalyards. I kept the *Shannon's* up, expecting the breeze would die away.

"At half-past five p.m. the enemy hauled up within hail of us on the starboard side, and the battle began—both ships steering full under the topsails. After exchanging two or three broadsides the enemy's ship fell on board of us, her mizen-channels locking in with our fore-rigging. I went forward to ascertain her position, and, observing that the enemy were flinching from their guns, I gave orders to prepare for boarding. Our gallant bands appointed for that purpose immediately rushed in, under their respective officers, upon the enemy's decks, driving everything before them with irresistible fury.

"The enemy made a desperate but disorderly resistance.

"The firing continued at all the gangways and between the tops, but in two minutes' time the enemy were driven, sword in hand, from every post; the *American* flag was hauled down, and the proud old *British* Union floated triumphant over it. In another minute they ceased firing from below, and called for quarter. The whole of this service was achieved in fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action.

"I have to lament the loss of many of my gallant shipmates, but they fell exulting in their conquest. My brave first lieutenant, Mr. *Watt*, was slain in the moment of victory, in the act of hoisting the *British* colours: his death is a severe loss to the service. Mr. *Aldham*, the purser, who had spiritedly volunteered the charge of a party of small-armed men, was killed at his post in the gangway. My faithful old clerk, Mr. *Dunn*, was shot by his side. Mr. *Aldham* has left a widow to lament his loss. I request the Commander-in-chief will recommend her to the protection of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

"My veteran boatswain, Mr. *Stephens*, has lost an arm. He fought under Lord *Rodney* on the 12th *April*. I trust his age and services will be duly rewarded.

"I am happy to say that Mr. *Samwell*, a midshipman of much merit, is the only officer wounded besides myself, and he not dangerously. Of my gallant seamen and marines we had twenty-three killed and fifty-six wounded. I subjoin the names of the former.

"No expression I can make use of can do justice to the merits of my valiant officers and crew.

"The calm courage they displayed during the cannonade and the tremendous precision of their fire could only be equalled by the ardour with which they rushed to the assault. I recommend them warmly to the protection of the Commander-in-Chief.

"Having received a severe sabre wound at the first onset, while charging a party of the enemy who had rallied on their forecastle, I was only capable of giving command till

assured our conquest was complete, and then, directing Second Lieutenant *Wallis* to take charge of the *Shannon* and secure the prisoners, I left the Third Lieutenant, Mr. *Falkiner* (who had headed the maindeck boarders), in charge of the prize. I beg to recommend these officers most strongly to the Commander-in-Chief's patronage for the gallantry they displayed during the action, and the skill and judgment with which they carried on the anxious duties which afterwards devolved upon them.

"To Mr. *Etough*, the acting master, I am much indebted for the steadiness in which he carried the ship into action. The Lieutenants *Johns* and *Law*, of the marines, bravely boarded at the head of their respective divisions.

"It is impossible to particularize every brilliant deed performed by my officers and men, but I must mention that when the ships' yardarms were locked together Mr. *Cosnahan*, who commanded in our maintop, finding himself screened from the enemy by the foot of the topsail, laid out at the mainyard-arm to fire upon them, and shot three men in that situation. Mr. *Smith*, who commanded in our foretop, stormed the enemy's foretop from the foreyard-arm, and destroyed all the *Americans* remaining in it. I particularly beg leave to recommend Messrs. *Etough*, the acting master, *Smith* and *Leake*, midshipmen, as having already passed their examination for lieutenants, and Messrs. *Clavering*, *Raymond*, and *Littlejohn*, as equally qualified, and being within a few weeks of their time. This latter officer is a son of Captain *Littlejohn*, who was slain in the *Berwick*.

"The loss of the enemy was about seventy killed and one

hundred wounded; among the former were the fourth lieutenant, a lieutenant of marines, the master, and many other officers. Captain *Lawrence* is since dead of his wounds.

"The enemy came into action with a complement of 440 men. The *Shannon*, having picked up some recaptured seamen, had 330.

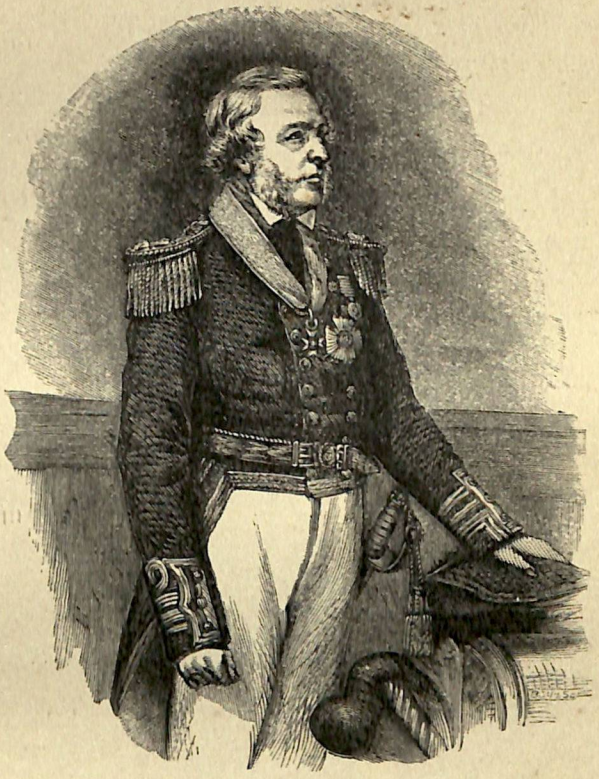
"The *Chesapeake* is a fine frigate, and mounts forty-nine guns, eighteen-pounders on her maindeck, thirty-two-pounders on her quarterdeck and forecastle. Both ships came out of action in the most beautiful order, their rigging appearing as perfect as if they had only been exchanging a salute.

"I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

ADMIRAL SIR *PROVO WALLIS'* ACCOUNT OF THE ACTION.

This most gallant officer, on whom the serious responsibility devolved of conducting the *Shannon* and her prize from *Boston* to *Halifax*, at the early age of twenty-two years, was born at *Halifax* on the 12th of *April*, 1791. He was sent to *England* for his education by his father, *Provo Featherstone Wallis*, Esq., for some years chief clerk in the office of the commissioner of His Majesty's naval yard in the colony. In *October*, 1864, he embarked in the *Cleopatra*, thirty-two, under the auspices of Sir *Robert Lawrie*. Here, when a midshipman of fourteen years of age, he was initiated into the profession he has so highly adorned, by



PORTRAIT OF ADMIRAL SIR PROVO WALLIS, K.C.B.

sharing in the obstinate conflict between the *Cleopatra* and the *Ville de Milan*, on the 17th of *February*, 1805. After a severe action of nearly three hours' duration, having lost, out of a crew of 200 men, twenty killed and thirty-eight wounded, the *Cleopatra* was captured by a ship vastly her superior in force, the *Ville de Milan* mounting forty-six guns, and numbering 350 men, ten of whom were slain. Owing, however, to the damage she had sustained in the action, she fell an easy capture six days afterwards to the *Leander*, fifty, Captain *John Talbot*, who at the same time retook the *Cleopatra*. In 1808, Mr. *Wallis* was appointed to the *Curieux*, sixteen, and was wrecked in her at the blockade of *Guadaloupe*, *September* 3rd, 1809. His next appointments were on *November* 29th, to the *Gloire*, thirty-eight, and in *January*, 1812, to the *Shannon*.

From this date to *June* 1st, 1813, Mr. *Wallis'* history is inseparably united with that of the ship, the captain, and the crew, who achieved the victory we have endeavoured to describe.

What the noble *Broke* thought of him whom in after years he delighted to call his "dear shipmate" may be seen from the testimonial following:

"This is to certify that Captain *P. W. B. Wallis* served a year and a half as lieutenant of His Majesty's ship *Shannon* (then under my command), and proved himself a most diligent, zealous, and confidential officer; and more particularly so in the action with the *American* frigate *Chesapeake* (in *June*, 1813), when, by his bravery and skilful

management, he effected important service, having the command of both the *Shannon* and her prize on my being disabled by wounds.

"*P. B. V. BROKE,*

"Late Captain of H. M. S. *Shannon.*

"Signed at *Broke* Hall,

"*January* 20, 1815."

Lieutenant *George Thomas L. Watt*, the first lieutenant of the *Shannon*, being killed in the moment of victory, and Captain *Broke* being severely wounded, the command at the close of the action devolved upon Mr. *Wallis*, who for his gallantry was promoted, 9th *July* following, to the rank of commander, besides receiving a letter of thanks from the Admiralty and a sword from his captain. From 19th *January* until 28th *December*, 1814, Captain *Wallis* served at *Sheerness*, in the *Snipe*, twelve: he was advanced to post-rank 12th *August*, 1819; and he was afterwards, from 4th *June*, 1824, until *November*, 1826, from 14th *April*, 1838, until *September*, 1839, and from 13th *October*, 1843, until *April*, 1846, employed on the *Halifax*, the *North America* and *West India*, and the *Mediterranean* stations in the *Niemen*, twenty-eight, the *Madagascar*, forty-six, and the *Warspite*, fifty. In the *Niemen* he commanded the first experimental squadron, consisting of the *Champion*, *Orestes*, *Pylades*, *Calliope*, and *Algerine;* and while in the *Madagascar*, in watching the *French* operations before *Vera Cruz*, he received the thanks of the *British* merchants for his attention to their interests. When senior officer in the *Warspite*, at

Gibraltar, he obtained the approval, in 1844, of Her Majesty's Government for his judicious arrangements with the *Prince de Joinville*, whose attack upon *Tangier* and destruction of *Mogador* he was afforded an opportunity of witnessing. On the latter occasion he was the senior *British* officer present, as he was likewise during the civil war on the coast of *Syria* throughout the whole of the year 1845. In 1847 he was appointed a naval aide-de-camp to the *Queen*. In 1851 Captain *Wallis* was promoted to flag rank; and on *April* 1st, 1857, he was appointed commander-in-chief on the coast of *America*, and hoisted his flag on board the *Cumberland*, seventy. In the following year he was recalled, in consequence of his promotion. *May* 18, 1860, he was made K.C.B.; and in *March*, 1863, arrived at full flag rank.

Such is the highly distinguished officer who has favoured the author with his recollections of the 1st of *June*, 1813, and which now follow:

MEMORANDA BY ADMIRAL *WALLIS*.

"For some days previous to the 1st *June*, 1813, the weather in *Boston Bay* had been very thick and foggy, so much so that we had to guess our position. The morning of the above-named day, however, was ushered in by a brilliant sunrise, and the land near *Boston* sighted; but we were not without fear lest the *Chesapeake* had effected her escape during the thick weather, as Commodore *Rodgers*, in *President*, forty-four, with *Congress*, thirty-eight, had, under similar circumstances, contrived to do.

"Having, however, stood in to reconnoitre, we were gratified by a sight of her at anchor in *Nantasket Roads*, a sure proof that she was ready for sea. When we were within about two or three miles of the lighthouse we hove-to, hoisted our ensign, and fired a gun. The challenge was immediately accepted by the *Chesapeake*, who let fall her foretopsail and also fired a gun, hoisting at the same time a large white flag at the fore, which, upon close acquaintance, we found inscribed 'Free trade and sailor's rights,' the idea for which they declared war against us. At about a quarter to one p.m. she weighed, when, seeing it to be her intention to come out, we bore-up under easy sail to get an offing, being too near *her* port to be brought to action, as, in case of being crippled, small craft might have been sent out, manned by the *Constitution*, forty-four, then refitting at *Boston*. After she was fairly outside, and we still running off-shore, she suddenly shortened sail and hauled her wind, signifying, as it proved, that she thought we were far enough, or perhaps that we were decoying her to a comrade; but we soon undeceived her by immediately rounding-to and backing our maintopsail, when she again bore-up and stood towards us. We continued hove-to until she was nearly within gun-shot, and then filled under three topsails, jib, and spanker. The breeze was light, and the sea smooth as a mill-pond.

"At ten minutes to six,* being then within pistol-shot,

* Admiral *Wallis* verified this date by relating the fact of his having intrusted his watch to the gunner, with these words—"You will be safe (in the magazine); should anything happen to me give this to my father." By this chronometer the gunner timed the action.

she gallantly rounded-to and ranged up close on our starboard (weather) quarter, and the battle began.

"The cannonading continued for only eleven minutes, when the *Chesapeake*, who had got before our beam, was taken aback, and, making a stern-board, dropped into us just abaft our fore-channels.

"*Broke*, who saw the confusion on board of her, ran forward, calling out, 'Follow me who can!' and jumped on board, supported by all who were within hearing.

"A minute had hardly elapsed before the ships had separated, and a general cry was then raised, 'Cease firing,' and by the time I had got upon the quarterdeck from the aftermost part of our maindeck the ships had got so far asunder that it was *impossible* to throw any more men on board of her; but it was unnecessary, as they hailed, 'We have possession.' I must here observe that no orders were given to prepare to board; but the happy moment was seized as already described.

"It was mere invention '*Smith's* having stormed her foretop;' but he did board her from our foreyard, and slid down one of her backstays. Neither did the officers of marines board, for when I took command of the quarterdeck I found them there. It was equally erroneous to say that the ships came out of action as perfect as if they had only been exchanging a salute; the fact being that our lower rigging was all cut through, and the masts, consequently, unsupported, so that had any sea been on they would have gone over the side.

"Finally, the story of *Broke* having given me the orders

to take the charge of the *Shannon*, and *Falkiner* the *Chesapeake*, was fabulous—the pure invention of the concoctors of the letter; but, as you saw the medical certificate* of *Broke's* wounds, you cannot doubt the impossibility of his having done so.

"After finding that my captain was *hors de combat*, and the first-lieutenant killed, my first care was to get the prisoners secured, which was an easy matter, as the *Chesapeake* had (upon deck) some hundreds of handcuffs in readiness for us. So we ornamented them with their own manacles.

"Having at ten p.m. knotted the rigging, fished the masts, and cleaned up our decks, we made sail and ran off-shore until daylight of the second, and then hove-to to complete our necessary repairs, after which we shaped a course for *Halifax*. On our way thither we fell in with the

* "These are to certify that I, the undersigned *David Rowlands*, M.D., F.R.S., late surgeon of H.M. Naval Hospital at *Halifax*, in *Nova Scotia*, was there when H.M.S. *Shannon* arrived with her prize, the *American* frigate *Chesapeake*, on *Sunday*, the 6th of *June*, 1813; the former was commanded by the present Captain *Wallis*, owing to the dreadful wound which Captain *Broke* had received in the action with the enemy a few days previous. On the 7th of *June* I was requested by Mr. *Alexander Jack*, the surgeon of the *Shannon*, to visit Captain *Broke*, confined to bed at the commissioner's house in the dockyard, and found him in a very weak state, with an extensive sabre wound on the side of the head, the brain exposed to view for three inches or more; he was unable to converse, save in monosyllables, and I am sure totally unable to dictate or write an account of the action for some time afterwards, owing to his severe wounds, loss of blood, and the shock his whole frame must have experienced by the blow on the head.

"I continued to attend him twice a day for weeks afterwards, in conjunction with Mr. *Jack*, to whom every possible credit is justly due for his skilful treatment and care in bringing his brave captain on shore alive.

"I grant this certificate to Captain *Wallis*, being called upon to do so by the death of Mr. *Jack* the surgeon.

"Given under my hand, this 8th day of *December*, 1841.

"*D. ROWLANDS*, M.D."

Sceptre, seventy-four, and *Loire*, frigate. The weather at the time was thick, and until we exchanged numbers I was not a little alarmed, thinking they might be *President* and *Congress*, who were cruizing, it was said, in our track. Having ascertained who they were, I telegraphed—'We have many wounded—do not detain us, as I am anxious to get them into hospital.' I mention this to prove that, had I thought of my own interest only, I could have sent a despatch by them to the commander-in-chief (Sir *J. Warren*), whose flag they were *en route* to join. Nothing else occurred worth notice until we reached *Sambro'* lighthouse, off the harbour of *Halifax*, on the fourth of *June*, when Captain *Lawrence* of the *Chesapeake* died of his wounds. Unfortunately, a dense fog kept us out until *Sunday* the sixth, but on the morning of that day the fog lifted a little, and we got a glimpse of the harbour's mouth, and in the afternoon reached our anchorage. As we passed the wharves, the whole population seemed to have turned out to welcome us with hearty cheers; and ships in port received us with yards manned, bands playing, &c. With regard to the occurrences on shore, Judge *Haliburton's* account will be better than anything I could tell you. Immediately we had anchored the wounded were sent to the hospital, and Captain *Broke* to the commissioner's house in the dockyard (where he remained until the *Shannon* was ordered for *England*). Shortly after our arrival the first-lieutenant of the *Chesapeake (Ludlow)* died of his wounds. Both *Lawrence* and he were buried at *Halifax* with military honours; but, shortly afterwards, the *American* Government sent a cartel to *Halifax* asking for their remains.

The request met with a ready compliance, and they were taken to the *United States*, where they were reinterred with great pomp. On the morning following our arrival the senior officer in port (Captain Hon. *Bladen Capel*) asked me 'Why I had not sent him an official account of our action?' My reply was that 'I should feel much obliged to him if he would wait a few days, and see whether Captain *Broke* might not be able to dictate a letter,' as I had no wish to seize the opportunity of, as I foolishly thought, putting myself forward; besides, I loved *Broke*, and was anxious he should tell his own story. *Capel's* reply was 'Very well, sir.' Two days later he told us that he should send the *Nova Scotia* brig, commanded by Lieut. *Bartholomew Kent*, to *England* on the 12th, and grant Lieut. *Falkiner* permission to take charge of the letter which he expected Captain *Broke* would be enabled to dictate. No farther communication took place between us, and on the morning of the 12th of *June* the *Nova Scotia* sailed without my having seen the letter, which proved to be a concoction of Commissioner *Wodehouse* and Captains *Capel* and *Byron*. You may imagine (from your having seen *Capel's* letter* to me when called upon to deny

* "3, *Paragon*, *June* 19th, 1834.

"Dear Sir,

"I really do not quite understand what it is that you require of me to state (as far as my recollection may serve me) relative to the action between the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*. In your letter of the 13th instant you say—'All I ask of you is a statement that Sir *P. Broke* was not in a state (for several days) to give me an account of the action.' I can, of course, have no hesitation in stating *that such was the fact;* but surely you cannot expect that, after a lapse of twenty years, I can recollect what conversation may have passed between you and myself on that occasion. I, therefore, cannot answer any of the queries contained in your

the authenticity of the letter) the surprise of *us all* on board the *Shannon* when we first saw the letter said to have been written by *Broke*. If they had possessed the decency to have shown me the letter, I would have corrected the errors, and all would have been well. The *Shannon* having been ordered home, *Broke* was sufficiently recovered in *October* to re-embark, and we sailed from *Halifax* on *October* 4th, 1813 (having a short time previously received a commander's commission, *Broke* kindly invited me to be his guest for the passage home), and anchored at *Spithead* the 3rd of *November*. I landed with (now) Sir *Philip Broke*, and we started for *London* the same afternoon, journeying as far as *Liphook* that evening, the next day to *Guildford*, and the third into *London*, *Broke* not being in a state to do more than a few miles a day; and I was very glad when he was quietly lodged at *Limmer's Hotel, Conduit Street*.

"A day or two after he presented me to Lord *Melville*, then first lord of the Admiralty, and when he had recovered the fatigue of the journey we retraced our steps to *Portsmouth* by the same easy stages; and having seen him safely back and comfortably lodged, where Lady *Broke* joined him, my care of him ended. Having bade each other a fervent farewell, I parted from a man that I loved most sincerely, and from whom I had, during nearly two years, received, I can

---

letter, which, indeed, becomes unnecessary, as I have stated all you require me to do, viz.: that Sir *P. Broke* was not in a state (for several days) after his arrival at *Halifax* to give me an account of the action.

"I am, very truly yours,

"*BLADEN CAPEL*."

truly say, *affectionate regard.* I also firmly believe it to have been owing to his high bearing and sterling worth, added to the kindness of his government, that our crew were doubly incited to achieve under him a victory he had set his heart upon. I regret not having any notes by me, or I might give you other anecdotes, but am unwilling to say anything that memory does not vividly verify. I think *Broke's* address to the crew shortly before the battle ran in substance somewhat thus: '*Shannons!* The *Americans* have, owing to the disparity in force, captured several of our frigates; but to-day, I trust, they will find out the stuff *British* sailors are made of when upon an equality. I feel sure you will all do your duty. In a word—remember, you have some hundreds of your brother sailors' blood to avenge!'"

"*March* 16th, 1864.

"Dear Dr. *Brighton,*

"Should the above memoranda be of any use to you, glean from them what you please. I am indeed sorry that I have not any map or diagram to send you; but, had I not been prevented by illness, it was my intention to have consulted *Shannon's* log-book at *Somerset House* for site of the engagement. As no evolutions were performed during the action, the pointings of the ships were exactly what the late Admiral *King's* pictures delineate. You have, I think, a copy of *Broke's* certificate to me, and the following is a copy of his note when he sent me a sword:

"'Dear *Wallis,*

"'I send you a captain's sword, and hope

you will soon have an opportunity of drawing it with success in the same cause which gave you the rank.

"'I am, &c.'"

"All I can say of the late Sir *Chas. Falkiner* is, that he was an excellent messmate, and as gallant a fellow as ever lived. I appointed him prize-master of the *Chesapeake*, and he conducted her into the harbour of *Halifax* highly to my satisfaction. We never after served together. The Admiralty treated him infamously by never promoting him to the rank of captain until he took it by retirement.

"My recollection of the traitors found on board *Chesapeake* is simply this, that there were five; one of whom was subsequently executed, and the other four sentenced to be flogged round the fleet; but I do not remember names, as I had nothing to do with the matter. There were also many of her crew who had belonged to our navy, receiving their discharge, when the war commenced, upon claiming *American* citizenship. Amongst the wounded were some of those who surprised Dr. *Rowlands*, when dressing their wounds, by asking him if he did not remember them as former shipmates? In speaking of the action I omitted to mention that a schooner accompanied the *Chesapeake* from the port of *Boston*, with merchants and others on board, to see the fight, which hove-to, out of gunshot, to windward of us.

"When *Shannon* was refitted and ready for sea, the port-admiral (afterwards Sir *E. Griffiths Colpoys*) sent for me, and, after expressing regret that he could not any longer permit me to continue in command of the *Shannon*, in accordance

with the rules of the service, informed me that he had given Commander *Senhouse*, of the *Martin*, an acting order as captain for a short cruise, as *Broke* was too unwell to resume his duty. He was pleased to add, that though there was not a doubt of my promotion, still he did not officially know it; he therefore hoped (and told me it was *Broke's particular wish*) that I should not have any objection to do the duty of first lieutenant, as I was perfectly aware of *Broke's* mode of government, and that *Senhouse* had promised to consult me. I did remain. We sailed, and for a short time resumed our old cruising ground off *Boston*. We detained two *Spanish* ships, which did not, however, prove to be prizes. Upon our return to *Halifax* my promotion, with a gratifying letter from the Admiralty relative to my conduct in the action with *Chesapeake*, was given to me, and Lieut. *Clark* replaced me in *Shannon*. As I have previously told you, *Broke* offered me a passage home in my old ship as his guest; and we sailed on the 4th of *October*, 1813, with the convoy, and anchored at *Spithead* on the 3rd *November* following. Nothing worthy of notice occurred during our passage home.

"Believe me, dear Dr. *Brighton*,

"Yours very sincerely,

"*PROVO WALLIS.*"

It will be evident to the reader that the foregoing reminiscences, happily obtained *fifty-one years after the engagement*, have a value peculiarly their own—that of affording a gauge by which the accuracy of other narratives may be tested. Few events in the author's life have afforded him greater

pleasure and more grateful patriotic pride than that of sitting by the side of this distinguished veteran officer, and hearing his vivid narrative of the glorious 1st of *June*, 1813. It was, however, difficult to believe that one so hale, so untouched by time, and with every faculty of mind and body so ripened but unimpaired, could be almost, alas! the only survivor of a gallant band whose history is now a record of the long-since past.

The third is indeed a melancholy document.

The *Shannon's* list of killed and wounded, in which is rather a remarkable omission, that of the name of her commander.

List of killed belonging to His Majesty's ship *Shannon*, action with the *United States* frigate *Chesapeake*, on the 1st *June*, 1813:

* Denotes those killed or wounded on board *Chesapeake*.
† Denotes those who died of their wounds in hospital.
‡ Denotes those who died of their wounds at sea.

**G. J. L. Watt*	1st Lieut.	Grape shot carried away the top of the head.
Geo. Aldham	Purser	Grape lodged in lower part of abdomen. Lived one hour.
John Dunn	Capt. Clerk	Cut across abdomen by a grape, and hips.
Geo. Gilbert	A. B.	Star shot went through his middle.
**Wm. Bertles*	Ditto	Grape lodged in the back part of chest. Lived several hours.
Neil Gilchrist	Ditto	Cut in two by a thirty-two pound shot.
Thos. Selby	Ditto	Head shot off.
James Long	Ditto	Shot in the head and belly.
**John Young*	Ditto	Cut in two on board *Chesapeake*.

James Wallace -	Ditto - - -	Musket ball through the abdomen. Lived thirteen hours.
Joseph Brown -	Ditto - - -	Shot through the neck.
Thos. Barr - -	Ordinary - -	Head shot off.
* *Michael Murphy*	Ditto - - -	Shot through the middle on board *Chesapeake.*
Thos. Molloy - -	Ditto - - -	Grape shot through the middle.
* *Thos. Jones* -	Ditto - - -	Grape through the middle on board *Chesapeake.*
* *John O' Connelly* -	Ditto - - -	Grape shot in the head on board *Chesapeake.*
Thos. Barry - -	1st Class Boy	Cut in two by a star shot.
J. McLoughlin - - - - - - -		Grape shot in the neck.
Wm. Perrey - - - - - - - -		Grape shot in the body.

MARINES.

Samuel Millard -	Corporal - -	Grape shot.
James Jaynes -	Private - -	Grape shot in the belly.
D. Sadin - - -	Ditto - - -	Grape shot in the belly.
* *Wm. Young* - -	Ditto - - -	Shot from below by a musket, whilst standing on a grating on board *Chesapeake.*

SUPERNUMERARIES.

W. Morrisay - - - - - -	Grape shot in the belly.
John Moriarty - - - - - -	Grape shot in two places.
Thos. Gormond - - - - - -	Grape shot in the belly.

P.S.—Those marked thus * were killed on board *Chesapeake.*

List of wounded on board His Majesty's ship *Shannon,* in action with the *United States* frigate *Chesapeake,* on the 1st June, 1813:

* *John Roach* - -	Q.-master's Mate.	Musket ball through the left foot.

Peter Millan - -	Ditto - - -	Struck by a wad lower part of the abdomen and upper part of the thighs.
†*Mr. Stevens* - - (Died in Hospital.)	Boatswain -	Struck in the left forearm by a grape shot, and a musket shot lodged in the left side of the pelvis.
†*Mr. Samwell* - . -	Midshipman	Musket ball through the upper part of the left thigh.
**John Robins* - -	A.B. - - -	Musket ball through the abdomen, left side.
‡*Geo. Hill* - - -	Private - -	Contused and sabre wounds on the head.
†*Francis Dixon* -	A.B. - - -	Slight splinter wound on the thigh.
†*Francis Alberto* -	L.M. - - -	Canister or musket shot above the knee-pan.
†*John Antonio* -	Ord. - - -	Canister or musket shot below the knee.
†*Owen Callaghan*	Super. - -	Grape shot across the left ham.
†*Peter Lawson* -	A.B. - - -	Musket ball through the right leg.
**James Lloyd* - -	Boats' Mate -	Splinter wound on the fore part of the left thigh.
**Thos. Ormston* -	Ropemaker -	Contusion on the head; also a musket or pistol ball passing through the integuments of the head.
James Wright -	Ship Corpl. -	Bayonet wound in the abdomen.
**Wm. Stark* - -	Coxswain -	Left arm wounded by a grape shot, and right arm by a musket ball.
A. Sibirston - -	A.B. - - -	Slight splinter wound fore part of the head.
**L. Robinson* - -	Ord. - - -	Musket shot in the right forearm.
H. Nolly - - -	A.B. - - -	Musket ball wound in the side.
**J. Hampson* - -	Ditto - - -	Musket ball through the hip, cutting through the urethra.
Michael Son - -	Ditto - - -	Slight hurt in the eyes from a blow of something.

**Daniel Clarke*	Ord.	Musket ball through the left hand, another across the breast, and one through the right forearm.
**John Smith*, 4th	Ditto	Grape shot across the fore part of the left wrist.
**Robert Kemp*	Ditto	Wound from a musket ball on the chin.
* *Wm. Richards*	Ditto	A musket ball through the upper and outer part of the right thigh.
**Robert Flegg*	Ditto	Contusion on the right ancle and foot.
D. Cooper	2nd Gunner	Buck-shot through the right fore-arm.
**J. Vissina*	Ord.	Grape shot wound on the right shoulder; slight splinter wound on the right eyebrow and left knee.
**Peter Gee*	L.M.	Canister shot in the right thigh; splinter in the left foot.
**Thos. Twiggs*	A.B.	Fracture of the right arm; wound in the right breast by a grape; splinter wound in the left breast; slight wound on the left foot and hand.
**T. Kennedy*	Super.	Splinter wound on the back, right hip, and left shoulder.
**Luke Pike*	Ditto	Grape shot, inner part of left knee.
J. Pendeville	Ditto	Blow on the head, producing concussion.
Dan. Cochlin	Ditto	Contused wound on the right fore-arm.
* *Wm. Driscoll*	Corporal	Both patellæ fractured from a monkey tail being driven against his legs by a round shot; contusion of both forearms, and on right arm ulna fractured.

**Dan Neil*	Private	Splinter wound in the breast; several sabre wounds; bayonet wound in the belly.
**A. McCleuran*	Ditto	Concussion of the brain from the blow of a wad.
**James Pollett*	Ditto	Musket ball through the upper part of the thigh, fracturing the femur.
**C. Butterworth*	Ditto	Musket ball through the thigh.
**J. Wilkinson*	Ditto	Musket ball through the lower part of right humerus and across the back, fracturing a rib.
John Gormand	Boy, 3rd Class	Cut on the head; part of the ear carried away by a musket shot.
J. Saunders	Private	Buck shot in the legs.
Wm. Todd	Ditto	Musket ball inside the right thigh.
Wm. Johnstone	Ditto	Musket ball in left hand; contusion in left arm.
J. Anderson	Carptr's Mate	Slight splinter wound.
Robert Hood	Sail makers' crew.	
John Lee	Capt. Forcstle	Wound on the chin from a musket ball.
**P. Van Loo*	L.M.	Extensive splinter wound on the left shoulder received on board *Chesapeake.*
**John Witty*	Ord.	Musket ball fore part of right knee.
P. Bramfield	Private	Splinter wound on the mouth and right forearm.
**S. Moncarey*	Ord.	Wound from a musket ball in the left shoulder.
James Fish	Ditto	Splinter wound in the right eye.
**J. Sandling*	Capt. M'ntop	Wound from a wad about the lower part of abdomen.
Jacob West	A.B.	Sabre cut on the head.
T. Harris	A.B.	Slight splinter wound about the eye.

**James Clarke* - -	Ord. - - -	Musket ball in the left shoulder; splinter wounds about left shoulder and arm; canister shot about the upper part of left hip.
**Pat Ferreter* - - -	Super. - -	Dislocation of left humerus, caused by the recoil of a gun on the maindeck.

"Besides the above, *Mr. Raymond* was slightly wounded in the arm from a piece of iron—part of a canister shot; and *John Welcomb* had a slight splinter wound in the eye.

"*ALEXANDER JACK.*

"*Robert Boyd* (cooper) said he was wounded in both legs, slightly, but, remaining on board the *Chesapeake*, was not noticed by Dr. *Jack.*"

Such then, good reader, at the interval of an average life—a half century—are all the materials now, I think, extant which can enable the historical student to form a fair and reasonable estimate of the shortest, the most destructive, and (in point of bravery) the most brilliant frigate action ever fought.

I have collected them at some exertion, both of pen and travel, having but a single object in view, and that the exhibition of one other example of that good and nobly-brave patriotism which gilds from first to last the *British* naval annals of the *French* and *American* wars.

May the necessity never, never again arise. May *Britain's* course henceforth be only one of peace on earth, union with all nations, and love to all mankind; but should the All-Supreme ordain it otherwise, and in His all-conquering

CAPTAIN LAWRENCE,

COMMANDER OF THE U. S. FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE.

name send forth our legions and our navies under the sacred *British* flag, may this generation emulate (exceed they cannot) the skill and bravery of the men who served our country then.

§ IV.

FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN LAWRENCE AT HALIFAX. EXHUMATION AND SUBSEQUENT INTERMENT AT NEW YORK, &c.

It is a very sacred duty, before proceeding farther with the subject of this biography, to speak of those who fell from wounds received in this action, but who lingered some days before death released them; and first of *Lawrence*, the late commander of the *Chesapeake*.

FUNERAL OF CAPTAIN *LAWRENCE* AT *HALIFAX.*

The following orders were issued the day previous to the funeral:

"Garrison orders, *Halifax*,

"7th *June*, 1813.

"A funeral party will be furnished to-morrow, by the 64th regiment, consisting of 300 rank and file, with a proper proportion of officers, and to be supplied with three rounds of blank cartridge each man, to inter the remains of Captain *Lawrence*, late of the *American* frigate *Chesapeake*, from the *King's Wharf*, at half-past one o'clock p.m. The band

of that corps will attend, and the party will be commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir *J. Wardlaw.* The officers of the garrison will be pleased to attend the commandant there, at a quarter before two, to march in procession, wearing a piece of black crape round the left arm.

"(Signed) *F. T. THOMAS,*
"Major of Brigade.

"Navy order. The body of the commander of the late *United States* frigate *Chesapeake* will be interred to-morrow, at two o'clock. The captains and commanders, with a portion of lieutenants and midshipmen, agreeably to the following order of procession, will attend the funeral, and will assemble precisely at one o'clock, alongside of the *Chesapeake,* for that purpose.

"*T. B. CAPEL,*
"Captain and Senior Officer at *Halifax.*"

ORDER OF PROCESSION FROM THE SHIP.

Pall bearers (abreast of the corpse).		Pall bearers (abreast of the corpse).
Captain *Baker.*	*THE BODY.*	Captain *Head.*
Captain *Pearse.*		Captain *Pechell.*
Captain *Collier.*		Captain *Blythe.*

Boats two and two, with midshipmen and lieutenants, commanders or lieutenants commanding vessels.

Commanders.

Post captains.

ORDER OF PROCESSION ON SHORE.

Funeral firing party.

Pall bearers. THE BODY. Pall bearers.

Officers of privateers.
American naval officers.
Midshipmen and lieutenants.
Officers of garrison, according to rank.
Post captains.
Staff officers.
General and senior officers.

"The respect due to a brave enemy was yesterday shown to the remains of Captain *Lawrence.* The corpse was landed from the *Chesapeake,* under a discharge of minute guns, and at two o'clock reached the *King's Wharf.* The *American* ensign was spread as a pall over the coffin, on which was placed the sword of the deceased. Six captains of the navy officiated as pall bearers; six colonels, of the 64th regiment, commanded by Sir *John Wardlaw,* preceded the corpse; the officers of the *Chesapeake* followed it as mourners; the staff and officers of the navy generally attended; Sir *Thomas Saumarez;* the staff and officers of the garrison; and the procession was closed by a number of respectable inhabitants. The funeral service was performed by the rev. rector of *Saint Paul's,* and three volleys discharged by the troops over the grave."

Extract of a letter. *June* 19th, 1813. "I suppose the newspapers and letters sent from *Halifax* by each of the officers, whose wounds will permit them to write, will give you all those particulars of the loss of our frigate *Chesapeake*, which had arrived there. She came in eight or nine miles ahead of the *Shannon*, and appeared to outsail her fast. When she saluted the fort, six miles from the town, and showed the *English* over the *American* colours, the *Halifax* people thought it was the *President*, a prize, and there was a general shout. But I undeceived all whom I could speak to, as I knew the ship; and when they found it was the *Chesapeake*, and that her captain was dead, not a hurra was heard, except, I believe, on board a brig. I was on board *La Hogue*, a seventy-four, and am certain her crew did not cheer. Captain *Lawrence* was highly respected for his humanity to the crew of the *Peacock*, and marks of real grief were seen in the countenances of all the inhabitants I had a chance to see. I can say truly that all appeared to lament his death; and I heard several say they considered the blood which had been shed on the *Chesapeake's* deck as dear as that of their own countrymen. They also speak against the war as cruel and unnatural, and hope the *States* will not compel them to continue it. I saw three mahogany coffins carried on board the *Chesapeake* the day of the funeral. In one of them Captain *Lawrence* was placed, and the coffins put into a twelve-oared barge, which rowed minute strokes, followed by a procession of boats. The corpse was received at the *King's Wharf* by a regiment of troops and a full band of music.

"Six of the oldest navy captains carried the pall, which was one of the colours of the *Chesapeake.* This, they said, was considered a particular mark of respect by naval men, as it was a token that he had defended his colours bravely, and that at this time they should not be separated from him. The procession was very long, and everything was conducted in the most solemn and respectful manner; and the wounded officers of both nations, who followed in the procession, made the scene very affecting. I never attended a funeral in my life where my feelings were so much struck. There was not the least mark of exultation, that I saw, even among the commonest people.

"The *Shannon* received five or six shots in her hull, near wind and water, but they were stopped and leaded. She was lying in the harbour, and they were overhauling and shifting her rigging. They expected to get her to sea shortly. Captain *Broke* and Captain *Lawrence* were both delirious from their wounds; and the ships were both brought in by very young officers. Captain *Broke* we consider as very dangerously wounded, having his head cut from the top to near the mouth by the ear. When Captain *Lawrence* could speak he would say, 'Don't give up the ship.' He was first wounded in the leg, which bled much and weakened him, but he would not be carried below; when he received a grape shot in the lower part of the belly, of which he died. Captain *Broke* was stated to have received his wound in stooping down trying to save the life of one of the *Chesapeake's* crew, whom one of his own men was mangling, and whose head he cut off."

CHESAPEAKE AND *SHANNON.*

(The following account of the loss of the *Chesapeake* appeared in a *Boston* newspaper on *Friday*, 4th *June*, 1813.)

"On *Tuesday* forenoon, 1st of *June*, the *British* frigate *Shannon*, Captain *Broke*, appeared off our harbour and displayed her colours. The *United States* frigate *Chesapeake*, Captain *Lawrence*, was then at anchor just below *Fort Independence*. As soon as the enemy was seen she fired a gun and hoisted her colours. Preparations were immediately made for sailing, and when the officers had assembled on board, and the tide served, she got under-way. The *Shannon* proceeded down the bay, the *Chesapeake* following under a press of sail. Spectators were collected on every place in *Boston* which commanded a view of the sea; but the frigates proceeded to the eastward till lost sight of from the town, and our citizens on shore were thereby spared the distress of witnessing the result, a pain which those had to encounter who were spectators of the conflict in boats and vessels, and from whom the particulars of the battle, as far as are at present known here, are obtained. The *Chesapeake* had a colour at each masthead. That on the fore-royal-mast was white, and appeared to have some inscription on it. She was put under her topsails on approaching the enemy, fired a gun, and ten or twelve minutes before six the cannonade became general and severe; and the *Shannon* experienced some injury in her spars and rigging, while the

Chesapeake suffered no visible damage and appeared to have the advantage of her antagonist.

"About six the *Chesapeake*, which was to windward, ran on board the enemy, and the contest continued yard-arm to yard-arm. In about five minutes there was a great explosion on board the *Chesapeake*, but whether caused by accident or any new combustible used by the enemy is uncertain.

"Soon after the smoke thus caused had dispersed, the ships separated, and the *English* colour (a blue flag) was seen over the *American* ensign inverted, and both vessels then stood to the eastward, undoubtedly for *Halifax*. From the manner in which the action was fought neither of the frigates were essentially injured in their masts or rigging. We know not whether any written challenge was received by Captain *Lawrence*, but one intended for him reached *Salem* just after he sailed from *Boston*. If one were delivered on board the *Chesapeake*, duplicates were written. The *Chesapeake* was rated thirty-nine guns, but we understand mounted forty-nine; the *Shannon* was rated thirty-eight, but, it is said, mounted fifty-two, and was superior in weight of metal. The numbers of men probably about equal. The *Chesapeake* had been refitted for a cruise, and was nearly ready for sea. Captain *Lawrence* took command of the *Chesapeake* a few days since. Some changes had also occurred in the other officers, and the first lieutenant was sick on shore. For the same officers to be long associated we should conceive an advantage. Many of the sailors were fresh recruits, and little or no opportunity had been afforded

to discipline them, as the business of equipping the vessel for sea was not yet completed. The enemy, on the contrary, there is reason to believe, was prepared. All her officers and men had been for several months in the same relative situation, the complement in each respect was full, and the seamen had had every chance of being thoroughly exercised. From these circumstances Captain *Lawrence* might, without impropriety, have delayed the interview, but he yielded to his intrepid spirit as soon as he saw the foe; and, whatever speculations there may be as to what would have been the mode of battle deserving preference (speaking after the event), no one doubts the bravery of the commander, officers, and crew, and that he did what he considered best."

Official account from Lieut. *Budd* to the Secretary of the Navy, dated *Halifax, June* 15th:

"Sir,

"The unfortunate death of Captain *James Lawrence* and Lieut. *Augustus C. Ludlow* has rendered it my duty to inform you of the capture of the late *U. S.* frigate *Chesapeake.* On *Tuesday, June* 1st, at eight a.m., we unmoored ship, and at meridian got under-way from *Presidents Roads,* with a light wind from the southward and westward, and proceeded on a cruise. A ship was then in sight in the offing which had the appearance of a ship of war, and which, from information received from pilot boats and craft, we believed to be the *British* frigate *Shannon.* We made sail in chase, and cleared ship for action. At half-past four p.m. she hove-to, with her head to the eastward and south-

ward. At five p.m. took in the royal and top-gallantsails, and at half-past five hauled the courses up. About fifteen minutes before six p.m. the action commenced, within pistol-shot. The first broadside did great execution on both sides, damaged our rigging; killed, among others, Mr. *White*, the sailing-master; and wounded Captain *Lawrence*.

"In about twelve minutes after the commencement of the action we fell on board of the enemy, and immediately after one of our arm chests on the quarterdeck was blown up by a hand grenade thrown from the enemy's ship. In a few minutes one of the captain's aids came on the quarter-deck to inform me that the boarders were called; I immediately called the boarders away and proceeded to the spardeck, when I found that the enemy had succeeded in boarding us, and had gained possession of our quarterdeck. I immediately gave orders to haul on board the fore-tack. for the purpose of shooting the ship clear of the other, and then made an attempt to regain the quarterdeck, but was wounded and thrown down on the gundeck. I again made an effort to collect the boarders, but, in the meantime, the enemy had gained complete possession of the ship. On my being carried down to the cock-pit I there found Captain *Lawrence* and Lieut. *Ludlow*, both mortally wounded; the former had been carried below previously to the ship's being boarded, the latter was wounded in attempting to repel the boarders. Among those who fell early in the action was Mr. *Edward J. Ballard*, the fourth lieutenant, and Lieut. *James Broom* of marines.

"I herein enclose to you a return of the killed and

wounded, by which you will perceive that every officer upon whom the charge of the ship would devolve, was either killed or wounded previously to her capture. The enemy reports the loss of Mr. *Watt*, their first lieutenant, the purser, the captain's clerk, and twenty-eight seamen killed; and Captain *Broke*, a midshipman, and fifty-six seamen wounded.

"The *Shannon* had, in addition to her full complement, an officer and sixteen men belonging to the *Belle Poule*, and a part of the crew belonging to the *Tenedos*.

"I have the honour to be, with very great respect, &c.,

"*GEORGE BUDD.*

"Hon. *William Jones*,

"Sec. of Navy.

"KILLED: *Edward J. Ballard*, acting lieutenant; *James Broom*, first lieutenant of marines; *Wm. A. White*, sailing-master; *Pollard Hopewell*, midshipman; *John Evans*, ditto; *Courtland Livingston*, ditto; *Daniel Burnham*, quartermaster; *James Woodbury*, ditto; *John Carter*, boatswain's mate; also twenty-six seamen and eleven marines.

"WOUNDED: *James Lawrence*, Esq., captain (since deceased); *Augustus C. Ludlow*, lieutenant (since deceased); *George Budd*, lieutenant; *Wm. Cox*, acting lieutenant; *Samuel Livermore*, acting chaplain; *Francis Nichols*, midshipman; *Walter Abbott*, ditto; *Wm. A. Weavar*, ditto; *Edmund M. Russell*, ditto; *Peter Adams*, boatswain (died); *Thomas Finnagan*, gunner's yeoman; *Jefferson Griffith*, quartermaster; *James A. Lewis*, ditto; *Forbes Delai*, quarter-gunner (died); *Thomas Smith*, second quarter-gunner; *John Veasy*, ditto;

John Giles, ditto; *Thos. Rouse*, ditto; *Samuel Hutson*, sail-makers' mate; and *Thomas Jackson*, second quartermaster; and fifty-seven seamen, eight of whom afterwards died of their wounds. Twenty marines were also wounded, and one died of his wounds.

"Killed, forty-seven; wounded, ninety-nine; wounded—since dead—fourteen.

"The *British* returns state the loss of the *Shannon* to be twenty-seven killed and fifty-eight wounded."

LAWRENCE.

James Lawrence was born *October* 1st, 1781, at *Burlington, New Jersey.* He was the youngest son of *John Lawrence*, a legal practitioner, educated at the Grammar School at *Burlington*, and then commenced the study of the law at *Woodbury.* Two years of legal pursuits fully satisfied him that his tastes and abilities were not likely to be successful in this direction, and, finally determining on a sea life, he was placed under Mr. *Griscomb* to acquire the principles of navigation and naval tactics.

At the age of seventeen he received a midshipman's warrant, when his first cruise was to the *West Indies*, in the *Ganges.* When the *United States* declared war against *Tripoli* he was promoted to a lieutenancy, and appointed to the command of the schooner *Enterprize.* While in this command he volunteered his services in the hazardous exploit of destroying the frigate *Philadelphia*, and accompanied *Decatur* as his first lieutenant.

In 1808 he married the daughter of Mr. *Montaudevert*, a merchant of *New York*.

At the commencement of the war with *England*, in 1812, he sailed in the *Hornet* sloop of war.

On the morning of the 23rd of *February*, 1813, off *Demerara*, the *Hornet* fell in with H. B. M. brig *Peacock*, and an engagement, of course, resulted.

"The force of the *Peacock* was sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, and two long sixes, with 120 men and boys: that of the *Hornet* was eighteen thirty-two pound carronades, two long twelves, and a complement of 140 men. Captain *Peake* brought his enemy to action. The *American* captain received him with steady courage, laid the *Peacock* on board on the starboard quarter, and, by a superior fire, killed her captain and about thirty of her men. In fifteen minutes the action was concluded, the *Peacock* struck, and made the signal of distress. The *Americans* were very active in saving the wounded; but, after bringing both vessels to an anchor, the *Peacock* went down in five and a half fathoms of water, taking with her thirteen of her own crew and three of the *Americans*. For his conduct in this action Captain *Lawrence* received the merited praises of his countrymen; he was soon after removed to the command of the *Chesapeake*, that ill-fated ship, the continued source of disaster to her country." *

The slaughter on board the *Peacock* was very severe; among the slain was found the body of her commander, Captain *Peake*. He was twice wounded in the course of the

* *Brenton's Naval History.*

action; the last wound proved fatal. His body was wrapped in the flag of his vessel, and laid in the cabin to sink with her, a shroud and sepulchre worthy so brave a sailor.

Not many weeks afterwards *Lawrence* received command of the *Chesapeake;* and on the memorable 1st of *June*, 1813, went on board of her, accompanied by his two little sons, and, it is said, by *Bainbridge.*

He died on board the *Chesapeake* on *Friday*, *June* 4th, and was interred, as above described, at *Halifax*, with all due honours, one of his pall-bearers being Captain *Blythe* of H. B. M. *Boxer*, who, on the following 5th of *September*, fell in action with an *American* vessel of war.

About a month afterwards the body of *Lawrence* was exhumed, and conveyed (together with that of Lieutenant *Ludlow*) to *New York*, where a solemn re-interment took place.

The *States* provided for his children, of whom he left three, the last posthumous.

The worth and gallantry of *Lawrence* have never found a detractor in a *British* writer.

With respect to Lieutenant *Augustus Ludlow* little can be said, but that (after bravely aiding in the desperate defence of the *Chesapeake*) he won the regard and esteem of the *British* by his frank acknowledgment of the facts of the action, and his resolute rebuke of one of his brother officers who wished to throw an erroneous gloss over the capture: "Let me hear," said he, "no more of it while we are on board this ship. We were fairly beaten."

For a time his wounds appeared to be doing well; but after his removal to the hospital at *Halifax* the injury to the

head put on fatal appearances, and he followed (but a few days after) *Lawrence* to the grave. The *American* cartel conveyed both back to their native country, and to graves in their native land.

RE-INTERMENT OF *LAWRENCE* AND *LUDLOW* AT *NEW YORK.*

Shortly after the fate of the *Chesapeake* and her brave defenders was known in the *United States, B. W. Crowninshield,* Esq., of *Salem,* solicited the *American* Government for permission to sail with a flag of truce to *Halifax,* for the purpose of obtaining the entombed bodies of Captain *Lawrence* and Lieutenant *Ludlow.* The permission being granted, Mr. *Crowninshield* sailed in a vessel, manned by himself and ten other masters of vessels, and, on application to the *British* admiral commanding on that station, obtained the object of his request.

On their arrival at *Salem,* the funeral obsequies of the brave deceased were again celebrated in the most solemn and impressive manner.

The remains were soon after conveyed to *New York,* where a procession was formed, which, with the spectators, it is supposed, amounted to fifty thousand. The burial service was once more performed, and the dead committed to the tomb.

The monument is in *Trinity Churchyard, Broadway,* and is so placed that the last part of the inscription can be read from the road.

It is of freestone, and bears the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF

CAPTAIN *JAMES LAWRENCE,*

OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY,

Who fell on the 1st day of *June,* 1813, in the thirty-second year of his age, in the action between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon.* He was distinguished on various occasions, but especially when commanding the sloop of war *Hornet* he captured and sunk His *Britannic* Majesty's sloop of war *Peacock,* after a desperate action of fourteen minutes.

His bravery in action was only equalled by his modesty in triumph and his magnanimity to the vanquished.

In private life he was a gentleman of the most generous and endearing qualities; the whole country mourned his loss, and the enemy contended with his countrymen who should most honour his remains.

IN MEMORY OF

LIEUTENANT *AUGUSTUS LUDLOW,*

OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

Born in *Newburgh,* 1792; died in *Halifax,* 1813. Scarcely was he twenty-one years of age when, like the blooming *Euryalus,* he accompanied his beloved commander to battle. Never could it have been more truly said

*His amor unus erat pariterque in bella ruebant.**

The favourite of *Lawrence,* and second in command, he emulated the patriotic valour of his friend on the bloody decks of the *Chesapeake,* and, when required, like him yielded with courageous resignation his spirit to Him who gave it.

The heroic commander of the frigate *Chesapeake,* whose remains are here deposited, expressed with his expiring breath his devotion to his country. Neither the fury of battle, nor the anguish of a mortal wound, nor the horrors of approaching death, could subdue his gallant spirit. His dying words were

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

* *Æneid,* ix, 182.

Trinity Church, in *Broadway*, at the head of *Wall Street*, from its antique appearance generally attracts the notice of strangers. The first church on this spot was erected in 1696. Originally small, it was enlarged in 1737; but during the fire which destroyed the western part of the city in 1776, while the *British* troops were in possession, it was destroyed, and was not rebuilt till 1788. The present building is of stone, in the *Gothic* style, much like the old one, except its diminished size, and has a steeple 198 feet high. It contains a chime of bells and an excellent organ.

Time has, however, obliterated this record, and, in 1864, the renewed monument is thus described:

"The present monument stands in the churchyard of *Trinity Church*, in *Broadway*, in this city of *New York*. It is a plain but handsome affair, say ten or twelve feet in length and eight or ten in height; the carved alto-relievo of the hull of an armed ship afloat at one end, and of an anchor and cable within an oaken wreath at the other, being its only ornaments. It is of a brown stone, pleasant to the eye. The inscriptions it bears differ slightly in some particulars, altogether in others, from those of its predecessor. That to Lieutenant *Ludlow* seems here added; that to Captain *Lawrence's* son omitted: while in the paragraph upon the face of the monument the words about his 'public worth,' &c., appear to have been dropped for lack of space."

There is also another memorial existing in the Hospital burying ground at *Halifax*, a copy of which (with some

roses gathered from the graves) was given to Sir *Broke Middleton*, now Captain *Broke's* sole surviving son, by Captain *Raymond*, wounded in this action, which runs thus:

Sacred to the memory of the brave seamen who died at this hospital of the wounds they received on board H. M. S. *Shannon*, in the glorious action in which she captured the *United States* frigate *Chesapeake*, on the 1st of *June*, 1813.

Owen Callaghan. *Peter Lawson.* *Francis Alberto.*
Francis Dixon. *John Antonio.*

It should here be noticed that Mr. *Stevens* the boatswain (a gallant old sailor trained under *Rodney*) and Mr. *Samwell* a midshipman, whose wounds at first appeared slight, also died in the above hospital. Of these this volume is, perhaps, the only epitaph remaining.

The following most graphic account of the arrival in *Halifax Harbour* of the *Shannon*, with her prize, was most kindly written by the renowned author of the *Clockmaker* and other works of equal talent and humour, the Honourable Mr. Justice *Haliburton*, M.P., at the request of Sir *G. Broke-Middleton*.

"*Gordon House, Isleworth, June* 1st, 1864.

"My dear Sir *George*,

"I have received your note requesting me to state my reminiscences of the arrival at *Halifax (Nova*

Scotia) of H.M.S. the *Shannon* with her prize the *Chesapeake.* I have much pleasure in complying with your wishes; but, more than fifty years having elapsed since that event, I can now only recall to my mind some few of the leading incidents that at that time impressed themselves strongly on my youthful imagination.

"The action was fought on the 1st *June,* 1813, and on the *Sunday* following the ships reached the harbour of *Halifax.* I was attending divine service in *St. Paul's Church* at that time, when a person was seen to enter hurriedly, whisper something to a friend in the garrison pew, and as hastily withdraw. The effect was electrical, for, whatever the news was, it flew from pew to pew, and one by one the congregation left the church. My own impression was that there was a fire in the immediate vicinity of *St. Paul's;* and the movement soon became so general that I, too, left the building to inquire into the cause of the commotion. I was informed by a person in the crowd that 'an *English* man-of-war was coming up the harbour with an *American* frigate as her prize.' By that time the ships were in full view, near *George's Island,* and slowly moving through the water. Every housetop and every wharf was crowded with groups of excited people, and, as the ships successively passed, they were greeted with vociferous cheers. *Halifax* was never in such a state of excitement before or since. It had witnessed, in former days, the departure of General *Wolfe* for the attack on *Louisburg,* with a fleet of 140 sail, and also his triumphant return. In later years the people had assisted in fitting out the expedition, under Sir *George Prevost,* for the capture of *Martinique*

and *Guadaloupe*, but nothing had ever excited the *Haligonians* like the arrival of these frigates. It was no new thing for them to see a *British* man-of-war enter the port with a prize of equal or greater size than herself; they regarded success as a matter of course. When, therefore, the news came, some time previously, of the capture of the *Guerriere* by the *Constitution*, men were unwilling to believe it, considering such an event simply impossible. I can well remember the gloom that hung over the community when the official account was received. In common with all others, old and young, although I participated in the general sorrow that event occasioned, I was not surprised; for, though unable myself to judge of the cause of the defeat, I had heard an experienced old friend of mine (the Hon. *S. B. Robie*) foretell the occurrence of disasters when our frigates should encounter those of the *United States*. He said the latter had the scantling of seventy-fours, and were equal to sixty-gun ships; that they were built with remarkable strength, mounted heavier and more guns than our ships of the same nominal rate, and were commanded by very experienced officers. He added that the *American* Government, by suddenly placing an embargo on all the shipping in their ports, had the seamen of the whole mercantile marine of their country at their disposal, and were thus enabled to man their little navy with crews of picked men; while the system they had adopted of seducing, by means of extravagant bounties, the most skilled gunners to desert from our ships, supplied their men-of-war with a class of able-bodied and disciplined seamen who would fight like demons, as the gallows awaited them if taken prisoners.

"In addition to all these disadvantages our naval officers, he said, held their enemies too cheap, and would some day be awakened to a knowledge of their fatal mistake. The people of *Halifax* were under the same delusion as the navy, and equally ill-informed and rashly confident. The encounter of the *Guerriere* with the *Constitution* fully justified these forebodings of my friends. The relative strength of those ships was first made known after the action, the former mounting (if my memory serves me) only forty-nine guns, with a complement of 263 men, while the latter carried sixty guns, and had a crew of 450 men. The action was fought with great gallantry on our part, but with a want of discretion that, notwithstanding this great disparity, was said to have occasioned the loss of the ship. Other actions soon followed, with the same inequality, and with a similar fatal result. It was, therefore, no wonder that the people of *Halifax* were so elated by what they considered a turn in the tide of luck, for it is now known that the action of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* was the commencement of a series of signal victories. It proved the absolute necessity of filling up the crews of our fleet to their full complement, of introducing a stricter discipline, and maintaining a greater state of efficiency.

"It soon became known in *Halifax* that the ships now approaching were the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, and that the former was in charge of Lieutenant *Provo Wallis*, a native of *Halifax*, who was in temporary command in consequence of the severe and dangerous wounds of her gallant captain. This circumstance naturally added to the enthu-

siasm of the citizens, for they felt that through him they had some share in the honour of the achievement. No one could have supposed that these ships had been so recently engaged in mortal combat, for, as they slowly passed up to the dockyard, they appeared as if they had just returned from a cruise—their rigging being all standing and wholly uninjured. They were tolerably well matched in size—the *Chesapeake* being only seventy tons larger than her antagonist, and her broadside only fifty pounds heavier. The greatest disparity was in their respective crews, the *American* force outnumbering the *British* by 110 men—a superiority which would probably have proved fatal in a contest finally decided by boarding had not her losses in killed and wounded reduced them to a nearer equality. Nor was the *American* commander *(Lawrence)* inferior to his opponent in courage and weight of character. He had, a short time previously, while in command of the *United States* sloop-of-war *Hornet*, captured, after a short and gallant contest, the sloop-of-war *Peacock*, one of the first ships of her class in the *British* navy. The *prestige* of his name was such that the inhabitants of *Boston* regarded the capture of the *Britisher* who had so presumptuously challenged the *Chesapeake* as a matter of positive certainty. *Lawrence* was especially popular with the *American* seamen, who, when they heard he had received the command of the *Chesapeake*, flocked to his standard in great numbers from all the adjacent ports, and enabled him not only to fill up the full complement of the ship's crew with picked men, but to add to their number many additional volunteers selected from the best seamen in

the eastern states. No ship ever left an *American* port so fully and so ably manned as this frigate. So entirely did the people of *Boston* anticipate an easy and a speedy victory that they prepared a banquet for the captors on their return from the conflict, to which they magnanimously resolved to invite Captain *Broke* and his officers. The wharf from which the last boat was despatched to the ship was crowded with an excited and exulting throng, who cheered their departing countrymen. The feeling of confident triumph was, with one exception, unanimous. A negro in the crowd, who had spent the greater part of his life about the dock-yard at *Halifax*, observing in the boat a coloured friend, gave vent to his humour or patriotism by saying, 'Goodbye, *Sam*, you is going to *Halifax* before you comes back to *Bosting;* give my lub to requiring friends, and tell 'em I is berry well.' For this harmless but inappropriate sally he was instantly thrown into the dock, amid the execrations and derision of the enraged citizens, and narrowly escaped with his life.

"Of the action it would be presumption in me to speak. You are in possession of official documents and authentic details, while all I know about it is what I heard after the arrival of the belligerents in the harbour. In fifteen minutes after the first broadside was fired both ships were under weigh for *Halifax*, the *Shannon* leading the way and her prize following. The *Bay of Boston* at the time was filled with schooners, sloops, and sail-boats, to witness the combat; and the adjoining headlands, between the scene of action and *Cape Cod*, were crowded with people striving to catch a

glimpse of the capture of the *British* frigate. When it was observed that she was in advance, and the *Chesapeake* following, it was unanimously agreed that she was endeavouring to escape, and that the latter was in full chase. The event was hailed with every noisy demonstration of joy, and was communicated to the city, where the only fear entertained was that she would not overtake her flying foe in time for the victorious officers to partake of the splendid banquet which had been provided for them. It was the last view the *Bostonians* were ever destined to have of their frigate, which had fulfilled the prophecy of the negro, and gone to visit *Halifax*.

"As soon as possible after the vessels had anchored near the dockyard there, a young friend and myself procured a boat and pushed off, to endeavour to obtain permission to visit them. We were refused admission to the *Shannon*, in consequence of Captain *Broke* requiring quiet and repose on account of his severe wounds; but we were more fortunate in obtaining access to the *Chesapeake*. Externally she looked, as I have already said, as if just returned from a short cruise; but internally the scene was one never to be forgotten by a landsman. The deck had not been cleaned (for reasons of necessity that were obvious enough), and the coils and folds of ropes were steeped in gore as if in a slaughter-house. She was a fir-built ship, and her splinters had wounded nearly as many men as the *Shannon's* shot. Pieces of skin, with pendant hair, were adhering to the sides of the ship; and in one place I noticed portions of fingers protruding, as if thrust through the outer wall of the frigate; while several of the sailors, to whom liquor had evidently

been handed through the portholes by visitors in boats, were lying asleep on the bloody floor as if they had fallen in action and had expired where they lay. Altogether, it was a scene of devastation as difficult to forget as to describe. It is one of the most painful reminiscences of my youth, for I was but seventeen years of age, and it made upon me a mournful impression that, even now, after a lapse of half a century, remains as vivid as ever.

"The guns of the *Chesapeake* had all names given to them, which were painted in large white letters, such as '*Free Trade*,' '*Sailors' Rights*,' '*Bloody Murder*,' '*Sudden Death*,' '*Nancy Dawson*,' &c., &c. In looking back on these arrangements, one cannot help regarding with a feeling of contempt this incessant and vulgar appeal to popular prejudice, now so common among the *Americans*. The two first mottoes, '*Free Trade*' and '*Sailors' Rights*,' are those which the *Yankees* have the least pretence of any civilized community on earth to claim to respect or protect. In trade they are close protectionists, and ever have been; and as for 'Sailors' Rights,' it is well known that there is more tyranny, oppression, and cruelty practised towards seamen in their navy and mercantile marine than in that of all other nations of the world combined. I observed on the quarterdeck the figure of a large man wrapped up in the *American* flag. I was told it was the corpse of the gallant Captain *Lawrence*, who fell in the discharge of his duty, and whose last words are reported to have been, 'Don't give up the ship.' He was buried at *Halifax*, with all the respect due to his bravery and his misfortune.

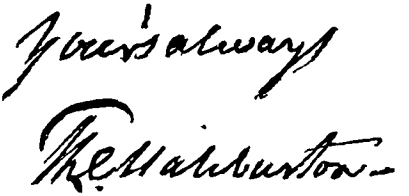
"With the subsequent history of the *Chesapeake* you are

better acquainted than myself. She remained a long time in the harbour of *Halifax*, and finally proceeded to *England*, where she was broken up.

"The annals of the *British* navy furnish numerous instances of gallant frigate actions, but that of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* is equalled by few and surpassed by none, while its consequences and effect on the subsequent events of the war render it, in my opinion, the most important one on record.

"The name of *Broke* will ever be regarded with pride and pleasure by that service of which he was so distinguished a member; and it must be a great gratification to his family and friends to know that that feeling is fully participated in by a grateful country.

"I am, my dear Sir *George*,



From the declaration of war by *America* till the first of *June*, 1813, it was felt that, however actively and perseveringly the *Shannon* cruised, the time passed in a monotonous and depressing round of sameness. It was a time of the purest self-sacrifice. The motive and object were to add to the honours and renown of the *British* flag, to elevate the character of the *British* seaman, and to humble an "insidious enemy" by defeat. But prizes were useless—they were burnt. This common incentive and reward for zealous services, both with officers and men, being thus given up, and

the great object for which they were so surrendered not presenting itself, disappointment was natural, and some words of discontent were too common in ranks that should have been more patriotic. Still, all were sound *at heart*, and their captain was entirely beloved. The men well knew what they could do. They thoroughly appreciated the *training* they had received under their commander's *own* eye. They *enjoyed* their exercises, and prided themselves on their proficiency in the use of *all arms*. They ardently longed for a meeting with an *American* frigate, quite indifferent as to her size or power. Without presumption they said "*If any ship can do it, we are that ship;*" and their minds were resolved to endure the severest contest and to conquer. Still, their hope was deferred—they feared it would never be realized; and, *in the common duties of the daily routine*, the effect upon their spirits was easily perceptible. The fire was "*banked up*," not extinguished. A masthead report of "suspicious sail," and it flamed forth again as intensely as ever.

But the events in and of war are like others. It is never known beforehand "what a day may bring forth;" and, in this case, where despondency was great, and "hope had fled upon her viewless wings," the very next dawn of day recalled her; and, before sunset, every wish was to be gratified, every sacrifice to be repaid, and every exertion to be rewarded by the capture of the long-waited-for enemy. At six o'clock in the evening of the 1st of *June*, 1813, the *Chesapeake*, *American* frigate, was prize to the *Shannon*, after a most severe and gallant contest of eleven minutes!—"*most severe*," because in those "eleven minutes" there fell in the two ships,

in killed and wounded, as many men as composed the crew of an *English* frigate of thirty-eight guns; and on board the *Shannon* alone as many as any seventy-four-gun ship ever lost in battle, with only three or four exceptions! There is an account of this battle attached to some published lithographic prints which so fully describes it, and which may be relied upon for its exact truth, that it is unnecessary to go over that ground *here;* but some particulars of more minute detail are added as being interesting, *because* connected with so "important an action."

There were landed from the *Chesapeake* at *Halifax*—

2439	18-pounder round shot.
867	32-pounder „ „
88	12-pounder „ „ for her top gun.
456	18-pounder grape shot.
272	18-pounder canister shot.
142	18-pounder double-headed shot.
38	18-pounder star shot.
2	18-pounder bar shot.
12	boxes of loose grape shot.
78	barrels of powder, 1 cwt. each.
77	ditto „ „ 55 lbs. each.
3	ditto „ „ 75 „ „
1	ditto „ ammunition.
12,260	lbs. nearly, total.

The following is a corrected list of officers and men who boarded the *Chesapeake* from the *Shannon:*

OFFICERS.	MIDSHIPMEN.
Captain *P. B. V. Broke.*	*William Smith.*
Lieut. *G. I. L. Watts.*	*Henry Martin Drake.*
„ *C. L. Falkiner.*	

SEAMEN.

1. *William Stack.*
2. *John Dabnie.*
3. *Andrew Webster.*
4. *John Winnester.*
5. *William Mendham.*
6. *J. Johnston.*
7. *Wm. Beckles.*
8. *Hy. Barker.*
9. *John Thompson.*
10. *Thos. Ormston.*
11. *Ed. Rexworthy.*
12. *John Landelin.*
13. *Thos. Elder.*
14. *Thos. Thompson.*
15. —— *McQuin.*
16. —— *Wright.*
17. *Jos. Wallace.*
18. *John Collier.*
19. *Jas. Bulger.**
20. *Wm. Mathews.*
21. *Wm. McNeish.*
22. *Robin Hood.*
23. *Jos. Fleming.*
24. *Jos. Fish.*
25. *John Lee.*
26. *Peter Van Loo.*
27. *Wm. Woodburn.*
28. *Wm. King.*
29. *Rd. Taylor.*
30. *Jos. Holt.*
31. *Thos. Hall* (gunner's mate).
32. *John Green.*
John Hampson.
Thos. Ormston.

MARINES.

33. Sergt. *Mollineux.*
34. *Thos Young.*
35. *John Hill.*
36. —— *Saunders.*
37. —— *Osborne.*
39. Four men, *Belle Poules.*
41. „ „ *Martins.*
43. „ „ *Spartans.*
45. „ „ *Irishmen.*

45 Total.
5 Officers.
50 Total.

* This man, *James Bulger*, boarded without arms, or rather, *unarmed;* his excuse was, "I knew I should find plenty lying about her decks." He told me shortly afterwards that he picked up a boarding-pike, and, turning to some men who were working with him, he said, by way of appeal, "And then did I not spit them, by ——." To this day I feel the shudder which his accent, emphasis, and attitude gave me—he being an *Irishman*, whom Captain *Broke* never refused to take, though scarcely any other captain would do so.

The difference between this list and a former one is caused by additional names of men as given by *Joseph Johnston.*

The number of souls who *boarded* the *Chesapeake* was not ascertained officially at the time. The above list is made out from the recollections of *Wm. Mendham* and *Joseph Johnston, who were among* the boarders. It may not be *quite* correct, but if there is any error it is in its *excess.* N.B. —Captain *Broke* told the writer that he did not *intend* to board *personally;* but, said he, "The ships touched at so small a point, and seeing that they would very quickly separate, it was necessary that every man who could possibly get on board her should go on the instant; therefore I gave the order to board, threw down my trumpet, and went on board with the rest, as a matter of necessity." The marines of the *Shannon* were drawn up on the gangways—the first division on the starboard gangway, under the first lieutenant *(Johns),* and the second division on the larboard gangway, under their second lieutenant *(Law).* This division was orded to move to the forecastle as soon as the *Chesapeake* fell on board the *Shannon;* and just as they were passing the bow of the launch, a thirty-two-pound shot struck the top of the stern of the boat and made a host of splinters, but did not hurt anyone, as it is believed, though it checked the *march* for an instant. This shot had come through the top sides of the forecastle, just abaft the after gun, and, in doing so, knocked all the lining planks (inside) away. They had been miserably fastened by insufficient spikenails, instead of being bolted and clinched. Another shot had knocked in the fore-end of the

waist-hammocks; and it was here the purser (Mr. *Oldham*) and the clerk (Mr. *Dunn*) were killed. Captain *Broke* must have been within a single step of them when they fell, and it is wonderful how he escaped not only this shot but the whole fire of the broadside, which certainly marked the *Shannon* from end to end.

In Captain *Broke's* published letter there were some errors which vexed him much: one was that *Smith* stormed the enemy's foretop; the real truth is, he was going along the foreyard to do so when the *Americans* fled to the deck, the last of whom was a hulking midshipman with great boots on (like an *English* trawler wears), who slid down the topmast backstay on to the forecastle, and *Smith* followed him so closely down the same backstay that he alighted upon him, and tumbled him over on the deck. This middy was so alarmed at this that he begged and prayed to have his life spared; and Captain *Broke*, who was then being led (very seriously wounded) from near the same spot to the *Chesapeake's* quarterdeck, took the middy with him *by the collar*, and so saved his life: the backstay had been shot in two, and so overhung the deck of the forecastle. Another was about the marine officers boarding at the head of their divisions. They did not board at all. Captain *Broke* was much vexed at these and other mistakes in the letter, and said to me, at *Halifax*, on the 28th of *June*, "It is all *Tommy Fenn's* and *Stevenson's* fault; to amuse me they used to come and tell me a heap of such tales day after day, and I thought they must be true." Of course, his wound accounts for everything; he was so exhausted from loss of blood that every possible

means to support and cheer him up were resorted to, and with this object the two youngsters had used their anecdotes!

As a singular instance of presence of mind the following fact is now introduced:

When Captain *Broke* was lying on the *Chesapeake's* forecastle deck after he was wounded, and covered entirely with lime and blood, he had a struggle for life with a huge *American* who was beside him, and also wounded. The *American* was the stronger of the two; both were weak, and the struggle was *faint.* At last the *American* managed to get uppermost; he had picked up a bayonette. Captain *Broke* had tried to find his dagger, but could not do so. The *American* had lifted his arm and weapon to strike. At this moment *John Hill,* a marine, came up. *Hill* took it for granted the undermost one *must* be the enemy! He pointed his bayonette, accordingly, and was on the point to thrust, when Captain *Broke* called out, "Poh poh, you fool; don't you know your captain?" *Hill* raised his arm and run the *American* through! Now, so critical was all this, that had Captain *Broke* lost his presence of mind, and spoken in a manner and voice unusual to himself, *Hill* would certainly have made a wrong and fatal attack. But Captain *Broke* spoke as calmly and as naturally in voice and manner as he had been used to do for years on board the *Shannon,* and before the man who now delivered him (one may say) as a consequence of that "*presence of mind.*" Thirty-two *British* subjects were found on board the *Chesapeake,* and, as Captain *Broke* said, "*after it was all over!*" and, it was said at the time, as well as

believed by all, that the resistance made against the *Shannon's* boarders was by *Englishmen!* who, if captured, would probably be hung at the yardarm as traitors to their country. The three men who attacked Captain *Broke* and wounded him were *British* subjects.

When the maindeck of the *Chesapeake* was captured, and her crew were driven below and secured on the lower deck, it was not intended to do more till reinforcements arrived from the *Shannon;* but an *American, after submission,* having fired up through the main-hatchway gratings and killed *Young,* a marine, Lieut. *Falkiner* ordered the gratings to be lifted and the *Americans* to be fired upon. Captain *Broke* asked what this firing was, and, when explained to him, he ordered the prisoners to be driven into the hold. They grumbled, and were slow in their movements; but a few slight touches of the steel soon brought them to obedience.

The *Chesapeake* was struck by twenty-five round thirty-two-pounder shot, as under:

Nos. 1. 1 in bowsprit, inside gammoning, three inches deep.
„ 2. 1 mainmast, twenty feet above deck, half through, the aft part of mast splintered away.
„ 3. 1 mizenmast, twelve feet above deck, fore part split, one-third mast away.
„ 4. 1 water's edge, under thirteenth gun, through.
„ 5. 1 ditto ditto ditto ditto.
„ 6. 1 under after port, through.
„ 7. 1 ditto ditto.
„ 8. 1 in the run, three feet above water line, through.
„ 9. 1 close to gunroom port, through.

Nos. 10. 1 in stern window uprights, through.
„ 11. 1 ditto ditto ditto.
„ 12. 1 quarterdeck bulwarks, main channels, through.
„ 13. 1 ditto ditto ditto ditto.
„ 14. 1 ditto ditto ditto ditto.
„ 15. 1 Abaft after port, larboard quarter gallery all shot away,
„ 16. 1 three large holes made by shot at the larboard angle
„ 17. 1 of the stern, through into maindeck, three times as
„ 18. 1 large as the hawser holes; the shot entered diagonally,
„ 19. 1 crippling the larboard cabin guns, tearing down the
„ 20. 1 beams over head, and some passing out, abreast the
„ 21. 1 mainmast, on the starboard side. The carpenter reported
„ 22. 1 that thirty or forty round shot of sizes entered here.
„ 23. 1 Through in starboard lower counter,* seven planks were
„ 24. 1 shot through, and the stern parts were shot to pieces.
„ 25. 1

Only two nine-pounder shot struck the *Chesapeake.*

Nos. 1. One in mainmast, twelve feet above deck.
„ 2. One in the end of skid beam, over eighth gun on maindeck.

N.B.—The nine-pounder gun on the quarter deck of the *Shannon* was out of bearing after the first broadside, and the nine-pounder gun on the forecastle was turned fore and aft, when the *Chesapeake* fouled the *Shannon*, to fire

* The *Chesapeake* had a kind of double transom, by a transverse timber being laid athwart the stern frame, and inside all the usual stern frame woodwork. It formed a shelf, or flat surface, in the after gunroom, just below the stern ports. This woodwork, from the inside to the out, must have been full five feet. It was much shot and split up by shot. One eighteen-pounder shot had entered it somewhat diagonally, and penetrated it for nearly *seven feet!* All the spare compasses in the *Chesapeake* had been placed on this woodwork or table, and were so shot, or knocked about, they were useless; and the binnacle compasses having been destroyed also, the prize had not one left to steer by.

upon the maintop, and drive the enemy's marksmen (about sixteen, with rifles) out of it. It was at this gun Mr. *Samwell* was mortally wounded *whilst laying it.* All this may account for only two nine-pounder shot striking the *Chesapeake.* Besides the riflemen in the maintop there were about twelve in the foretop and seven in the mizen.

From the slings of the mainyard Mr. *Cosnahan,* midshipman of the *Shannon,* shot five men out of the seven in the *Chesapeake's* mizentop. The men in the *Shannon's* maintop loaded the muskets and handed them down to Mr. *Cosnahan* through the "lubbers' hole," and he alone fired them.*. Now this is important to show how the *Chesapeake* laid on board the *Shannon,* for Mr. *Cosnahan* could not have seen into the *Chesapeake's* mizentop unless the *Chesapeake's* taffrail had been *well* before the *Shannon's* gangway port. It was, indeed, only just abaft the *Shannon's* forechains; for Captain *Broke,* in boarding, stepped from the fore end of the *Shannon's* gangway hammocks on to the after quarterdeck gun of the *Chesapeake,* and from thence over the hammocks on to her quarterdeck; whilst *William Stack,* coxswain of the captain's gig, boarded her by passing from the *Shannon's* boom boats along her spanker boom, which overhung them. When the *Chesapeake* was boarded most of the men in the fore and maintops fled to the deck, and so did one out of the mizentop; the seventh man in this top kept up his fire on the boarders,

* The *Shannon's* fore and maintops were protected by a "top cloth," which went round outside the rigging and along the toprail, and then across by the heel of the topmast, so that the small-arm men in the top were concealed from the sight of an enemy.

and much annoyed them. He was closely watched, but no one could get a shot at him. A seaman—a tall, strong man (his name not certain, but perhaps *Gorman*)—stormed the top, and threw the *American* out into the starboard quarter boat of the *Chesapeake*. This was done just as the forecastle contest was ending.

It may be mentioned here that the loader of the ninth gun on the quarterdeck of the *Shannon* was struck by a grape shot. It entered just below the stomach, and fell into the cavity of the body; but the brave fellow loaded his gun although thus wounded. He would not go below, and was led to the arm chest, abaft the after gun, and there he lay down in dreadful agony, and begging those about him to put their hands into the wound and take the shot out, saying, "I shall do well enough if you will only do that." Of course he died.

The *Chesapeake* was struck by twenty-nine eighteen-pounder round shot, as under:

Nos. 1. 1 in foremast, four inches deep, twenty feet above deck.
„ 2. 1 in mainmast, five inches deep, and five feet above maindeck.
„ 3. 1 in larboard bow, before foremost gun, through into maindeck.
„ 4. 1 ditto ditto ditto ditto ditto.
„ 5. 1 between third and fourth gun, through into maindeck.
„ 6. 1 under seventh gun, through into maindeck.
„ 7. 1 about thirteenth gun, through into maindeck.
„ 8. 1 ditto ditto ditto ditto.
„ 9. 1 in larboard quarter gallery, through into maindeck.
„ 10. 1 ditto ditto ditto ditto.
„ 11. 1 ditto ditto ditto ditto.

Nos. 12. 1 close to stern port, fourteen inches deep.
„ 13. 1 under stern port, three inches deep.
„ 14. 1 ditto ditto ditto.
„ 15. 1 in starboard lower counter, through.
„ 16. 1 ditto ditto ditto.
„ 17. 1 ditto ditto ditto.
„ 18. 1 ditto ditto ditto.
„ 19. 1 upper counter, through into maindeck.
„ 20. 1 ditto ditto ditto.
„ 21. 1 ditto ditto ditto.
„ 22. 1 in stern window uprights, into maindeck.
„ 23. 1 ditto ditto ditto.
„ 24. 1 in forecastle bulwarks, above fore channels, through.
„ 25. 1 ditto ditto ditto ditto.
„ 26. 1 in quarterdeck bulwarks, over mizen channels, through.
„ 27. 1 in quarterdeck bulwarks, over main channels, through.
„ 28. 1 ditto ditto ditto ditto.
„ 29. 1 ditto ditto ditto ditto.

N.B.—One quarterdeck carronade and four maindeck guns were rendered useless. The carronade was dismounted; one (fourth gun) of the maindeck guns was split at the muzzle for more than a foot; one in the cabin had the cascable knocked off, and was otherwise shot; another in the cabin had been struck by two or three severe shots, and the carriage shot through; another, the third from aft, was also damaged. They certainly could not have been fired again with safety. Some trucks were also split; but this did not prevent working these guns, as the *Chesapeake* had half trucks bolted on to the carriages, just within the *side*.

So that had the *Shannon* not boarded, and the action had been renewed *on that side*, the *Chesapeake's* force would

have been reduced by four or five guns, independent of loss of men and damaged rigging.

After the *Chesapeake* fouled the *Shannon* by a *stern board* she fell round off and tore away from the lashings. In doing so she carried away the *Shannon's* spritsailyard, her jibstay, and the flying jib-boom. Her foreyard *hooked* the jibstay, and so carried it away; but the jib itself was not torn, though it came down with the stay.

The *Chesapeake* was struck by 306 grape shot, as under:

No. of Shot.		
Whilst passing the *Shannon.*	7,	3 inches deep in bowsprit.
	2,	10 ditto foremast, six feet above deck.
	1,	4 ditto ditto, twenty ditto.
	2,	10 ditto mainmast, twenty ditto.
	7,	3 ditto mizenmast, ten ditto.
	4,	3 ditto ditto, fifteen ditto.
	50,	at various depths on larboard bow.
	6,	3 inches in the wales, under second and third guns.
	6,	through third and fourth guns.
	8,	3 inches deep, third and fourth guns.
	6,	4 ditto fourth gun.
	20,	about the forechains; ship's side covered with grape.
	9,	3 inches deep, sixth and seventh guns.
	11,	2 ditto under seventh gun.
	5,	2 ditto ninth gun.
These hits whilst on board of the *Shannon.*	2,	2 ditto water's edge, thirteenth gun.
	2,	2 ditto after maindeck port.
	3,	3 ditto at water's edge, under after port.
	10,	at various depths in larboard quarter gallery.
	30,	at various depths abaft after port, and in stern frame.
	12,	3 inches deep about stern ports.
	30,	at various depths in lower counter.
	60,	through forecastle bulwarks.

No. of Shot.

5, through forecastle hammocks.

5, through quarterdeck hammocks, in wake of main rigging.

12, 3 inches deep in mizenchains.

306 total.

This list shows how well the *Shannon's* guns were loaded; and, if the *Chesapeake's* side was thus marked by grape, the round shot must have hit also, or have entered the ports.

SUMMARY OF *SHANNON'S* FIRE ON *CHESAPEAKE.*

The general cannonade lasted six minutes. It was said at the time of the action, and corroborated by the marks made on the deck over the guns on the maindeck, that, as near as possible, two and a half broadsides were fired by the *Shannon* from her maindeck guns. Allowing these guns to be double-shotted this would give fifty-six shots to be accounted for; add to these fourteen shots for the half-broadside (double-shotted) gives seventy shots; then two or three van guns kept up their fire longer than the broadside guns, and adding twelve shots for these guns makes a total of eighty-two shots, eighteen-pounders, to be accounted for. Now, twenty-nine are accounted for by the *shot holes* in the *Chesapeake;* besides these the carpenter reported that thirty or forty had entered the stern. Allow thirty-five of these to be really effective shots, and add them to the twenty-nine, you have sixty-four effective eighteen-pounder shots, which taken from eighty-two, the probable number fired away,

leaves eighteen unaccounted for.* But as the *Chesapeake's* hammocks were driven in on the forecastle, waist, and quarter-deck, in several places in gaps, some of these eighteen shot unaccounted for may fairly be said to have struck there, and if so must have crippled some of the enemy; but if not so allowed, then *only* eighteen shot from the *Shannon's* main-deck were thrown away, and this will be admitted to be an amazing *accuracy of fire.* But above the hammocks the lower rigging of the *Chesapeake* was very much cut up, several of the shrouds were in three and even four pieces. On the weather side only one shroud was left untouched in the foremast, on the mainmast only two or three were untouched, and on the mizenmast two shrouds were cut, and all those on the *weather side,* so that again some of the above eighteen shots may be admitted as *effective;* for such cutting to pieces of her weather lower rigging is a most important and serious injury to an opponent. Besides this effect on the standing rigging, the *running* rigging was much cut up *close down* to the *upperdeck,* so much so, indeed, that the *Chesapeake* could not have made sail, or braced her yards about, or trimmed her jib and foretopmast staysail, for want of the sheets, so as to accelerate her manœuvres, especially whilst under such close fire; and here again some of the unaccounted for shots may have done their duty effectively.

* The eighteen-pounder guns on board the *Shannon* could not have been loaded with *more* than two round shot, but some of them might have had only one round shot (with grape or canister shot), and if this be allowed it will reduce the number of eighty-two supposed to have been fired, and, consequently, the number of eighteen *unaccounted for.*

Then with respect to the thirty-two-pound shot from the carronades: as these guns would only train, less than two points *before*, and two points *abaft* the beam, except the after one, and as they were all single-shotted (one round shot and one grape) and could not have been fired more than twice each gun, except the aftermost one or two on the quarterdeck and the two on the forecastle, it is near enough to the truth to say that thirty shots were the greatest number which could have been fired from the carronades.

To account for the *cannonade* lasting six minutes and yet these guns not having been fired oftener than appears by the above statement, it is necessary to remember that the *Chesapeake* approached the *Shannon* very broad, aft, upon the quarter, sailing past the *Shannon*, about forty feet from her, and then got very far forward upon the bow, so that it was only the after guns which had a chance of firing more than two shots at the enemy as she approached, and the bow guns as she lay shaking in the wind and then drifting on board the *Shannon*. By this account, then, thirty shots, thirty-two-pounders, were fired from the *Shannon*, and by the carpenter's report it is shown that twenty-five took effect upon the *Chesapeake's* hull and masts. If the same reasoning is applied to the thirty-two-pound shots as is used with respect to the eighteen-pound shots "unaccounted for," it will appear as if not one thirty-two-pound shot fired from the *Shannon* was thrown away. In other words that every one of them struck the *Chesapeake's* hull or masts.

It may be as well to leave out of this account the nine-pounder shot fired from the *Shannon*, as one of those guns

on the quarterdeck could not have fired more than twice, and the other not more than once or twice on the broadside, as it was turned in to act at the maintop.

Then, by these statements, we have the

Number of eighteen-pounder shot fired at the *Chesapeake*,		82
Ditto thirty-two-pounder ditto ditto		30
	Total -	112
Number of eighteen-pounder shot accounted for	29	
Ditto ditto by carpenter's statement	35	
Ditto thirty-two-pounder shot accounted for	25	
Total number of shot accounted for - - -	89	89
Total number of shot unaccounted for - - -		23

Supposing these twenty-three shots did not strike the enemy, still the *Shannon's* fire must be admitted to be most accurate under the circumstances. There must be more excitement at the commencement of a battle than subsequently. The object fired at was not at rest, but moving past the *Shannon*, which, of course, wasted time, and interfered with the execution of the guns, by making it necessary to alter their "training" continually.

It may appear a vague and large allowance, to use the carpenter's report of thirty or forty shot having entered the *Chesapeake's* stern, over and above the number which could be ascertained by the holes and marks which they had made; but the wrecked state of the stern, the cabin in general, and the two or three after guns in it on the larboard side, showed and proved that many more round shot had taken effect there than could be accounted for by

individual marks. All was in such a state that it was evident every man who attempted to remain in them whilst the firing was going on must have been killed. The over head in the cabin was lined with fir-wood as a ceiling; and the whole of this was covered with splinters of gun-metal, and some of the beams were splintered down for some feet in length. Looking at this wreck, the carpenter's report of thirty or forty shot having entered there, *besides* those "accounted for," does not appear to be an exaggeration; yet it is a statement of a peculiar kind, and must, and will, be received according as it may be wished to enhance or decry the *Shannon's* gunnery. If that particular statement of the carpenter be disallowed, then there will be sixty-four eighteen-pounder shot *unaccounted* for out of eighty-two fired (as supposed) by the *Shannon*. Under the circumstances of the battle this is highly improbable; and to those who know the *training* of the *Shannon* it will appear *impossible*.

If twenty-five out of thirty (thirty-two-pounder shot) took effect, can it be possible that sixty-four (eighteen-pounder shot) were thrown away out of eighty-two, especially as the maindeck guns of the *Shannon* were less interrupted than the carronades, and long guns are always more accurate in their fire than carronades? It is also not improbable that in the carpenter's survey and report of *effective* shot some may have been called thirty-two pound which were really eighteen pound; but with the totals of *effective shot* there cannot be any mistake whatever.

It was said at the time when *Lawrence* was lying wounded in his own steerage he saw the *rush* of men down

the afterladders, and asked what it meant: the answer was, "The ship is boarded, and those are the *Chesapeake's* men driven from the upper and maindecks by the *English*." This news so enraged him that he called out two or three times very loudly, "Then, blow her up! blow her up!" He afterwards said, "I could have stood the wreck if it had not been for the boarding!" It is difficult to know exactly what he meant; but, certainly, the expression is a compliment to *Shannon's* fire, and to her boarders also.

The *Shannon* was struck by twelve eighteen-pounder shot:

Nos. 1. 1, grazed the foremast four inches deep, fifteen feet above deck.
„ 2. 1, struck the mainmast ten feet above deck, an impression only.
„ 3. 1, through the knee of the head.
„ 4. 1, through, between first and second maindeck.
„ 5. 1, two inches deep ditto ditto.
„ 6. 1, through two feet above water line, under forechains.
„ 7. 1, through sixth gun, in the wales.
„ 8. 1, four inches deep between eighth and ninth gun.
„ 9. 1, through, eighteen inches above water line, under tenth gun.
„ 10. 1, through ditto ditto ditto, under twelfth gun.
„ 11. 1, nearly through ditto fourteenth gun.
„ 12. 1, through quarterdeck bulwarks, in mainchains.

N.B.—The shot number twelve passed through the lower portsill of the port, where the ninth gun was being worked on the quarterdeck; it then passed on through the gun-carriage and knocked out the quoin; the quoin struck the captain of the gun, *Driscol*, a marine, on the knees—broke the

muscles which confine the patellæ, and drove those bones (knee-caps) half-way up the man's thighs: he could not stand to work, and was led to the maindeck; but he would not go to the cock-pit. He was placed by the mainmast, and there he cried bitterly because he was thrown out of the fight.

At the instant spoken of Captain *Broke* was stepping over the train-tackle of that gun, and an eyewitness said "The shot must have passed between his legs;" it might easily have done so when one of his legs was lifted rather high to be clear of the train-tackle.

The *Shannon* was struck by thirteen shot, thirty-two-pounders:

Nos. 1. 1, on mainmast, on maindeck, mark only (see No. 9).
„ 2. 1, on mizenmast, sixteen feet above deck, splintering seven inches deep and five feet long.
„ 3. 1, through the knee of the head.
„ 4. 1, ditto ditto ditto.
„ 5. 1, lodged in the hawser hole.
„ 6. 1, through, under bridle port.
„ 7. 1, through, between third and fourth guns, maindeck.
„ 8. 1, ten inches deep, between fifth and sixth guns, maindeck.
„ 9. 1, through, between eighth and ninth guns, and then struck mainmast.
„ 10. 1, through, in the copper, under twelfth gun.
„ 11. 1, nearly through, in the wale, just under quarter gallery.
„ 12. 1, through quarterdeck bulwarks of mainchains.
„ 13. 1, through ditto ditto of mizenchains.

N.B.—In reality only twelve of thirty-two-pounders struck the *Shannon*, as numbers one and nine are the same shot making two hits. Number ten shot, after going through,

passed through one of the gunroom cabins, knocking out a part of the cabin bulkhead into the gunroom, and much hurting a magazine man stationed at the powder scuttle in the gunroom; the shot then rolled on, though very slowly, by the heel of the ship only, it is supposed, and would have fallen down the powder scuttle into the magazine passage had not the man stationed at that scuttle *turned* it away! If it had fallen down upon loose powder it might have ignited it and blown the ship up, if the precaution of damping the magazine passages had not destroyed the loose powder.

The *Shannon* was struck by fourteen bar shot:

Nos. 1. 1, mizenmast slightly grazed.
„ 2. 1, 3 inches deep in the copper under forechains.
„ 3. 1, 10 ditto ditto ditto ditto.
„ 4. 1, 5 inches deep in the copper under seventh gun.
„ 5. 1, 6 inches deep under eighth and ninth guns.
„ 6. 1, 6 ditto ditto ditto ditto.
„ 7. 1, 6 ditto ditto ditto ditto.
„ 8. 1, 6 ditto ditto ditto ditto.
„ 9. 1, in the copper under tenth gun, and ten inches deep.
„ 10. 1, ditto ditto ditto ditto ditto.
„ 11. 1, ditto ditto ditto ditto ditto.
„ 12. 1, ditto ditto ditto ditto ditto.
„ 13. 1, nearly through under thirteenth gun.
„ 14. 1, ditto ditto ditto.

Effective - - - - - - -	0
Non-effective - - - - -	14
Total - - - -	14

N.B.—Bar shot did not cause any leakage. If they struck *end in* they entered, and were as tight as a plug; if they

struck flat (as it were) they made a mark only, and fell into the sea.

The *Shannon* was struck by 119 grape shot:

Nos. 7,	4 and 7 inches deep	in bowsprit.
„ 4,	1½ inch deep	in mainmast.
„ 4,	3 inches deep	in mizenmast.
„ 7,		in hawser pieces.
„ 2,	3 inches deep	in copper forechains.
„ 2,	4 ditto ditto	wales, under fifth and sixth guns.
„ 7,	5 ditto ditto	ditto ditto.
„ 6,	4 ditto ditto	copper, under seventh gun.
„ 12,	3 ditto ditto	ditto tenth gun.
„ 6,	3 ditto ditto	ditto ditto.
„ 3,	3 ditto ditto	ditto twelfth gun.
„ 4,	2 ditto ditto	ditto ditto.
„ 5,	2 deep	under thirteenth gun.
„ 1,	3 ditto	fourteenth gun.
„ 6,		through quarter gallery.*
„ 20,		through forecastle bulwarks.
„ 13,		through quarterdeck bulwarks, mainchains.
„ 10,		ditto ditto ditto, mizenchains.
119		

Effective - - - - -	49
Non-effective - - - - -	70
Total - - - -	119

N.B.—The grape did not pass through anywhere below the bulwarks; but it would appear that every one of the grape shot which struck the bulwarks passed *through* them.

* In which *William Beach*, the captain's servant, was quartered as small-arm man.

SUMMARY OF SHOT.

The *Shannon* was struck by

32-pounder shot	13	
18-pounder shot	12	
Grape shot	119	
Bar shot	14	difference—12
Total	158	

The *Chesapeake* was struck by

32-pounder shot	25	difference—12	
18-pounder shot	29	ditto	17
Grape shot	306	ditto	187
9-pounder shot	2		
Total	362		216
			12
			204

Shannon	158	
Chesapeake	362	
Difference	204	shot of all sizes.

But as not one of the *bar* shot which struck the *Shannon* was effective by passing *through* the ship's side, the real difference in favour of the *Shannon's* fire is 218 shot of all sizes. The bar shot appeared to have struck the side of the *Shannon*, making great scratches or marks, and then to have fallen into the sea. One, however, struck the *Shannon end on*, and its end came through the side and protruded itself on the maindeck, between the eight-pounder and nine-pounder guns, eighteen inches above the deck and

about four inches long; the outer parts had broken off. The bar shot were made by six or seven pieces of square bar iron, each having a welded eye, and about two feet or two and a half long, and a strong iron ring; this ring was passed through the eyes of the legs and welded. They appeared to have been made for the eighteen-pounders only. Now, looking at the above table the *Chesapeake's* fire was excellent, for she struck the *Shannon* with twenty-eight shot of all sizes every minute, and this notwithstanding the *Shannon* struck her with sixty shot of all sizes every minute. But confine this view to thirty-two-pounders and eighteen-pounders, and then the *Shannon* was struck with four shot every minute, and the *Chesapeake* with nine! or 540 shot in an hour, or at the rate of 540 round shot per hour. One question is "How many such shot must enter a frigate's hull before she is crippled or silenced?" Is it thirty? Fifty is certainly a large allowance if the fight is a sea fight; but say forty shots must silence and capture a frigate, then it is *clear* that *whatever* frigate opposed herself to the *Shannon* must either take her in half an hour or be herself taken, for as it is allowed that forty shot in the hull will cripple and silence her, the *Shannon* would have placed *there* 270 in the half hour, or 230 shots more than is supposed to be required to cripple and silence her. Two *French* frigates were taken at different periods by one of equal force, neither of these frigates had thirty shots in their *hulls*. The *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* engaged within a ship's width (forty feet) of each other, and it is worthy of remark that, even at this *very* small distance, *some* of the heaviest shot stuck in their

sides. The grape shot did not penetrate into the maindecks, but only through the bulwarks, and the ports, of course. The bar shot were perfectly useless against the hull, lower masts, lower yards, and their slings, as well as against the topmasts. They would take effect against the lower rigging *only*, and the best way to use them would be to appoint two guns on the maindeck for that purpose, only if the ships were near enough, say a cable's length at the outside. The *Chesapeake* fired away a good deal of case langridge, but it was useless except to aggravate wounds on the men.

The following extract from *Rush's Residence at the Court of London** was kindly contributed by *Francis Capper Brooke*, Esq.; and those from the *Naval Sketch Book*, which follow it, by *William Boone*, Esq., the learned amateur book collector, of *New Bond Street.*

"The *Chesapeake*, it is true, was captured. The *English* captain won his prize gallantly; let no *American* gainsay this. We heard how the achievement was hailed in *England;* the more as it had been preceded by a series of encounters terminating differently. But, with whatever satisfaction received there, I cannot think that it equalled the opposite feeling in the *United States.* I remember (what *American* does not?) the first rumour of it. I remember the startling sensation. I remember, at first, the universal incredulity. I remember how the post offices were thronged for successive days with anxious thousands; how collections of citizens rode out for miles on the highway, accosting the

* Mr. *Rush* was Minister from the *United States* to the Court of *St. James'*.

mail to catch something by anticipation. At last, when the certainty was known, I remember the public gloom: funeral orations, badges of mourning, bespoke it. 'Don't give up the ship!' the dying words of *Lawrence*, slain by the first broadside, were on every tongue. His remains were interred at *Halifax*, with the honours due to a brave foe. But not long did they lie there. When peace came, a vessel fitted out by *American* sea-officers, and by these exclusively manned, brought them back to his country. There they rest, under the laurel and cypress; for he, too, had formerly triumphed over his *English* adversary, ship to ship. Others may augur the naval destinies of the *United States* from their victories; I, from the feelings that followed this defeat."

"To applications made during the past war with *America*, except in the case of two or three favourites at the Board, for 'sights' to the guns, the only reply vouchsafed was, that 'it was not according to the regulation of the service, and could not be complied with.' This inuendo, which, to an officer of no private fortune, was equivalent to a prohibition, luckily, for the honour of both the service and the *British* flag, had no effect on that spirited commander, Sir *Philip Broke*, all of whose guns on board the *Shannon* were sighted on his own responsibility. This officer, who is, perhaps, the best practical naval gunner in the service, not contented with this advantage, had arranged the whole ship's battery by such an admirable adjustment that he had only to call out the number—on what (by his system)

is termed the 'quadrant' of the gun—to insure every shot on the same deck being thrown on the same level, and, by concentration, made to strike exactly the same spot;* though, from the sheer of the ship, this never could have been accomplished had he not previously elevated or cut down the carriages of his guns by means of a spirit level."

"ON CHEERING IN ACTION.—A splendid exception to the rule attempted to be established here occurs in the glorious instance of the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*, in which not a sound preceded the discharge of the *Shannon's* guns, which were fired in succession into the *American's* ports as he ranged up alongside of his opponent, after rounding-to within pistol range of the weather quarter of the latter. In this fight it was deemed, perhaps, expedient by Sir *P. Broke* that profound silence should prevail, so as to insure a strict compliance with his directions, as he depended as much on his superior tactics as on the bravery of his crew. This action was anything but an obstinate engagement; and the victory may be attributed to the superior gunnery and the admirable state of preparation in which that officer kept his ship. It seems, therefore, no exception to the general inference—that in all cases of danger and difficulty, especially when the effects of temporary depression of spirits or ardour are to be apprehended, the practice is invigorating and salutary."†

* "It is said Captain *Broke* awarded premiums out of his own private purse to the best marksmen in the *Shannon*."

† *Naval Sketch Book;* vol. i. 1831.

§ V.

ARRIVAL AND ILLNESS AT HALIFAX.

It has been well observed that if, in a court of justice, several witnesses be examined as to any particular transaction, they will agree in the main but differ in their details. One will supply a fact omitted by another; and it is by condensing and blending together all the testimony of the several witnesses that we obtain a complete account of the matter to be investigated. In doing this, and however carefully, it is yet always difficult to avoid repetition; and, where the various statements range over several years, so to deal with them as to preserve the proper chronological order of a biography. I have found it so here, and it now becomes necessary to go back some paces that we may regain the time when *Broke* was brought nearly a lifeless victor to *Halifax*. It had been an anxious five days' trial for *Wallis* in the *Shannon* and *Falkiner* in the *Chesapeake*. The situation of *Broke* was still most critical. No details, whether of private friendship or of surgical science, can convey a full idea of the severity of his wound. Part of the scull was hewn away—the consequent hæmorrhage had literally drained the system of blood—and the brain itself remained open to view, pulsating visibly, and covered only by the *dura mater*, or outer investing membrane. When his friend, Commissioner *Wodehouse*, had first seen him, he returned on deck, and, leaning on the *Shannon's* capstan,

avowed, with a generous burst of sorrow, his belief that he *never* could recover. Then it was that Lieutenant *Wallis*, *heartened*, no doubt, by the happy results of his anxious week of care (a week during which he scarcely slept, and never changed nor removed his clothes), said, "Leave it to me; have his room ready in an hour, and I'll answer for his being there." How cheering is confidence like this. *Wodehouse* at once felt its influence, and departed on his errand of mercy. "Now, sir," said *Wallis*, to his almost exhausted commander, "Now, sir, I want you freed from all this noise and disturbance. I have had everything prepared, and I want to take you on shore." "Do with me as you please," was the gentle answer of the brave, good man; and immediately the lashings of the cot were severed, and the *Shannons* chosen for the honoured task tenderly bore their commander on deck, and then as gently lowered him over the side into the boat his young lieutenant had so carefully prepared for his reception. Thus he was conveyed to his friend's house, and there he passed many, many hours of suffering and (in the commissioner's unavoidable absence) of loneliness.

Slowly—very slowly—he regained his strength, and in about a month resumed, at intervals, his entries in his journals. When permitted by his surgeons to go out, he loved to stroll down to the dockyard and inspect the damages sustained by the stout old ship in the late action. Meanwhile in the *Naval Hospital*, about a quarter of a mile farther up *Chebuctoo Bay*, his wounded shipmates (such as still survived) were slowly recovering.

On the 5th of *September*, 1813, the *Shannon's* damages being fully repaired, and the hostile operations admitting of no delay, she was despatched on a cruise, under the command of Captain *Senhouse* (acting). She returned on the eighteenth with two detained *Spanish* vessels and a recaptured schooner.

Thus far I have only endeavoured to present to my readers the character of *P. B. V. Broke* as exhibiting his claim to be numbered among the most skilful and gallant officers that ever graced the annals of the *British* navy. I have now to justify the assertion, made some pages back, that he was also one of the tenderest and most devoted of husbands and fathers. In order to do this it will only be needful to insert here a few of his letters to his wife.

It is much to be lamented that the existence of these letters, and more than one hundred others of preceding dates (which will be given in Part III), was not known of by Sir G. Broke-Middleton until the work had proceeded thus far, as all doubts of the authenticity of the official letter, and all criticisms upon it, would then have been omitted.

The almost daily correspondence of Captain *Broke* with his wife shows the tedious progress of his recovery.

A few days after his removal from the *Shannon* to the hospitable residence of Commissioner *Wodehouse*, *Broke* regained the power of his right hand to such an extent as to enable him to write to his wife. Outside the letter, and just over a very indistinct impression of his seal, are the words, "*June* 12th, 1813, all well," traced in a very tremulous hand.

"*Halifax, June* 11th, 1813.

"My beloved *L*——,

"I am happy to tell you that we have at last gained a glorious victory, and, thank *God!* I am fast recovering of my wounds, and trust shall be quite well in *another week*, and shall very soon return to my affectionate *L*——*'s* arms. I was wounded in head, which also deprived me of use of right hand; but I mend fast. The papers will tell you particulars. My kind friend *Wodehouse* is nursing me carefully, and has written to my dear mother. I will write again soon. Heaven bless you all. Kiss little dears for your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*

"*Samwell* slightly hurt, but almost well."

"*Halifax, June* 19th, 1813.

"I am, thank *God!* recovering fast, though it will yet be some days before my wound is sufficiently closed to allow me to live well and get in good condition again. The constant headaches are now leaving me; I wish my beloved *L*——*'s* were as surely removed: they made me think of you, poor Gentle! I have been living on rice milk, but am now going to eat vegetables, &c.; in another week I shall live like other people. The doctors ordered me not to talk or think; indeed, I could not, without painful exertion, till lately. But now *Wodehouse* and my other friends come and chat with me, and I walk about upon the lawn. I wish it was in our shady old avenue at *Nacton*, with my sweet *L*——. I read idle

books to kill time, but cannot study yet. The dictating of my public letter was a painful effort to me, but I am stronger now. The neighbouring gardens have sent me some pretty bouquets of flowers for my room; indeed, everybody is most attentively kind to me, and to all my officers and crew, and they richly deserve it. I shall escape all the jovial dinners given us on our victory, though I may be able to enjoy private society before I sail again. The commissioner thinks *Shannon* must be ordered home before winter for repairs. Indeed, my beloved wife, all my plan now is to return to your arms, my dear children, and friends. I can now retire *with honour*. I was delighted to hear *George* had his company and was become permanent *aide-de-camp* to our friend *Clinton*. This, and my success, will soothe my dear mother's distress, and, I trust, enable her to enjoy many happy days. Write to her for me, and to *Mary*. I am regaining the use of my hand quickly; it was taken away by the blows on my head. *Samwell* had a musket shot through the flesh of his thigh, but is doing extremely well. Poor *Stack* lost an arm; I mean to get him made cook of *Chesapeake*. Another gig killed, "*Gilbert*," and *she* shot through and through, but repaired ready for my *L*——. Poor Mrs. *Aldham!* we expect her here. I have no doubt *Etough*, *Smith*, and *Leake* will be made lieutenants directly, and some more soon. *Samwell* should have his *time* sent out, though, I fear, he is not of age yet. *Tommy Fenn* is well, and shot at the enemy bravely with a *little gun*. *Barker* and *Grimley* well. *Driscoll* getting on fast; I have recommended him strongly. *Stokes* and *Mayne* both well. Oh! *George* says, as well as I, that you should live at *Stonehouse*,

particularly in summer. A doubtful droit has been decided in my favour, so I shall send home soon a thousand pounds more to *Child's;* so spare no money that can procure you comfort. Please *God* we shall soon meet; but live happy till we do, my beloved *L*——, and enjoy yourself with the dear children *God* has blessed us with, and with the amiable friends you have round you. Tell mamma I will write her soon. Give my love to all round you and in *Suffolk.* Heaven bless you all for your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*

"The foolish *Americans* have been publishing a thousand absurd lies. Not liking to believe that their ship was bigger than *Shannon,* and got such a terrible beating by *fair* play, as she did, the simpletons say we used *infernal machines.* They are sadly disappointed. They had *fetters* for *us all* upon deck ready, which came to their use.

"I open this again for a *cruel task.* I know how my beloved *L*—— will feel for a person who has been so kind and attentive to her and to the dear children; but poor Mrs. *Samwell's* son is gone. Only the night before, the doctors considered him safe, and I thought of nothing but his promotion; but his wound took a sudden turn from breaking a blood-vessel, and he went off whilst supposed to be asleep. The same chief surgeon attended him as has care of me, and every attention was shown him. I grieve for her and for my *L*——. I will write a letter to her for you to send; it may be relieving you, though she will come to you the same for comfort, and to vent her grief."

"*Halifax, June* 26th, 1813.

"I was much distressed, my beloved *L*——, at the cause of my opening my last letter again. Poor Mrs. *Samwell!* I enclose you a letter for her; perhaps you may prepare her by saying that her son was much weakened lately, though I fear she may hear it abruptly by the newspapers. * I have just received a letter from Admiral *Hope*, which confirms my taking home the next convoy in the *Shannon*. He says Lord *Melville* was going to send me out a new seventy-four, but, hearing of my wish to come home, * * * I am getting stronger, though, you see, I have not quite recovered the use of my hand; but my headaches are almost gone. I get some sleep now, and am beginning to eat meat. It is a slow cure, though no danger; and Dr. *Rowland* thinks it best not to hurry the closing up of my wound in the head, but it will, I think, be covered in a week more. I sit and read *idle books*, or creep about on *Wodehouse's* lawn for the air, and the ladies have very kindly sent me flowers to decorate my room; so I dress and plant them on the tables round me, to gaze on them and think of my *L*——. No great variety: suckling, columbine, wallflower, narcissus, and some fine lilac; but the unfortunate people have no laburnum to soften the gay hue. Fine irises, such as we had at *Stoke*, but I want more jonquille, or a sprig of yellow broom, to foil the overpowering blue. My garden is refreshed by fresh presents every morning. *Wodehouse*, *Capel*, and *Byron* (all living here) come and chat quietly to me, with some other friends; and to-day some

of my fair acquaintance came to congratulate me, and to prattle and smile on me to comfort me in my confinement. Oh, my poor *L*——, what a delight it would have been to have been at home in all this painful nursing, with my gentle, tender wife to watch and soothe me! But, now it is over, I am glad you were not here, and have escaped so much anxiety and fatigue as you would have exposed yourself to. *King* is just come back, quite well, from *West Indies;* and Sir *J. Warren* has sent him as fourth lieutenant of the *Shannon*, which I am much pleased with, and hope the Admiralty will confirm him.

"*Etough, Fenn*, and *Barker* are well.

"*Stark* and *Driscoll* are recovering very fast. Oh, write *George** and tell him if the thousand pounds I offered him to forward his promotion is wanted to complete it, it is at hand. I must close this to be ready for the ship, and my stiff fingers are very tired. Kiss little dears for me, and remember me to all friends. *God* bless you all for your anxious and affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*June* 29th or 30th.

"My beloved *L*—— will, I hope, soon receive the three letters I sent off to-day by *Vivid*, a runner; and one went for Admiral *Hope*, to thank him for his plan. This

* The *George* here mentioned, his younger brother, was an officer in the army.

is the first opportunity we have had since *Nova Scotia* sailed with the official letters and my scrawl for my *L*——, and I fear you will suffer much in the interval. I am getting on prosperously, thank *God!* but it is a slow cure, though the doctors say it is a very fine one. I have only to do as my poor tender *L*—— has done so often—bear my headaches with *patience,* and amuse myself as I can when they go away. I read a little, chat to quiet people, *creep on the grass,* and dress my flowers. Any serious occupation or study is too fatiguing for me yet, but I get bodily strength fast, and *(the ladies tell me)* am recovering my beauty wonderfully. Mrs. *Dixon* made me a pretty light bonnet to go on over all the turbans and dressings on my head, to keep the sun off. 'Tis something like a beef-eater's cap, only of grey velvet; so I must look pretty in that and my plaid mantle; but I expect to dress like a gentleman soon. Poor Lady *James Townshend,* an amiable young bride, is taken very ill, which is doubly distressing to Lord *James,* as he is ordered to sail for *England* in a few days, and is prepared to take her with him. I hope she will recover in time, or I think he will throw his ship up and stay with her. If she come to *Plymouth* be very kind to them. He is a blunt sailor, but a worthy, good-tempered man, and an old fellow-cruiser of *Shannon.* She is the daughter of an officer in this dock, but has been brought up well in *England,* and is an unaffected though pretty girl, and of sweet disposition. She has shown great attention to me, from her love to her brother, who has long been lieutenant with me, and will now be promoted for our battle.

"Oh! my *L*——'s little blue satin cover was, with the *cherished lock of hair*, in my bosom when I was wounded,* and got stained with my blood, though the hair was preserved dry so that I could kiss it with comfort; and Lady *James* has made me another little blue cover for it, exactly like the former, and it lies on my table constantly, to remind me of my *L*——. But my fingers are stiff and tired, my gentle. *God* bless you all. I will write again to-morrow.

"Your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*July* 2nd.

"Warm weather, which makes me feel indolent, but the repairs go on well in the headpiece, though the workmen make it ache a little; and this right hand is naughty, and won't write to my *L*—— so well as it should. Poor Lady *J*—— still unwell; I hope the wind will prevent their being hurried. Captain *Brenton* has paid me a compliment: he is drawing the *tiff* between my wooden love and Mrs. *Chesapeake*, in two different pictures, representing different parts of their conference, in which both ladies are very fiery. He has promised me a set as a present. So *Shannon* will figure in painting—and he is considered an expert sketcher.†

* It was the gallant young *Wallis* who removed the locket from his captain's neck, and most considerately gave it to his sister to be re-covered. The original cover was kindly given by the now Sir *Provo Wallis* to Sir *G. Broke-Middleton.*

† The *Shannon* and the *Spartan* were sister ships; we were often much in company, and I had frequently observed the high state of discipline and training in which Captain *Broke* kept his ship: he was most exact in his

I can't draw, or hardly write. Indeed I lead a very idle life; and *Wodehouse* is very good, and won't let company come to me when he thinks I ought to be quiet. I must rest the hand, and will scrawl again soon."

"*July* 2nd.

"I mistook the date before. I am improving, but shall have some opportunity of showing my patience yet before I am completely refitted. I have directed the agents to give me accounts of what will be due to poor *Molloy* and *Samwell*, and, in time, will tell their friends how to obtain it. This reminds me of poor Mrs. *Samwell* and Mr. *Smith*. *God* bless them both, and support them through their griefs. Give my love to dear little children and all friends.

"Your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*

"(I am going to begin another packet.)"

"29th, p.m.

"Some of my dearest *L——'s* latest letters *(April)* had been cruelly mislaid and have only just reached me. Their contents were delightful, and I thanked *God*

exercise of the great guns, and to this particular branch of his duty he was in great measure indebted for his success in the action, his first and second broadsides having nearly cleared the enemy's quarterdeck. I took the portraits of the two ships as they lay in *Halifax Harbour*.—Captain *Brenton*.

sincerely that the dear children had got over the frightful measles. I hope that *Nova Scotia* has arrived, and that Mr. *Falkiner* may call and give you a good account of me. 'I hope he will get promoted for carrying the news though it is *a new thing*, but Captain *Capel* was so kind as to indulge him *in the chance*. The *Æolus* is not come yet, and I am right glad to hear that Lady *James Townshend* is embarked and appears to be quite recovered."

"*Halifax, Wednesday.*

"I shall again assure my beloved *L*—— that I am getting well, though the doctors' operations make my head ache so that it is painful to me to write; but they are quite proud of their performance, and say I am going on beautifully. I have always, before, made some advantage of a *good, sound illness*, by studying; but, the head being the chief party concerned, now I am obliged to lead an idle life till my *tête* is completed.

"I will rejoice my *L*——. The commissioner has just sent the admiral a report that *Shannon* should be sent home, and before winter; so I shall soon expect orders accordingly, and shall lose no time in obeying them. *God* bless us all soon together, my gentle *L*——, in domestic happiness.

"*Wodehouse* dines early to keep me company, and give me an airing in the gig afterwards.

"Love to little dears and all friends,

"From your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*July* 13th.

"My beloved gentle *L*——,

"I have but just time to write one consolatory line to you to say I am really improving fast, and now eat, drink, and take exercise with comfort to myself. * * * *Wodehouse* is going to drive me out in his gig, for the air, with a grave, sober old coach-horse. *Oliver* was so good as to report me to Mrs. *Martin*. Give my love to her, and say that *Oliver* is looking as fresh and as handsome as ever. I still write with difficulty. * * *"

"*Halifax, July* 20th, 1813.

"My beloved *L*—— will imagine how disappointed I was last night, on seeing, from my evening's ride, an *English* packet arrive; and, on hastening home to inquire for our letters, learning that this packet (*June*) and the preceding had been captured and all our letters thrown overboard. I was expecting such a delightful chat with my *L*——, trusting that the dear children continued to grow healthily and happily themselves, and so to keep dear mamma in spirits. *Nova Scotia* has, I hope, brought you, long ere this, the happy assurance of our hopes, through my having at last earned that honourable retirement I had so long toiled for. 'Naughty *Americans*'—my old rival, *Rodgers*, took one packet—whom you have heard of in *England* as a cartel—and a roguish privateer caught the last; but, with her prize, was taken and sent here by

Beresford—but no letters! * * * I am going on charmingly, and ride out every evening in the cool hours. My hand is yet stiff and awkward, so I must rest and wish you good night. Heaven protect you all, for

"Your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*July* 21st.

"Fine weather here, but foggy at sea. No arrivals. I have been gathering a bouquet of *roses*, pinks, and honeysuckle, which have brought me home to my *L*——, and I will read over some of her old letters, to persuade myself that I am hearing from her, notwithstanding the packet mishap. Admiral *Sawyer* was very kind to write to my *L*——, in terms so pleasing to her. I am sure that he will be very happy to hear of our success, and that it is one of his old squadron that has first revenged our affronts upon the enemy. So, Master *Philip* got his long task very expeditiously, but does not like writing letters. I was not very fond of it at school. * * * Among the last of your letters which reached me was that enclosing the verses so prophetic, about *Shannon*. I dare say the poet will be very vain of his prediction coming true. I saw the ballad before, in the *Naval Chronicle*. * * *

"I now hope to have no favour to ask of these grandees (the Lords of the Admiralty) for some years, except to help my young officers. It is a great happiness to me to be able to leave them all in so prosperous a way; to see my *sea-*

children settled before I leave them—*except poor Samwell.* But we were, altogether, very fortunate in that rank, the enemy losing eight or nine.* All my old *élèves* will make good officers and do *Shannon* credit; indeed, I regard the bringing up such a family as an essential part of my eight years' service, and it is one that has cost me much care and anxiety. I have a right, now, to bring up *my own* children, surely; and, please *God*, I will, with my gentle *L*——*'s* aid. * * * *Heaven* bless you all in health and happiness, for your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*July* 29th, 1813.

"No packet yet, my beloved *L*——, to gladden us with news of those we love! Nor is our post ready to receive our letters for you; but I shall begin another to show my affectionate *L*—— that I am thinking of her and can write. Indeed, I am quite recovered, excepting the healing of my headpiece, and my weak right hand, which will not be right with the head. I live quietly and attend to no duty yet, and *Wodehouse* kindly keeps my early dinner hour to ride out with me in the cool of the evening; so we see very little company, except in the morning. I doubt *Shannon* will not be ready this month. Idle times! Admiral *Griffiths* and his convoy are daily expected; though from *Portsmouth*, he *may* bring me a letter. Surely Government will send another packet soon, two having failed successively;

* Midshipmen or subordinate officers.

but I will read over some old letters, and shall have the pleasure of reading again all my *L——'s* affectionate expressions, which I know are the effusions of that love which is *the same to-day* as when they were written; so they are always fresh and faithful paintings of my gentle *L——'s* feelings at any time, and delight me as her smile would when with her.

"*Sunday, August* 1st.

"I was disturbed by company, and have not found leisure again till to-day, when, others being gone to church, I prayed for my dear *L——* and all around her, and then sat down to talk to her. * * * Please *God* send us and our friends health to enjoy ourselves, and we will be happy, however humble our estate. Why, our little *George* seems to have been very idle in producing his teeth. I hope he can bite hard now. So you got acquainted with *Dacres?* He is a good-natured fellow, but rather a rattle. He would amaze my gentle *L——* when in high spirits. * * *

"The *Java!** I felt (in addition to all the distress otherwise natural on such an event) much for my beloved *L——*, knowing now what grief and alarms it would cause her in my absence. Thank *God! Shannon* has been more favoured, and I am well to assure her of it. * * * Captain *Brenton* is here still, but will sail in about a month; we hope *Shannon* next for *England.* He has drawn me two pretty sketches

* The *Java* had been captured by the *Constitution*, an *American* frigate of greatly superior force, a few months previous, and the above remark must have been made *in answer* to some observation upon it in his wife's letters.

of our battle, which I shall take care of, to show my *L*——, though she does not love such pictures of fire and terror. But they represent one of the happiest moments of my life, as affording me the privilege of retiring with honour to my beloved *L*——, and conscious of having earned my liberty. Poor *B*——; he is cruising not far off here, and writes in high spirits, not having yet been informed of his mournful loss. * * * I will collect the accounts of poor *Marley's* affairs when I get on board again. *Samwell's* I shall look after as my own private accounts till I can settle them for his poor mother. I am much grieved for her and poor Mr. *Smith.* May *God* comfort them. Some ships are arriving, and, we hope, with *English* news; so I shall fold up this, and look anxiously for letters from my beloved *L*——, whom *Heaven* bless, for her affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*August* 6th, 1813.

"My beloved *L*——,

"I have just had the pleasure of receiving your letter. It came by *Majestic.* Our new admiral here, *Griffiths,* is a great acquisition to us; he is much esteemed both as an officer and as a gentleman. He is living here with *Wodehouse* till he can find quarters. If you see poor Mr. *Smith,* tell him '*Fenn* is well, and doing duty now as the admiral's aide-de-camp here.' Some good prizes have arrived here lately, which makes our folks anxious to get to sea again now. *Oliver* has been very lucky; he has made

more already than I have since I left *England.* But our last capture was of more value to me than all the wealth in this world; it enables me to retire happily and without reproach. I shall, perhaps, just muster cash enough to make *Nacton* habitable, and sit down again on the same establishment as before; neither richer nor poorer, for all my wanderings. * * * *Heaven* bless you all, for your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Halifax, August* 10th, 1813.

"Our present plan is to make a short cruise near here whilst waiting the happy orders for *England,* to get the old *Shannon* into prètty order again, and to make her new clothes fit her comfortably, that she may be ready to cross the *Atlantic* independent of the winter gales, and appear genteel on arrival in *England.* I am very anxious to hear from *Spain,* and wish this vile war could be terminated, that we might hope to have *Charles* and *George* at home to talk over our adventures by the fireside! Mr. —— may stay and kill the partridges this season, as I shall be too agreeably engaged with my gentle *L*—— and the dear children to be in any great hurry to move to *Broke Hall,* as I am not fit yet to bustle about and become a man of business. *Pray for fair winds* for your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Halifax, August* 14th, 1813.

"I had the happiness of receiving another packet of letters from my beloved *L*——. * * * And so my *L*—— fell in love with Admiral *Sawyer!* I don't wonder at it, he is such a friendly man to all our distressed wives; and seems to feel as much interest in our welfare as if we had been old acquaintances or relations. I did not promise to write to him, but will, to thank him for being so kind to you. There is no chance of any attack at *Boston*, or any other fighting, at present, in our district. *Capel*, *Parker*, and *Epworth* are looking out to catch *Rodgers* on his return, and, I hope, will put an end to his depredations. *Shannon* is not near ready yet. * * * *God* protect you all, for your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Halifax, August* 30th.

"My beloved *L*—— will be glad to know that I am not going to sea in the *Shannon* till Sir *J. Warren* arrives to give me my orders home; and then, *for once*, my gentle wife will wish the *Shannon* would sail and not idle time away in port. The doctors say I shall be completely recovered, in all regards, in a fortnight more; and recommend my not embarking until I am. So the admiral has very kindly given *Shannon* a short but very good cruise, to get her new rigging in order; and *Senhouse* has been so good as to *stand curate* for me, and will, I hope, make prizes for his own good and my brave crew's.

He will be back in less than three weeks, and I ready to relieve him. He is an excellent officer, and will do *Shannon* great credit, particularly if she meet another *Yankee;* and *Essex* and *Congress* are yet unaccounted for, and come singly. When their large frigates are destroyed we shall have fair play, and at even force they will soon be humbled.

"I only want a little patch of skin to grow over my head, and shall be complete. I am strong, and ride about, and live quite freely, though I do not visit much yet, as you know I am not fond of large parties, and our friends here are inclined to show me great attention. The merchants sent me a very handsome address, with the present of a piece of plate, as a memorial. I want *most* to see my officers promoted and confirmed, but we have no satisfactory account yet of that from the Admiralty, or Sir *J. Warren*, and begin to fear that a third packet is taken by these '*Yankee* rogues.' I hope my *Shannon* will punish some of them, for stopping my gentle *L——'s* letters, when I am so anxious to hear from her. I know how much anxiety your tender mind will suffer on my account and poor *Samwell's*. I hope to *God* the *Broke* will get home safe, that you may not be long without letters after Lord *James* arrives.

"I want much to hear of our dear soldiers. The glorious successes in *Spain* may yet excite the *Northern* allies to further exertions, and persuade the tardy *Austrians* to join the sacred cause. * * * It is three months to-day, my gentle *L——*, since the latest letter I have from you was written! Though I know many an anxious and affectionate

letter is on its way, or destroyed by these vile marauders, I soothe myself with thinking that you and the dear children are enjoying both our dear mamma's company and brother *William's*, in some shady retreat on the coast of *Devonshire*. May *Heaven* prosper all the plans of comfort which we have formed, and bless us soon together. Kiss little cherubs for your, &c."

"*Halifax, August* 31st, 1813.

"I have just had the satisfaction of hearing that neither of our dear brothers suffered in the late glorious victory in *Spain;* and that our letters, by *Nova Scotia*, got safe home, I trust before any doubtful reports of our action had raised any fears in my gentle *L*——*"'s* bosom. It has already relieved me greatly to know so much, and I feel thankful for the happy manner in which we have all escaped our dangers. I hope soon to meet again in social joys at home, and gladden our anxious friends' hearts.

"*Charles'* division is among those complimented by Lord *Wellington;* but I doubt *George* was not in the battle, as *Clinton* is not mentioned. He will be much mortified not to have shared in the victory which has thus crowned and rewarded all their labours. * * * Our little fight is lost in the blaze of the late splendid triumph; but I see our old acquaintances at *Plymouth* remembered old *Shannon*, and added her to their gay transparencies to compliment her. The paper we got was a *Plymouth* one, containing the *Halifax* account of the action, but my letter was not yet known.

"*Shannon* goes to sea to-morrow. *King*, *Smith*, and *Etough* are now lieutenants in her. Quite a revolution in the state. I hope they will make a good prize to support their new dignities. They were all little boys when I first took *Shannon*. I expect a commission for each, and for *Leake*, from the Admiralty, every day. I have been taking my usual evening's ride among the rocks and fir trees, and make a fine figure with my *turban*. I am now beginning to wear a hat, but am obliged also to adorn my *tête* with something pretty till my hair grows. So I have been wearing the gay silk handkerchiefs you partly used for shawls for the children, and little *Loolin's* work, sometimes; but I mean to wear my own *beautiful hair* again before I get home. Talking of silks, I grieve that I have not yet been able to get mine from *Bermuda*, but I won't stay for them if they have not arrived when I am ready for sail. I don't think I shall be sent back for them, though I may deserve scolding for leaving them there, as present hopes make me sometimes think of *Nacton*. * * *

"I hope we may be ordered to touch at *Plymouth;* but if I go to *Portsmouth* I know my fond *L*—— will soon reach me there; but there will be no occasion to hurry and fatigue herself *now*—no fear of cruel easterly winds to vex her. * * * Do not hurry any more. The wind shall not blow me away again, nor flags nor guns alarm you. The admiral, I hear, talks of our sailing next month *(September)*, or early in *October;* but live happily, and give yourself no thought till you hear from me, which shall be as soon as I can form a plan for our happy meeting. *God*

bless you all in health and spirits, wherever you are, for your affectionate returning wanderer,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*September* 5th, 1813.

"My beloved *L*—— will imagine my disappointment, on the arrival of the packet last *Saturday*, to find no letters from those I was so anxiously thinking of. * * * But I will have patience, and trust that the kind Providence which has so much favoured me of late continues to shine prosperously on my gentle *L*—— and all connected with her. The public papers, you will feel, must have afforded me much pleasure, particularly in assuring me that my officers have received the promotion they deserved. * * * How my dear mother will be delighted with the handsome compliments paid us upon our triumph! And if my gentle *L*—— exulted so much in the former creditable mention of my services, how much pleasure will she feel at these honourable testimonies; as will all those we love, and who feel for the honour of our family. One happy quarter of an hour has repaid all my ten years' toil, and enabled me to retire to the enjoyment of that fond society in which only I think life desirable; and that with a reputation which secures me from that restless anxiety which so often disturbs a military man, who, though satisfied he has done his duty, has had no opportunity of proving it to the world. His toils, and perseverance, and general services are only known to those of his profession and acquaintance, and people on shore suppose

he has done nothing. Indeed, my beloved *L*——, our success has been particularly happy; previous misfortune enhanced its value; and it will stand forward the more gloriously distinguished as being our first triumph over this new enemy. My officers and young followers are provided for, and will continue to do honour to me in their stations; and though I now retire to a tranquil domestic life, it is with that respectability which my dear father left attached to our family name, and which stamps a value even upon my former exertions in my own district, and proves my constant endeavours at public service to those who would otherwise have looked upon my military efforts* as merely following the fashion, and my volunteer campaign merely an amusement for idle time.

"I now propose years of happy retirement in the performance of my duties as an *English country gentleman, a husband, and a father.* My lovely *L*——, my dear children, and friends have much claim on me, as have those around us who so much depend on my management and example. But if the service of my country, or my own honour, shall at any future time induce me to ask a command, the character which good fortune has now confirmed to me will assure me an honourable reception. But do not be alarmed, my dearest *L*——; ambition will not overcome my love; and, I think, our easy country neighbours will not censure me for inactivity. You will have seen that I am a citizen of *London* (I don't know of what trade yet), and that they

* This is in allusion to the corps of volunteers he raised and commanded in his own neighbourhood at *Nacton*, whilst waiting for employment afloat as a post-captain.

have voted me a sword: The merchants here have paid me the same compliment in a handsome address, and the present of a piece of plate, that I may not forget the *Chesapeake*. All these attentions are flattering, but my chief delight is in considering the joyful manner in which my loved wife and anxious mother will glory *inwardly* at the honours paid me.

"*Senhouse* went out in excellent health and spirits, and will, I hope, be successful. He took two prizes here lately in the harbour. My officers are much pleased with him as my representative. You say your little *George* is a very *heavy* favourite. I hope he can relieve mamma's arms now by walking and crawling about, as we taught *Willy*. I hope next spring they will be climbing the slopes at *Nacton*, whilst I read to mamma under the trees. I suppose I must get a *green* coat, to remind you of the picture again. You would not believe yourself at home if I had a blue one on. I sometimes look at the painting you sent with much delight, *at the children*, but can let nobody else see it till my *L*——'*s* sweet countenance is done more justice to, and mine made a little more venerable. You did not tell me who drew them. I suppose I was copied from *Inglehart*, but that was in my boyish days. * *

"Adieu! Heaven bless you all, for your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*September* 9th.

"No news; but I am going on well, and hope soon to be with my beloved *L*——."

"*September* 29th, 1813.

"My beloved *L*——'*s* letter, exulting in my success, reached me at last by the admiral's ship, and I was delighted to find you in such good spirits at the time, knowing how much my being wounded would alarm you till you had such satisfactory reports from *Falkiner*. Your letter, coming by *Bramble*, did not reach me till a fortnight after the first packet brought three of the same dates. I will be *contented* in *knowing* my *L*—— is happy, and suppose, as I had *no letters* by the *last packet* (last week), that you expect me so immediately as not to think of writing. Fortunately, good Mrs. *Sutton* sent a happy account of you in the letter you brought for her from *Budleigh*, and pleased me much by *praising my L*—— to her brother, who kindly brought me the letter to read to convince *me* that I *ought not* to expect any letters; so I have no resource but to *come home and scold*. He is very well, and going upon a tour to *Picton* or *Canso* with Sir *Jno. Warren*.

"We expect to sail on *Thursday* next, but the packet which will carry this may perhaps be home some time before us. If I could bespeak such winds as I could wish, I would tell you to go directly to *Portsmouth*, or *London*, if no good accommodation at the former; but I have been *thinking* yesterday, and wrote down *all considerations* on this sheet, so pray act as you like, as you will feel most happy in doing, and then you will be *sure to be right* with me. If I do come to *Plymouth*, they will probably not let me stay long there, as all convoys are ordered to *Portsmouth* or the *Downs;* but I may easily get leave to *London*. Perhaps

you will do best not to move till I arrive and find what orders await me. Poor Mrs. *Samwell!* I love and pity her the more for her friendly zeal in bringing you my letters, and grieve she has had such sad news to hear by our next conveyance. Pray thank Mr. *Smith* for his friendly letter to me. You see I am still an *awkward writer* from the weakness of this hand, from the blows on my shoulder, as I now find, having affected the nerves, but exercise will restore them; this must be my apology for not answering many handsome compliments I have received; amongst others, pray say something *very pretty* to Admiral *Martin*, and tell him I feel proud of praise from so distinguished a character; but he can afford to be liberal, having *earned* so *much* himself. Indeed, I shall grieve if we do not touch at *Plymouth*, to see so many kind friends before we retire to our distant home in *Suffolk*. * * * I am looking forward with pleasure to our sailing on *Thursday;* we have a crowd of passengers—mostly invalid officers. * * * It is high time I should come home, lest I should become too vain. A lady (I don't know who yet) sent me a new velvet cap on *Sunday*, with some poetical compliments; but I will be modest when I get into *Suffolk*, and turn farmer, and renounce vanity with my laced coat. I am very well, my gentle wife, and shall have a complete head by the time I get home. Adieu! *Heaven* bless you all in health and joy, soon to meet your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*

"We shall have the pleasure of *Picton's* company to dinner in a snug family party to-morrow."

§ VI.

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

On *Monday*, 4th *October*, in a cold, rainy, fresh north-easterly breeze, the *Shannon*—again under her old commander—weighed anchor, with thirteen sail of convoy, for *England*. "Had many passengers on board," notes Captain *Broke* in his journal, "chiefly officers invalided from ships and marine battalions." They carried with them also five prisoners, under the following order:

"*San Domingo, Halifax Harbour,*

"24th *September*, 1813.

"Mem.

"It is the commander-in-chief's directions that you receive on board Her Majesty's ship under your command, from the *Marlborough*, the five seamen named in the margin, for a passage to *England*, who were taken in the late *American* frigate *Chesapeake*, and suspected to be *British* subjects, keeping them in custody as prisoners on board the *Shannon*, until you shall receive orders for their disposal, and victualling them as such.

T. Arthur.
H. Simpson.
T. Jones.
J. Pearce.
G. Williams.

"*H. HOTHAM,*

"Captain of the Fleet.

"To Captain *Broke*,

"H. M. S. *Shannon*."

Of these five miserable traitors four were subsequently flogged round the fleet, and the fifth, on the 18th *November*, hung. No less than thirty-six *British* subjects were found on board the *Chesapeake.* Their names and places of birth, together with the ships' names from which they had deserted, are now before me, in a document attested by the agent for prisoners of war; but, for the sake of their surviving relatives, I shall withhold its publication. There is a memorandum, however, on the back of this paper, by Captain *Broke,* which shows the fairness with which these investigations were made:

"The five men sent to *England* in *Shannon* agreed to their places of birth as here stated, in presence of me and First Lieut. *Clarke, October* 7th, 1813. *Simpson,* gunner's mate of *Chesapeake,* says he delivered the keys of the fore-magazine up to Lieut. *Falkiner* directly the ship was taken, or before.

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

On his return to *Europe* it was fully expected that the *Shannon* would be waylaid by *Rogers* in the *President.*

Admiral *King,* in his *Recollections,* observes: "It is presumed that Captain *Broke* expected to be so met by the *President,* as it was his challenge to *Lawrence,* of the *Chesapeake,* which *Rogers, in his ire,* alluded to in his letter to the *States Newsman.* Indeed, Captain *Broke,* on resuming command of the *Shannon* to bring her home, told his men the *President might* waylay him, and what he would do, and what *they must* do, if the *Shannon* fell in with her. In a

jocular manner he said, 'If they *boarded again*, they must not *cut* at the *Americans*, they must *poke them in the guts;* for some fellows were *very thick skulled!*' As the *Shannon* had a convoy of eight dull-sailing merchant craft under her orders, and as everything done and intended to be done at *Halifax* was known in *America* through the *Halifax* newspapers, *Rogers* had full and exact information; and, therefore, he must have known the day and very hour when to sail out of port, to throw himself in the route of the *Shannon.* It is possible, however, that his Government did not wish to *run the risk;* they were 'pretty considerably' damped by the capture of the *Chesapeake.*" The convoy was slow, and the *Shannon* was obliged to confine herself in consequence to close-reefed topsails.

"*Nov.* 6th. A gale came on W.N.W.; and the old ship scudded under bare poles.

"*Nov.* 8th. Weather again fine. Out reefs, set topsails, up topgallantmasts and yards. Requartered people.

"*Nov.* 9th. Exercised marines and new loaders.

"*Nov.* 11th. Exercised quarterdeck and forecastle guns of watch. Our chasseurs fired at target (about half equal to our marines). P.M. exercised new captains of guns, arming and priming."

Thus assiduously did the gallant *Broke* prepare for a very probable encounter with either a *French* or *American* foe on his homeward voyage. None such, however, crossed his track; and, after a stormy passage, the *Shannon,* at eight

a.m. on *Sunday, October* 31st, made the *Scilly Isles;* at 7.30 p.m. the *Lizard Light.* On the 2nd of *November* she came through the *Needles,* and anchored at *Spithead.* Soon after, the glorious old ship was paid off, and the remains of her gallant crew separated—to serve together no more on the bosom of the great deep.

"*Portsmouth, Nov.* 2nd, 1813.

"My beloved *L*—— will be happy to know I am safe arrived here, though the wicked winds would not let us touch at *Plymouth.* I am perfectly well, my love, though must wear my turban yet a little. The admiral has kindly given me leave to go up to the *Admiralty,* and there I will get longer leave and prepare *Reddish* (hotel in *Jermyn Street*) or somebody else for you, if the Admiralty don't order us round to *Plymouth* to pay off. I don't think they will, but perhaps to *Deptford,* which will enable me to stay in *London* till paid off. Whatever be my plan, you shall hear from *London* to-morrow or next day. Pray don't hurry, but move at your leisure; as I am not a runaway now, and the winds will not blow me off again. So make (if I say 'come' in next letter) easy journeys for yourself and dear children, just comfortable exercise, and settle all you have to do at *Plymouth* quietly. I grieve I cannot come to see all my good friends there directly; but I shall know more to-morrow. Poor Mrs. *Samwell!* I wish I could have comforted her and poor *Aldham's* wife by praising those they have lost. * * * Kind remembrances to all our worthy

friends round you. *Heaven* bless you all, for your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*

"I hope *your ladyship* will excuse my scrawl. Kiss all the little dears for me. I will have the pleasure of doing so soon myself."

Nov. 3rd, 1813, *Admiralty.*

"My beloved *L*——,

"My interview has changed my plan. Come to me to *Portsmouth;* we must live there a little while. * * I shall go down to-morrow or next day to prepare; and *God* bless you till our meeting.

"Your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

END OF PART II.

Part III.

§ I.

RECEPTION OF THE NEWS IN ENGLAND, &c.

A.D. 1813 *TO A.D.* 1841.

THE *Nova Scotia* brig of war had arrived at *Plymouth* on the morning of the 7th *July*, 1813, from *Halifax*, with the tidings of the capture of the *Chesapeake*.

The illuminations at *Plymouth* were general, and the public satisfaction complete; for at the same time the victory of *Wellington* at *Vittoria* was announced.

The army and the navy were equally complimented.

"When *Britons* fight and *Frenchmen* fall,
Oh! how does that delight *John Hall*,"

wrote over his door and under his transparency a well-known *Plymouth* tradesman. The navy was represented by a painting depicting a party of tars refreshing themselves at the sign of the *John Bull*, whilst the landlady, in a flowing bowl, gave the toast

"An *English Broke* and an *Irish* river."

Much more serious satisfaction resulted to the Government in the House of Commons, where of late Lord *Cochrane* had been indulging in many severe remarks upon the mal-administration of our naval affairs, which the *Guerriere*, *Macedonian*, *Java*, and *Peacock* had been cited as substantiating.

One evening when he was unusually captious and querulous, *Croker* had received the official report of the *Shannon's* action, on which Mr. *Croker* remarked "That the noble lord appeared to be peculiarly and most unseasonably unfortunate, both in his mis-statements and libels. He came to the House calling upon them to declare that our seamen were decayed and disheartened, at the very time when a new instance of the courage and intrepidity of *British* seamen challenged the admiration and excited the love of the House and the country. It was not necessary for him to tell either the noble lord or the House that he alluded to the great and gallant action fought by the *Shannon* frigate with the *Chesapeake American* frigate. The communication which he was about to make to the House had not been sought for or prepared by him. It had presented itself to him, as if from a divinity, to confute and confound the noble lord's misrepresentations and libels, to rescue the honour of the *British* navy from all foul and malignant attacks, and raise the glory of the *British* flag still higher than ever. As he was coming to the House, the official information of that glorious engagement was put into his hand. He should not trouble the House at any length with the character of Captain *Broke*, who commanded the *Shannon*. It would be sufficient

for him to say that Captain *Broke* was an officer no less distinguished for his indefatigable activity and unwearied enterprise than for his skill and valour. With many occasions of making and preserving valuable prizes which must have materially contributed to increase his private fortune, he had uniformly preferred the cause of his country and the good of the service to his own interests. Cases had even occurred when, although he might have very fairly preserved his prizes, he rather chose to send them, with all they contained, to the bottom of the sea, than let any opportunity slip in which his exertions and co-operations could be useful in another quarter. Captain *Broke*, while commanding the *Shannon*, had looked for the *West India* convoy, when he was aware that it stood in need of his assistance. He succeeded in finding it, and it received his assistance and protection. He had, for a considerable time, looked with ardour for Commodore *Rogers*, and he had also succeeded in finding him; he chased him, but lost him in the pursuit. His gallant spirit was, however, at length gratified, and he found a most signal opportunity of exalting his own glory, and revenging the honour of his country. The action which he fought with the *Chesapeake* was, in every respect, unexampled. It was not—and he knew it was a bold assertion that he made—to be equalled by any engagement which graced the naval annals of *Great Britain.* The enemy's ship was superior in size, superior in weight of metal, superior in numbers. She entered into the contest with a previous conviction of all her superior advantages, and with a confirmed confidence of victory resulting from that con-

viction. All this superiority served but to heighten the brilliancy of Captain *Broke's* achievement; and a peculiar circumstance occurred which gave to this victory a new and richer colouring. Captain *Broke* was wounded. This, indeed, was not extraordinary; but the place on which he received his wounds inspired an interest that would be deeply felt, but could not be adequately described; he was wounded on the deck of the enemy's ship. The action did not occupy more than *fifteen* minutes from its commencement to its termination. The *Chesapeake* had made every possible preparation for the engagement. She came out of harbour in full sail. No other ship was in sight. The contest was to be singly and fairly decided—if a contest could be called fair where the superiority in numbers, in weight of metal, in dimensions, were all on one side. The *Chesapeake's* company consisted of 440 picked men, and she was larger than the *Shannon* by 150 tons. She had on board forty-nine guns. The *Shannon* was manned with 110 hands less than the *Chesapeake*, and from her class, being a thirty-eight gun frigate, she probably had, although he could not speak with absolute certainty, forty-four or forty-six guns. Not a shot was fired until they were nearly side by side. The firing was great and rapid; the exchange of broadsides was uninterrupted: but nothing could resist the tremendous attack made by the *Shannon*. The firing was marked with precision, energy, and a spirit so unabated, as to triumph over all difficulties. The enemy's mainchains were locked in the forechains of the *Shannon*. The order for boarding was given by Captain *Broke*. Not an instant was lost in carrying

the order into execution. The boarders rushed at one and the same moment from every deck—from every part of the *Shannon*—into the enemy's ship. The *Chesapeake* was carried, and was in our possession in the course of three minutes. The topmen of the *Shannon* attacked the topmen of the *Chesapeake*, and stormed the maintop. He was warranted in saying that the victory was accomplished in less than fifteen minutes, of which only three minutes were occupied in boarding, when 310 *British* seamen had to contend with 440 of the enemy. Captain *Broke* was cut down by a sabre blow on the forecastle of the *Chesapeake.* During the tremendous firing that was kept up, and the boarding, not a rope of consequence, not a netting, was hurt; and, after the victory, the two ships sailed away, to use the expression of Captain *Broke*, as if they had merely been firing a friendly salute." (The narrative of Mr. *Croker* was repeatedly cheered with the loudest and most cordial acclamations from every part of the House.)

§ II.

PUBLIC HONOURS.

These were given readily and largely. On *September* 25th *Philip Broke* was raised to the dignity of a Baronet of the *United Kingdom*, and on *January* 3rd, 1815, the Prince Regent (acting in the name and behalf of His Majesty *George* the Third) conferred upon him the distinction of Knight Commander of the most honourable Military Order of the Bath. His Royal Highness was also pleased to allow him

and his descendants to bear, "as a memorial of his highly distinguished conduct and gallantry," the following crest of honourable augmentation: "Issuant from a naval crown, a dexter arm embowed, encircled by a wreath of laurel, the hand grasping a trident erect." Motto: "*Sævumque tridentem servamus.*"

The underwriters of *Halifax, Nova Scotia,* presented to him an address, accompanied by a piece of plate, value 100 guineas.

The Court of Common Council of *London* voted Captain *Broke* their thanks, the freedom of the city, and a sword value 100 guineas.

The Corporation of *Ipswich* unanimously voted their thanks.

The gentry of his native county, *Suffolk,* subscribed £730, which was expended in the purchase of a superb plateau of silver, suitably decorated and inscribed; and the members of the Free and Easy Club, *Ipswich,* voted a silver cup, value 100 guineas. But there were yet more touching tokens of sympathy than these. Most of the ships' crews on the *North American* station subscribed two days' pay for the relief of the widows and children of the slain on board the *Shannon;* and, long after the death of the brave and worthy *Broke,* the congratulatory letters of his brothers-in-arms were found carefully preserved among his journals and papers.

§ III.

CONGRATULATORY LETTERS.

Proceeding, as these did, from men whose names now form a constellation, indeed, in naval history, it would be wrong to withhold them; and, in truth, all breathe feelings of love of country, love of *Broke*, and of high-minded jealousy of naval honour. On the part of the Admiralty, *Croker* had already said, in strong but true words, that the capture of the *Chesapeake* afforded "a proof of professional skill and gallantry in battle which has seldom been equalled, and certainly NEVER SURPASSED."

Sir *John Borlase Warren*, himself as brave a sailor as ever trod the deck of man-of-war, was equally impressed. He writes thus:

"*San Domingo, Hampton Roads,*

"*Chesapeake, June* 21st, 1813.

"Dear Sir,

"If the intelligence which has reached me is correct—that the *Shannon* has engaged and taken the *Chesapeake*—I beg leave to offer you my sincere and best congratulations upon the occasion; and to assure you that no one of your friends feels more sensibly the service you have done your country, or the well-merited fame which you will so justly receive, than myself.

"I know how patiently and with what perseverance you

have pursued the enemy's frigates; and at this critical moment you could not have restored to the *British* naval service the pre-eminence it has always preserved, or contradicted in a more forcible manner the foul aspersions and calumnies of a conceited, boasting enemy, than by the brilliant act you have performed. I should have much pleasure in recommending the above to their lordships, and to the attention of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent and the Government, whenever your letter may reach me. I arrived here a few days ago with a body of troops, and trust that fortune may attend our endeavours to annoy the enemy at every vulnerable point; but the weather has hitherto prevented our attack. But I hope a favourable opportunity will soon present itself to do some service for our country, and to follow your example.

"I have sent you fresh orders, and, at present, for your old station, so soon as you may be refitted and in a state to execute them.

"I have the honour to be, with great regard,

"Dear Sir,

"Your sincere and faithful humble servant,

"*JOHN BORLASE WARREN.*

"P.S. I hope my nephew *Douglass* is well, and behaved to your satisfaction; and, if so, give my love to him."

From Admiral Sir *John Borlase Warren*, K.B., Commander-in-Chief on the *North American* Station, to Sir *P. Broke.*

"*San Domingo, Hampton Roads,*

"*Chesapeake, July* 6th, 1813.

"My dear Sir,

"I once more present my grateful acknowledgment for your glorious efforts and success in the sacred cause of our country. The relation of such an event restores the history of ancient times, and will do more good to the service than it is possible to conceive; and, after the difficulties and disappointments you have surmounted with so much perseverance, must afford you the highest satisfaction, as well as all your friends. I have endeavoured to comply with your wishes by appointing all the persons recommended by you to the *Chesapeake*, as it appeared to me to be the readiest mode of carrying into effect such a measure.

"I earnestly hope you will take care of yourself and get well as soon as you can, that I may find you recovered upon my visiting *Halifax* in *September* next; until which time our endeavours to amuse the enemy must be confined to this coast and harbour. I am glad, among others, that you seem to be satisfied with the behaviour of my young nephew, *Douglass Clavering*,* and will thank you to make my best regards to him. I remain, with great regard,

"My dear Sir,

"Most sincerely yours,

"*JOHN BORLASE WARREN.*

* Son of General *Clavering* by Lady *Augusta*, daughter of fifth Duke of *Argyll*. He was a most promising officer, but was unfortunately drowned on the coast of *Africa* when in command of H. M. S. *Redwing*.

"P.S. I suppose you do not wish to change the *Shannon* for the *Chesapeake*, as your time of service in a frigate is so near over. I have enclosed the appointment of all the officers mentioned by you, and I will thank you to cause the Christian name to be inserted in the commissions and warrants."

The accompanying is the *official* letter* from Mr. Secretary *Croker* to Admiral Sir *John Borlase Warren*, respecting the action between H.M.S. *Shannon* and the *United States* frigate the *Chesapeake*.

"*Admiralty Office, July* 9th, 1813.

"Sir,

"I have had the pleasure of receiving and communicating to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty a letter from Captain the Hon. *B. Capel*, of H. M. S. *La Hogue*, enclosing a copy of his letter to you, and of that of Captain *Broke* to him, announcing the capture, in fifteen minutes, of the *United States* frigate *Chesapeake*, of forty-nine guns and 440 men, by H. M. S. *Shannon*.

"My Lords have before had occasion to observe with great approbation the zeal, judgment, and activity which have characterized Captain *Broke's* proceedings since the commencement of the war; and they now receive with the highest satisfaction a proof of professional skill and gallantry in battle which has seldom been equalled, and certainly never surpassed; and the decision, celerity, and effect, with

* *Naval Chronicle*; vol. xxx.

which the force of H. M. S. was directed against the enemy, mark no less the personal bravery of the officers, seamen, and marines, than the high discipline and practice in arms to which the ship's company must have been sedulously and successfully trained.

"My Lords, to mark their sense of this action, have been pleased to direct a medal to be presented to Captain *Broke:* Lieutenants *Wallis* and *Falkner,* who, in consequence of the wound of Captain *Broke,* and the death of the gallant First Lieutenant *Watt,* succeeded to the command of the *Shannon* and the prize, to be promoted to the rank of commanders; and Messrs. *Etough* and *Smith* to that of lieutenants; and my Lords will be glad to attend to the recommendation of Captain *Broke* in favour of the petty officers and men who may have particularly distinguished themselves.

"You will convey to Captain *Broke,* his officers and ship's company, these sentiments of their Lordships, with an expression of their satisfaction at hearing that the captain's wound is not likely long to deprive his country of his valuable services.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"(Signed) *J. W. CROKER.*

"To Admiral *Warren.*"

From Rear-Admiral The Honourable Sir *Henry Hotham,* K.C.B., Captain of the Fleet.

"*San Domingo, Hampton Roads,*

"*June* 27th, 1813.

"My dear *Broke*,

"But on so great and so truly happy an occasion I should not attempt to write to you by the *Victorious*, as I really have no time to devote to such agreeable occupation; but, if I give you but a single line, I cannot let her go without carrying to you my most hearty, sincere, and warm congratulations, which spring from the bottom of my heart, and are incited by our very early intimate acquaintance, and by the sincere regard I have always borne you.

"In the capture of the *Chesapeake* (on which my congratulations are offered) you have recovered the high pretensions of our service in a very great degree, and have shown that, although the enemy have been successful with superior force, we are still equal to maintain our reputation on equal terms. Your action, my dear *Broke*, proves to the service, and to yourself, the advantages which have resulted from the great pains you have taken to make your ship and your people perfect in the use of the guns; and which has been conspicuous to everybody, and was so strongly so in my mind, that I have placed my faith in the result of any action you might have since the commencement of this war, and I am delighted that I have placed a proper confidence in her, especially as I saw so many excellent arrangements on board the *Shannon* that I copied some of them in the *Defiance* and *Northumberland* with the best effects. I wish all our brother officers had given as much of their attention

to the important part of the service of the management of the guns that you have, we should not then have made so poor a figure as we have done before you set us up again.

"I grieve, however, to hear that there is some drawback to the gratification we all experience, by your having unfortunately suffered in the sanguinary conflict, as we hear you are among the wounded; but, as we know not the particulars, we all hope it is slight, and that you may soon be recovered and restored to the service. I could say much more in testimony of the pleasure I take in your splendid success, but I must be more brief than I wish to be. I have received, and thank you most sincerely for, your very kind and welcome letter, which gave me great pleasure.

"With every hope and good wish for your recovery, and with a sincere desire that you may receive every testimony of the gratitude of the country by any honours or distinction you would like,

"I remain, my dear *Broke*,

"Most sincerely, your warm and affectionate friend,

"*H. HOTHAM.*

"*Talbot* will tell you all we have done, which will be soon told."

"*San Domingo, Hampton Roads,*

"*July* 3rd, 1813.

"My dear *Broke*,

"I sent you my warm and hearty congratulations by the *Victorious* about a week ago, on your glorious and happy achievement, so honourable to yourself and so

fortunate and opportune for the credit of the service (which, my dear *Broke*, you have now restored to its former reputation, and have fulfilled the expectations of all your friends, who raised confidence in the close application of your science to the qualifying your ship and your crew to support the character of the service, at a juncture when it was a little brought into question), and, since I wrote, your official letter and *Capel's* account have been received, by which we are put in possession of the eventful circumstances of your conquest, which gave me additional reason to congratulate you on the result, and to pride myself at having formed so just an estimate of what you and the *Shannon* would do if you had the opportunity; and equal cause to lament and to grieve at your sufferings from your wounds, which appear to be of a serious nature, but of which I hope, my dear *Broke*, you will speedily be recovered. How happily all things are come to pass in the way you most wished; you may now return to *England* crowned with laurels and honour, and you will naturally be received by your wife, and by all your friends, in a manner infinitely more gratifying to you than ever; and your past long and anxious services may be followed by as much ease and quiet as you choose to indulge in. You are truly to be envied, and nothing is wanting to make all your friends rejoice to the utmost in your happiness but to know that you have recovered from your wounds, which I shall hope I may hear by the next account. When you see Mrs. *Broke* pray offer her my best congratulations and compliments. I shall live in hopes of talking over the battle with you in *Suffolk*, where I shall probably pass much of my

time with my brother, if it should please *God* to restore peace to the country, and to permit me to enjoy the blessings of it.

"Adieu, my dear *Broke!*

"Ever very affectionately and faithfully yours,

"*H. HOTHAM.*"

From Admiral *Sawyer*, Naval Commander-in-Chief on the *North American* Station in 1812.

"*Cove*, 12th *December*, 1813.

"My dear Sir *Philip*,

"Having had the satisfaction of congratulating Lady *Broke* on your safe arrival before I left *Plymouth*, and knowing the *host* of letters you would receive at such a moment, I was well assured it would be no impeachment of my friendship in your estimation that I delayed writing to you a little while; and I trust you are now so far recovered, and at leisure, to tell me my conjecture was well founded, for you may be assured no one sets your regard at a higher estimation than I do, or more truly rejoiced at your long-sought-for and well-earned victory. These sentiments will follow you in peace and in war; and should the former (as there is now a fair prospect) soon take place, I shall only have to lament we live in counties so distant. How we are to regulate matters with *your* friend *Jonathan*, except by a frequent repetition of the *Shannon dish*, I know not. His pretensions are insufferable, and the extraordinary degree of *good fortune* that has attended his cruisers could never have been calculated on by the most sanguine. Our

friends in *Canada* will, I fear, find themselves sadly in the *minority;* but, if they can hold on till the spring, I think *Cochrane* will find a way to relieve them. I have only heard once from *Mulcaster*, and the *Yankee* despatch put me in a sad fright about him. My successor, the *K.B.*, will, I fancy, not have *decreased* his fortune by the trip, whatever other advantages he may have derived.

* * * * * * *

"Poor *Dacres* will break his heart, though not his *spirits*, if he is not soon employed. We found him an excellent ingredient to dispel the *ennui* of a leaky ship.

"*God* bless you, my dear Sir *Philip;* pray offer to Lady *Broke* my best regards, and be assured I am always,

"Most faithfully,

"Your friend and servant,

"*H. SAWYER.*"

From Sir *William Bolton*, Captain R.N.

"H. M. S. *Forth, Tuesday*, 23rd.

"My dear Sir *Philip*,

"You must believe that I am perfectly sincere in my expression of regret at not having it in my power to congratulate you in *propria persona* on the brilliant reputation you have acquired, by an action which renders you so deservedly a favourite with your countrymen at large, but more particularly so with one who now glories in the appellation of a *Suffolk* man. I had hoped to have paid my respects to Lady *Broke* this day, but am suddenly

ordered back to the *Downs*, and actually getting under weigh at this instant, which I trust will plead my excuse. I was informed by *Frank Collier* and others that you were yesterday too ill to admit visitors, but am happy to hear it is Dr. *Grey's* opinion that rest and nursing only are wanting to complete your recovery. I have now a subject to touch upon which I fear requires a more delicate hand than mine to handle properly, but I will trust to your indulgence, and to the purity of the motive which actuates me, to procure your pardon should I be thought presuming. Briefly, then, I have been applied to by Mr. *Samuel Lane** (the son of Mr. *Lane*, who is collector of the customs at *Lynn Regis*, an old schoolfellow of my uncle, *Tom Bolton*), a promising artist, who has studied ten years under *Lawrence*, to make known to you his great desire that in the event of your sitting for your portrait at any future period you would, in your choice of an artist, have an eye to his application. I wrote him for answer that, hearing you were exceedingly ill, I could not take upon me to do it for the present, but, since then, hearing you are upon the mend, I have ventured, out of the great regard I have for Mr. *Lane*, to make known to you his wish. I can only say, in regard to his professional abilities, that he is greatly esteemed by *Lawrence*, and is thought to succeed uncommonly well in catching a likeness; add to which he paints well, and I can answer for him

* The portrait (full length) of Sir *P. B. V. Broke* contained in this work was taken from an engraving of *Lane's* picture, which fully merits the encomiums passed upon him as an artist by Sir *W. Bolton*, as the picture has lost none of its original tone or colour. Mr. *S. Lane* was both deaf and dumb.

SIR PHILIP BOWES VERE BROKE, BART.

FROM A PICTURE BY LANE.

that his heart is in the business. Pray forgive the freedom I use, and attribute it to that friendship which would have you live to the senses of your admiring friends, as well as in their hearts. I beg to be remembered to Lady *Broke;* and, with the most sincere wishes and prayers for your speedy restoration to perfect health, am,

"Dear *Broke,*

"Your very sincere friend,

"*W. BOLTON.*"

From *Mileson Edgar*, Esq., the lineal descendant of one of the oldest families in *Suffolk*, dating from the *Saxon* era.

"*Red House, March* 14th, 1814.

"My dear Sir *Philip,*

"Not being much of a bird of passage at any time, and during this cold weather migrating little further than from the study to the dining-room, I have procured your address from your mother, seeing little prospect at present of taking you by the hand, either in town or country, and of telling you in person how sincerely I congratulate you on setting foot again on *English* ground after such a display of heroism. Be assured I feel a full portion of that provincial pride with which you have filled the breast of every *Suffolk* man by your deeds of unrivalled gallantry and patriotism. That the laurel which binds your wound may act as a most powerful panacea, and speedily remove every ill effect from it, is, believe me, my friend, my

sincerest wish; and happy shall I be to see confirmed by your own hand the good accounts which have for a considerable time past awaited my inquiries after you. I know not whether your naval ardour will suffer you to stay at home whilst your country has a foe on the water, but the present prospect of affairs, I think, bids fair to give repose to the world, and then no man can with more propriety than yourself say, "*Feci officium meum.*" Be assured we shall all be most happy to have you again among us; and, from the specimen we had during the short time you were with us, I am convinced we shall find your abilities are not nautical only, but calculated to make you a distinguished character also as a country gentleman. Every part of my family joins with me in kindest regards to Lady *Broke* and yourself; and believe me, my dear Sir *Philip*,

"Most truly and sincerely yours,

"*MILESON EDGAR.*"

From Captain (afterwards Vice-Admiral) the Honourable *Duncombe Pleydell Bouverie.*

"*Hale*, near *Salisbury*,

"*November* 4th, 1813.

"Dear *Broke*,

"I have just learnt your arrival at *Spithead*, and I trouble you with these few lines to greet you on your return home, and, at the same time, to inquire after your wound. My friend *Hotham* was kind enough to send me a

long letter by your ship, and he speaks of it as very severe, which, indeed, I had heard from other quarters; but I sincerely hope that you now no longer feel any ill effects from it, and this, I hope, you will be able and kind enough to let me know when you are quite at leisure, not giving yourself the trouble to write till then, though I really shall feel anxious to hear of you. And now I must beg leave to add my congratulations to the very many which I am sure you must have received on the glorious manner in which you have upheld the fame of the *British* navy, by a display of all those good qualities that most adorn an officer, by which you performed an achievement which, I think, is unexampled in the annals of the navy, at least of late years. It must be a great gratification to you to know that it was duly appreciated in this country, and I hope you may live to see your son's sons rising up to inherit the title so deservedly conferred on you. I hope these sons, with your wife, may have joined you at *Portsmouth*, and that you may have had the delight of finding them all well. Mrs. *Bouverie* may possibly have grown out of your memory, but you are not effaced from hers, for she described your person to me very accurately just now, and begs to be remembered to you and Mrs. *Broke*. You may have heard that I continued in my old ship on our old station, and without having any reason to complain of my luck till the spring, when it was voted that I had been long enough in a frigate, and I was offered a seventy-four; but I thought it a favourable time to get a little respite, and I have since been a gentleman at large, and wandering about the country. Now, however, we are likely soon to

be fixed, I having bought a small place near *Lymington*, which I expect soon to get in possession of.

"And now I must say adieu! and beg you to believe me very faithfully yours,

"*PLEYDELL BOUVERIE.*

"I have heard there is a chance of some of the other *Yankees* getting as well licked as your antagonist, for I believe they are out."

From Admiral Sir *A. S. Hammond*, Bart., G.C.B.

"*Terrington, Lynn*, 13th *July*, 1813.

"My dear Sir,

"Among the many and sincere congratulations which you will naturally receive on your late most gallant achievement, I beg leave to assure you that none will proceed more from the heart than what I really feel upon the occasion. Accept, therefore, my best thanks for the great and eminent service you have rendered the country, which will ever, I trust, establish you in the naval history as one of the greatest ornaments to the profession.

"Lord *Arden* may, perhaps, tell you of the opinion I had of your merits as an officer, when he informed me of Lord *Melville's* intention of sending young *Percival* to the *Shannon*, in case of your not returning so soon from the *American* station. It is, therefore, doubly gratifying to me to find my opinion of your merits was so well founded. I hope to hear you find no inconvenience remaining from your

wound, and that you have otherwise returned to *England* in good health.

"Lady *Hammond* desires to be remembered in my congratulations on your safety after so severe a conflict.

"I have the honour to be, with my very sincere regards,

"My dear Sir,

"Your faithful, humble servant,

"*A. S. HAMMOND.*

"Captain *Broke*, R.N."

From Admiral Sir *James Alexander Gordon*, G.C.B., Governor of *Greenwich Hospital.*

"*St. John, June* 13th, 1813.

"My dear Sir,

"It is with the most heartfelt satisfaction I congratulate you on your brilliant victory over the *Chesapeake.* I have been suffering extremely from a severe illness, but your success has done more for me than all the doctors. To have taken her at all would have been most meritorious and gratifying to all of us; but the decided style of the thing was your own entirely, and only to be achieved by the discipline and experience of the *Shannon's* crew. The general joy on such an event has been here much clouded by the account of your wound taking an unfavourable turn; but the good report of this day has dispelled all their fears, and the loyal inhabitants of this place will do you ample justice in celebrating the victory. I have this day got out of bed for the first time this week, having had a severe

attack of pleurisy, and I devote the first labour of my pen to give you joy of the encounter.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Most faithfully yours,

"*ALEX. GORDON.*

"P.S. In case *Capel* should be at *Halifax*, as the convoy was supposed on the way hither, I thought it better to send *Rattler* out than have her lying here, which, I hope, he will approve. *Bream* has this day brought in the *Wasp* privateer, of two guns and thirty-five men.

"*A. G.*"

From his brother, Lieut.-Colonel *Broke*, afterwards Major-General Sir *Charles Broke Vere*, K.C.B.

"*Lezaca, August* 4th, 1813.

"My dear *Philip*,

"I cannot say how happy your success has made me, nor could I describe the joy and satisfaction which the gallantry of your achievement has created here; what the sensations were in *England* we hear of, that they were generally of the greatest joy. But I am very anxious to hear of yourself and how you are going on; a cutlass cut on the head I apprehend no good from in a hot climate; but I am assured, from an officer who came from *England* after your second lieutenant had arrived there, that you were doing as well as could be, expected. I know your letters are on the way, but our communication is so very bad

that I fear our letters are very long getting to each other. I am now curious to know what will be your employment. I hope your squadron will be augmented by adding your prize to it, and then we shall hope to see the *American* navy soon decline. *George* is gone home, *Clinton* being so very ill as to be obliged to go to *England.* I am not sorry that *G*—— is gone to our excellent mother, who, sensible as she is of her children's fame, has much need of their society. We have had a most active week. My last will have informed you of our situation on the frontiers of the *Western Pyrenees*, after pursuing *Joseph's* armies. The siege of *St. Sebastian* was commenced, and the blockade of *Pampeluna* went on, an assault on *St. Sebastian* failed, and on the following day, the 25th, *Soult*, who had taken the command, having collected his forces between *St. Nao Pie de Vcrt* and *Ainhaa*, attacked the passes of *Roncesvalles* and *Maya*, and succeeded in forcing our troops to retire. He moved on with a large force on the *Roncesvalles Road* upon *Pampeluna.* We had two divisions there, much inferior, barely more than half his number. They kept falling back, but not losing the temporary advantage which the ground gave to check him. On the 27th our force was joined by greater part of *Spanish* reserve, under *O'Donnell*, and took up a position covering the blockade of *Pampeluna.* The efforts of *Soult's* advance were this day of no avail, and Lord *Wellington* joined our camp. On the 28th, just as the sixth division had joined the left of our position, *Soult* attacked. Our centre, the fourth division, the *British* brigade, the second division, a *Portugese* brigade of the same, and some *Spaniards*, were

advanced on high ground in front of *Villatra*, its flanks on the two rivers which join behind *Villatra* and *Huarte* and then pass *Pampeluna*. His attacks were on the flanks of this advanced position, commencing at twelve o'clock, and continuing till half-past three or near four. He was repulsed five times. The conduct and management of our troops was beautiful, and surpasses anything yet performed on the *Peninsula*, or perhaps in modern days in *Europe*. The 29th he was quiet, and General *Hill*, with the second division, came into the neighbourhood of our left. He had been compelled to fall back from *Maya*, and was followed by two divisions under the Comte *d'Erlon*. These divisions came to join the right of *Soult*. The seventh division joined our left. The 30th *Soult* had, in the night, moved the troops on his left towards his right, and the Comte *d'Erlon* again showed strong before General *Hill*. Their movements indicated a retreat, or possibly a movement to our left. Lord *Wellington* attacked with the fourth, sixth, and seventh, the third moving forward over their positions which *Soult's* left had quitted in the night. The *déroute* became extreme, about 1,500 prisoners taken, and the rear-guard much destroyed. The advance of our army continued till on the 3rd (yesterday) we resumed the position from which the enemy had compelled us to remove on the 25th. The enemy's loss has certainly been very severe—ours but a trifle. The siege of *St. Sebastian* has been, during these operations, turned into a blockade. Lord *Wellington* has thus defeated the enterprising movement of *Soult*, and continued to prosecute his original plan, gaining a complete

victory over an officer sent here to redeem the character of the *French* army, and retrieve, if possible, some small portion of what has been lost in the Battle of *Vittoria*. *Soult* was not rapid enough after he forced the passes. You will imagine to yourself my feelings, when, on the anniversary of the Battle of *Salamanca*, at a dinner given by Lord *Wellington*, Captain *Broke* and the *Shannon* was given by his lordship, and drank by the party with real feelings of admiration.

"Your affectionate brother,

"*CHARLES BROKE.*"

From these letters (and they are few in number compared with those which might be added) it will be seen how highly and how justly the gallantry of *Broke* and his *Shannons* was estimated by competent judges at the time. They confirm the simple truth of Mr. *Croker's* words: "An action rarely equalled and never surpassed."

We feel that the patience, the bravery, the judgment, the skill, and the patriotism displayed by *Broke*, required only a larger field and more extended scale of operation to have equalled in renown the most prominent and best known achievement in our naval annals.

As it was, he returned to *England* crowned with well-merited renown; and attended by the strong affection of all, whether officers or men, who could claim the honour of having participated with him, at any period of his active service, which thus gloriously terminated with glory to the country, glory to the service, and undying glory to the name of *Broke*.

It has been noticed, in all times, that any deed of tried and acknowledged heroism has found its bard.

There was a general stringing of lyres, in either land, on this occasion, but the feeling between the countries was too bitter for either to produce a poem likely to endure. This which follows, by Lieut. *M. Montague*, R.N., is probably the best.

"For twice ten years proud *France*, in vain,
Had sought to overthrow the reign
Of *England* on the sea;
But still in her triumphal car
Britannia rode, and rul'd the war,
And scorn'd the weak decree.

"The unrelenting foe then cast
His eye across the wat'ry waste
That parts the western world;
And, burning with his fell design,
He hoped *America* would join
The banner he'd unfurl'd.

"Impell'd, at length, by *French* intrigue
And latent hate, to join the league
That plotted *England's* ruin,
She basely rais'd her impious hand
To overthrow her parent land—
Nor mark'd her own undoing.

"She sent her vaunted cruisers out,
All mann'd with seamen bold and stout,
A pick'd and daring band;
But mostly traitors, sordid, base,
Vile *Britons* of degen'rate race,
Whom infamy shall brand.

"By fortune favour'd as by might,
Unmatch'd in force as swift in flight,
Awhile they cruis'd unwreck'd:
And *Britain*, with amazement, saw
These vain marauders give the law
Upon the sea uncheck'd.

"She saw her *Guerriere's* colours torn—
The *Frolic's*, too—and heard, to mourn,
Her *Peacock's* drowning knell:
But most the *Macedonian's* fate
She wept; and scarce less great
Her grief when *Java* fell.

"The guardian genius of her fleet,
All unaccustom'd to defeat,
Reverse but ill could brook;
Indignant at the outrage new,
Around that fleet her eyes she threw
With eager, anxious look.

"And, gazing on the wooded main,
With pride embitter'd now with pain,
While burst a rending sigh—
She thought on former triumphs gain'd
By that proud navy she had train'd
'To conquer or to die!'

"Dispelling then each painful doubt,
A frigate fair she singled out,
Of plain but warlike show;
And while, to hear the heav'nly maid,
In silence warring winds obey'd,
The waves were hush'd below.

"'*Shannon*,' said she, 'on yonder coast
The vain *American* makes boast
He has my pow'r defied—
Go, wreak upon the braggart foe
A vengeance terrible, though slow,
And humble low his pride.'

"The *Shannon* heard, attentive all,
And quick, obedient to the call,
Went forth without delay;
For *Boston Bay* she boldly stood,
Where she had information good
A *Yankee* frigate lay.

"As left the sun its orient bed,
And o'er the wave new glories shed,
In beams of golden light—
The *Shannon* stood close in, to throw
The gauntlet to the haughty foe,
And dare him to the fight.

"Exulting with their late success,
Nor now anticipating less,
The enemy came out;
Right down upon the *Shannon* steer'd,
In dread array, with quarters clear'd,
And crew complete and stout.

"As onward to the fight they bore,
Slow moving from their native shore,
By ev'ry tie endear'd:
From crowded quay and peopled beach,
As far as loudest tongue could reach,
Their countrymen them cheer'd.

"Nor wanted now our gallant tars
A record bright of former wars
To cheer them in the fight:
Yet, better far than brightest story,
They had, to spur them on to glory,
'An enemy in sight.'

"It was of *June* the glorious first
The fight was fought—by *France* how curs'd
The memorable day!
On which brave *Howe*, in ninety-four,
The beaten fleet of *Gallia* bore
To *British* ports away.

"Th' undaunted *Shannon* mark'd his aim,
As full before the wind he came,
To seek the bloody strife;
And, laying-to, all well prepared,
Her foe she to the combat dar'd—
To end alone with life.

"Stream'd from his peak and tall masthead
The mingled stripes of white and red,
As nearer still he came;
While from the *Shannon's* proudly flew
The pendant of unfading blue,
Her ensign of the same.

"And, as they floated on the breeze
In wanton sport, with careless ease,
And woo'd the ambient air—
Th' intrepid tar who bade them fly,
With eyes uplifted to the sky,
Thus breath'd his mental prayer:

"'Almighty *God!* as good as great!
Whose will is sure, unerring fate,
Vouchsafe to hear my pray'r:
This day may victory be mine—
But thine the praise, the glory thine;
And my brave comrades spare.

"'Yet should thy will divine be so
To give the battle to the foe,
Thy judgments right I'll own:
But never shall, while I may live,
(So help me, and my sins forgive!)
These colours be hauled down.'

"Now, while the fierce opponents clos'd,
In deepest silence all repos'd;
And still, as they drew nigh,
Each sailor shook his messmate's hand,
And thought upon his native land,
And check'd the rising sigh.

"Yet this alone a transient thought,
The moment nobler feelings brought,
To warm each *Briton's* breast:
Such ardour now their bosoms fir'd,
As though by Honour's self inspir'd
To fill her high behest.

"Enthron'd amid the conscious sky,
Britannia's Genius from on high
Beheld th' approaching war;
And, hanging o'er the dread event,
Yet of the issue confident,
Thus spoke each dauntless tar:

"'My true-born sons, if still the same,
Now prove your title to the name
Held heretofore so glorious:
Fifteen short minutes will decide
If triumph still with you does side—
If *England's* still victorious.'

"Ha! mark the first loud-pealing gun—
The dreadful conflict has begun,
And shakes the atmosphere:
Thick volumes of convolving smoke,
By flashing gleams of fire broke,
Spread through the lurid air.

"The death-wing'd bolts of *British* thunder
Now rive the hostile oak asunder,
And scatter ruin round;
Its deaf'ning peals extend their roar
To *Massachuset's* frighted shore,
And o'er the hills resound.

"Impervious clouds of thick'ning white
Conceal the combatants from sight,
While roars the battle's tide:
The winds, affrighted, fly the main—
Ah, gentle zephyrs! come again,
And throw the veil aside.

"List! now a pause—it grows more clear,
Above the smoke their mastheads peer,
No more by darkness shielded:
Ha! see, they lock—the *British* board!
On, heroes, on! may ev'ry sword
By giant strength be wielded!

"They rush—the daunted foe retire;
The guns, deserted, cease their fire—
Huzzas now rend the sky:
Loud cheers on conquest's wing are borne
Down, down the faded stripes are torn,
And *British* colours fly!

"O glorious day! transporting sight!
The hostile stars are set in night,
Nor more insulting shine.
No longer be thy hope deferr'd,
Immortal *BROKE!* Thy pray'r is heard—
The victory is thine!

"The hero heard the joyful sounds
As, bleeding fast with ghastly wounds,
All faint and pale he fell;
And, as his sailors bare him down,
'Cheer up,' said he, 'the day's your own,
My wounds will soon be well.'

"Exhausted nature could no more—
Let balmy rest the Chief restore,
And soothe his anguish'd pain:
Meanwhile brave *Wallis** may supply
His Captain's place, and *Falkiner*† vie
In skill, nor vie in vain.

"Go, then, *Columbia!* boast no more—
But weep your short-liv'd triumphs o'er;
Your *Chesapeake* is lost!
This day our *British* tars have shown,
With skill and valour *all their own*,
How poor, how false your boast.

"The 'Infant Navy's' laurel boughs
That vaunting deck'd your shameless brows,
Are wither'd all and torn;
Nor ever, while a *Briton* breathes,
Shall leaf that twines in *British* wreaths
By you again be worn.

* Second Lieutenant of *Shannon*. † Third.

"The faithful Muse now weeps to tell
What gallant *Britons* nobly fell
Upon this bloody day:
The setting sun shone on the grave
Of five and twenty seamen brave,
While fifty wounded lay.

"Brave *Watt*,* who, by his captain's side,
Had through the carnage death defied,
At length in vict'ry dies:
His flitting soul but stay'd to note
The *British* flag in triumph float,
Then sought its native skies.

"Fain would my song transmit to fame
Full many a tar of lesser name,
Who shar'd his glorious fate;
Of those the hapless *Aldham*† stands
The foremost in the gallant band,
While weeps his widowed mate!

"Nor shall, those heroes names among,
Brave *LAWRENCE!*‡ thine remain unsung,
Who met an equal doom:
Though pale thy mangled corse is now,
The laurel wreath that deck'd thy brow
For ever green shall bloom.

* First Lieutenant of *Shannon*. † Purser. ‡ Captain of *Chesapeake*.

"Of *Ludlow*,* too, the lay shall tell,
Who bravely fought and nobly fell—
His race so early run!
Of foemen full twice thirty slain,
Sunk deep beneath the crimson'd main,
Before the set of sun.

"Roll light the wave upon her dead!
Their sepulchre is ocean's bed—
All fathomless and vast!
Their fun'ral knell the cannon rung;
While soft a requiem was sung
Upon the distant blast.

"The foe has fall'n—the fight has ceas'd:
Brave *Peake!* thy manes, now appeas'd,
May henceforth sleep in rest.
The retributive off'ring made,
Go seek, with gallant *Lambert's* shade,
The mansions of the blest.

"Now homeward, with her prize in tow,
Behold the happy *Shannon* go,
Her trophies proud to sport:
Ye gentle winds, that round her play,
Improve and guard her destin'd way
Within the shelt'ring port.

* First Lieutenant of *Chesapeake*.

"He comes—Illustrious Chief! prepare
The splendid wreath 'tis his to wear,
Of never-fading bays:
Prepare the bright perennial crown,
While loud the trump of high renown
Resounds the victor's praise.

"Brave tars! what joy to you, returning—
With anxious hope your bosoms burning,
And wish no more to roam;
To meet again each well-known face,
The cordial hand—the fond embrace,
The hearty welcome home.

"A grateful country, too, will greet
Your glad return—and ye shall meet
Her daughters' sweetest smiles:
And, as ye tell th' inspiring tale,
With conscious pride her sons will hail
'The guardians of her isles.'

"Nor will the valour you have shown
Contemporary praise alone
Beget, but deathless glory;
For history's recording page
Shall tell to many a future age
The animating story.

"My Muse would fain her theme pursue,
To pay your worth the tribute due,
But finds her efforts vain:
Some abler Bard must wake the string,
And, soaring high on bolder wing,
Proclaim the lofty strain."

It is now matter of indisputable truth that preparations were making in *Boston*, on a liberal scale, to receive both victors and vanquished at dinner, on the evening of *June* 1st, 1813. When this hospitable purpose was known to the *Shannons* it gave rise to the following

IMPROMPTU.

"The bold *Chesapeake*
Came out on a freak,
And swore she'd soon silence our cannon;
While the *Yankees*, in port,
Stood to laugh at the sport,
And see her tow in the brave *Shannon*.

"Quite sure of the game,
As from harbour they came,
A dinner and wine they bespoke;
But for *meat* they got *balls*
From our staunch wooden walls,
And the dinner engagement was—*BROKE*."

In another poem of the day a coarse and cutting dialogue appears, allusive to the capture of the *Peacock* by the *Hornet*:

"Frequent amid the battle's heat
The seamen rudely taunt and threat—
'I guess as how the *Hornet's* sting
Went deep beneath the *Peacock's* wing,
And were another *Peacock* here,
As deep again 't would go, I swear;
Were she and *Shannon* both together,
We'd lend them both such hearty raps,
That with the *Shamrock* in our caps
We'd twine the *Peacock's* feather.'

"The *British* tars, with equal zest,
Bandy the coarse and cutting jest,
With exhortation quick and short—
'Well pointed! Fire, boys! That's your sort!
Come—round and grape—bouse out—hurrah!
At her again—the proud Jack Daw!
We'll singe her wings! The *Frenchman's* tune
Belike she'll dance this first of *June;*
And every gun we fire, my hearts!
A bloody *Peacock's* feather starts
From off her *Yankee* tail.'"

One instance more:

"And as the war they did provoke,
We'll pay them with our cannon;
The first to do it will be *Broke,*
In the valiant ship, the *Shannon.*"

LIEUTENANT *STEWART'S* POEM.

"Three fatal fights *Britannia* saw,
With mix'd surprise and woe,
For thrice she saw her Union flag
By hostile hands laid low.

"Then, casting round an anxious eye
Amongst her naval men,
Her choice she made, that choice was *Broke*,
To raise her flag again.

"'Command,' she cries, 'yon gallant ship,
And form her valiant crew,
And bid my flag victorious fly
Where it was wont to do.'

"*Broke* with delight the charge receives,
Aloft his ensign flies;
Britannia hails her ardent son,
'He conquers or he dies.'

"The foe in warlike pride advanced,
Exulting in the past;
Broke saw, severely smil'd, and cried,
'The *Java* is your last.'

"With wily art the *Shannon* plays;
Hark! her artillery roars;
With skill scarce less, the *Chesapeake*
Her rattling broadside pours.

"Thus as they fought they closer drew,
At length fast lock'd they lay;
Th' auspicious moment *Broke* observed,
'Haste, boarders; haste away.'

"He spoke, and, with the lightning's speed,
Led on the boarding crew;
In fifteen minutes, proud, aloft,
The *British* Union flew.

"Hail! *Suffolk's* pride; such fame may I,
A son of *Suffolk*, share;
Or, if I fall like glorious *Watt*,
To fall what hour so fair?

"Who fights, and in his country's cause
Obtains the victor's prize,
Whene'er he falls survives to fame,
To fame that never dies.

"Lead on where'er your country calls,
And glory points the way;
Wherever Ocean rolls his tides,
Your conquering flag display;

"And prove, though thrice superior force,
Might transient trophies gain,
Britannia rules the watery world,
Sole Empress of the Main.

"*EDWARD STEWART*, Lieutenant R.N."

BRITANNIA'S PRIDE.

"She comes, she comes, in glorious style,
To quarters fly, ye hearts of oak;
Success shall soon reward our toil,
Exclaimed the gallant Captain *Broke.*
Three cheers, my brave boys, let your ardour bespeak,
And give them a round from your cannon;
And soon shall they find that the proud *Chesapeake*
Shall lower a flag to the *Shannon.*

"*Lawrence, Columbia's* pride and boast,
Of conquest counted sure as fate;
He thus addressed his haughty host,
With form erect and heart elate:
'Three cheers, my brave men, let your courage bespeak,
And give them a taste of your cannon;
And soon shall they know that the proud *Chesapeake*
Shall ne'er lower a flag to the *Shannon.*'

"Silent as death each foe drew nigh,
While locked in hostile, close embrace,
Brave *Broke*, with a *British* seaman's eye,
The signs of terror soon could trace.
He exclaimed, whilst his looks did ardour bespeak,
'Brave boys, they all flinch from their cannon;
Board, board, my brave shipmates, the proud *Chesapeake*
Shall soon be a prize to the *Shannon*.'

"Swift flew the word, *Britannia's* sons
Spread death and terror where they came;
The trembling foe forsook their guns,
And called aloud on mercy's name.
Brave *Broke* led the way, but fell wounded and weak,
Yet exclaimed 'They are fled from their cannon;
'Three cheers, my brave seamen, the proud *Chesapeake*
Has lowered a flag to the *Shannon*.'

"The day was won, but *Lawrence* fell;
He closed his eyes in endless night;
And oft *Columbia's* sons will tell
Of hopes all blighted in that fight.
But brave Captain *Broke*, though yet wounded and weak,
Survives to again play his cannon;
His name from the shores of the wide *Chesapeake*
Will resound to the banks of the *Shannon*."

§ IV.

LIFE IN RETIREMENT.

The year 1814 opened on a time of leisure which the late Captain of the *Shannon* (with all his longing wish for rest) could hardly have anticipated would extend (as it did) through all his remaining life. The conviction of this truth came gradually upon him, and, perhaps, only became fully confirmed when he had sustained a severe accident some years afterwards. For the present, however, he enjoyed fully the rest he had earned so well. With a beloved mother, justly proud of her son, a wife to whom he was now more than ever dear, children full of promise, neighbours who honoured him with a pride and joy which can easily be imagined, and a home endeared to him by every boyish recollection, *Broke* must have been thankfully happy. That he was so his journals amply demonstrate. He devoted himself to the duties and occupations annexed to the life of a country gentleman, such as may be gleaned from his own records of the period.

Much of the year 1814 was passed in *London*, where he appears to have found himself able, as usual, to partake of the pleasure and to add to the enjoyments of the friends he valued. In the country he passed his time between *Shrubland Park* (Lady *Broke's* previous home) and *Broke Hall.*

In 1815 he settled finally at the latter place, and thus commences his journal:

"1815. *Jan.* 1st. We went sacrament.
"13th. Rode with boys.
"*March* 11th. *Napoleon.**
"14th. Planted poplars.
"21st. *Nap., Paris.*
"27th. Parish meeting. Chosen overseer, surveyor, and assessor.
"*May* 4th. Gathered May.
"5th, 6.45 p.m. Little *Harriet née.*
"17th. Bought twenty sheep.
"21st. *Sunday* sacrament.
"*June* 27th. Began hay.
"*July* 3rd. S'pult. H. E. Saw vault.
"6th. Angled with boys.
"*Aug.* 22nd. Lamb fair.
"*Sept.* 28th. Planned ox-shed.
"*Oct.* 21st. Killed dog for sheep-biting.
"*Dec.* 12th. Shot at *Braziers.* Party here. Killed fifty pheasants, ten hares, one rabbit.
"23rd. Shot at *Holbrook.* 340 head. Nine guns.
"31st. Ends as the year began. *Sunday* sacrament. *L*—— went church.

Such was the quiet, useful, country life on which Sir *Philip Broke* now entered, and which every passing year seems more and more to have endeared to him. He kept up an animated correspondence, writing, on the average, three letters daily. He went to Court, as in duty bound, but does not appear to have warmed much to the Government of the day. Perhaps all men feel "gone-by" neglect all the more keenly when followed by and contrasted with

* This is only one out of many of Sir *Philip's* brief memoranda. It probably alludes to *Napoleon's* escape from *Elba.*

that regard *compelled* by meritorious service. He, therefore, rarely or never speaks of attentions from that quarter. It was far otherwise with private and personal congratulations and tokens of regard. These he cherished to his last hour. The county plateau, the sword of honour, and, perhaps as an exception, the augmentation of his family bearings, the letters of his brothers-in-arms, these were to him the later *penates* of *Broke Hall*—the tokens of a noble end, fairly attained and hardly won. From this time he lived not on a lower but a holier level. Heretofore, in the fulness of health and strength, he had existed mainly for his country; now, shattered and broken, he devoted all that remained to his wife and children.

Very touching are these records, and almost too sacred for a stranger's hand to intermeddle with.

Four children still were born to him, but only one attained to maturity—he so often spoken of in the hero's subsequent correspondence as "*Charley*"—he alone of these survived him. These, with the four born previous to the *Shannon's* action with the *Chesapeake*, and as yet living, demanded all a good father's provident care. This, assuredly, they had. Next to these duties, the welfare of his old *Shannons* was ever most near and dear to him. He never wearied of writing for them to all whom he could hope to interest in their behalf, and many letters of grateful thankfulness might be inserted were they necessary to add lustre to our hero's name. They have, doubtless, been recorded elsewhere. Meanwhile, for some time, life flowed calmly on. In years *Broke* was still a young man, only forty years of age; and, for-

very long, an excellent constitution bore strenuously up under his severe and complicated wound. All that remains, therefore, for his biographer is, to note such passages in his journal as may be personally or generally interesting, until the date when bodily suffering and domestic affliction taxed his patience and resignation to a great and trying extent, and his life became little less than a record of gentle endurance and sympathy for others.

1816. I may observe here, that in these days of comparative strength, the religion of Sir *Philip Broke* was eminently practical and exemplary. Throughout the year last closed, I suppose, the rector of *Nacton* never once missed the "overseer, surveyor, and assessor" from his flock, unless when detained in London by duty. If such records in future are less frequent in his diaries, it is because, as infirmities multiplied, his piety became less public but more personal; more experimental, but not less diligent. On these days he "*reads much*," "*writes much*," and records with regret his long unavoidable absences from the church where, for upwards of three centuries, his ancestors lay buried.

His was a piety I remember well. Religion evidenced by duty, "FAITH and WORKS," as a fine old admiral, wearied by long-shore talk, chose for his motto.

They were not fond, in that generation, of sectarian discussions. Most brave and pious men of that day, whether in the army or navy, would have been disposed to resent doubts of the Scriptures as insults offered to their common sense. They were most punctual in their religious duties,

of unblemished loyalty, and most determined patriotism. The faults of their day were chiefly these two: unbounded neighbourly good-fellowship, which too often ended in excess, and an irreverent use of the name of the *Most High.*

From these *Broke* was conscientiously free. I remember one of his old *Shannons* relating the tag of a little quarter-deck speech the Captain of the *Shannon* made on his last homeward voyage, whilst still wearing his "turban and cloak," and scarcely able to come on deck earlier than ten or eleven o'clock. "I am glad," said he, "that I have no drunkards or blasphemers among my crew." I have been led into this digression mainly that I may explain to my reader why I shall say but little more hereafter of the faith which attended the glorious old Captain of the *Shannon* until his

> "Silvered locks, smooth straked by death,
> Lay, like a crown of glory, round his head."

He died (and of this hereafter) with words of profound resignation and thankfulness to *God* for all His mercies to His servant. But at the present date, 1816, and on to 1820, he might well say, "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" and certainly these hours he amply fulfilled. And the duties to which they were devoted were all so common-place (if, indeed, *home* duties may ever be so termed)—professional, county, parish, and family—that they have left but the very barest materials for the life I wish to write; but of which, however far this volume be advanced, I feel I have said so little. Such, however, as the extracts are, I give them:

"*March* 10th. Went church.
" 11th. Potted yew trees.
" 12th. Planting capt.'s orchard.
" 13th. Planting.
" 14th. Fruit trees came from *Paris*.
" 17th. Went to church.
" 18th. Received for forty sheep. Sold at 46s. each.
" 20th. Gathered first primroses.
" 22nd. Drove *L*—— in donkey chaise.
" 27th. Planned shore plantations.
" 29th. Planted poplars and willows.
" 31st. Went church.
"*April* 1st. Went vestry.
" 2nd. Worked on mount.
" 7th. Church. Snow, a.m., early.
"*July* 23rd. Went to county meeting to address Princess and P. *Saxe-Cobourg*.

October. The following characteristic letter was received from Admiral Lord *Exmouth*:

"*Cheltenham*, 22nd *October*, 1816.

"My dear Sir *Philip*,

"It was with great delight and satisfaction that I read the feeling and kind expressions of a man (and truly a man of whom the *British* navy may boast the possession) who saved the name of his country from the illiberal and vile abuse of the partisans of America, and showed their vain boasters what true *Britons* could do when commanded by talent combined with true courage. Often have I read over every word of your victory, which at once set at rest the boasted superiority of the vainest nation on the earth. It is from such men that I feel proud of congratu-

lations. They are the true sentiments of an honest heart. Others are the mere index of the mind, commonly measured by the usual considerations of the world. Yours I accept with pleasure and grateful feeling, and, if I could, I would make my thanks as acceptable to you. Such as they are, they are yours, from my very soul. Believe me, ever, my dear Sir *Philip*, with high esteem and sincere regard,

"Your faithful friend and servant,

"*EXMOUTH.*"

Journal continued:

"*January* 21st, 1817. *P. B.* [his eldest son, *Philip*] shot at a mark.

"27th. *Hyde Parker came.* [Commander of his old consort, *Tenedos.*]

"30th. *Hyde* went.

"*February* 10th. Fine. Went county meeting with *Harland* to address Regent on escape.

"20th. *Etough* came. [Formerly Acting Master of the *Shannon.*]

"*March* 7th. *Etough* went.

"17th. Finished notes on paupers.

"18th. Sent poor report to Sir *R. Harland.*

"24th. Parish meeting, chose *Cooper* overseer, and me ch. w. and taxes.

April 16th. Dry cold northerly gales, and a great sand dust, blowing from the light farms, made like a fog, all round.

"18th. Rogues cut poplars down.

"24th. *Harriet Ann* born.

"Mr. *Elston* Xtd. child. [*i.e.*, baptized infant.]

"*May* 19th. Rookstealers came to beg pardon.

"*July* 19th. *F. Hotham* dined; p.m. Cricket.

"*November* 6th. Princess *Charlotte ob.*

"*December* 13th. Little *G.* came home.

"28th. Went church. Sacrament.

"30th. Went play. *Kean* in *Shylock.* [At *Ipswich.*]

"*January* 29th, 1818. Frost. Sepult. *Ht. Ann.*

"*March* 18th. Planting oaks by shore.

"*June* 30th. P.M., 11·45, *Carolus natus.*

"*July* 1. Christened *Charles.*

"*January* 17th, 1820. Shot and dined at *Whersted.* [Lord *Granville's.*] Met Duke of *Wellington.* Sixty-four pheasants, eighty-seven hares, two rabbits.

"19th. Shot at *Manor Ponds* with Duke of *Wellington.*

"*February* 8th. *L*—— ill. Scarlet fever.

"16th. Frost. *George III* buried.

"*April* 15th. *L*—— went out in carriage, first time since *January.*

"*June* 29th. *George* rode with me, first time.

"*July* 2nd. No church—untiled.

"*August* 28th. Wrote *Astley Cooper.*

Up to this date the health of Sir *P. Broke* was such as to enable him to take a very active share in the duties of his position. The preceding memorandum shows, however, that he now found it necessary to seek medical assistance; and the opinion of the eminent surgeon, Sir *Astley Cooper,* will be entitled, on many grounds, to the reader's consideration. It should be premised that Sir *Philip* had a severe fall from his horse, *August* 8 or 9, 1820; and afterwards mentions that he kept no journal for many months. He thus described, for the information of his surgical advisers, this casualty:

"I was stunned by the fall, but it was (as at the time I was before wounded in the head) only for a moment; for I certainly

was dragged but a very few yards; and I clearly remember, as my first perception after the fall, that I was lying on my back, and, looking upwards at my foot in the stirrup, anxiously took an opportunity that I saw of clearing my toe of the stirrup. But at the instant, when cleared, my memory failed me. I certainly got up unconscious of injury, and coolly walked above a quarter of a mile, back to my mother's house, whence I had just departed.

"But I remember nothing of this walk, and my recollection recommences with my sitting down quietly in the room, and telling her I had had a fall. I began in a few minutes to feel some sense of stupor, as from a blow on my head; and having gone up stairs to wash the dirt off my hair, I then discovered that my head was scratched in several places, and bleeding. The stupor became more oppressive, and I sent for a surgeon, who bled me in the left arm, taking away ten or twelve ounces of blood. This might be about an hour and a half after the accident.

"The stupor increased considerably. I was persuaded to go upstairs again (for I had come down to be bled), and to go to bed. This I clearly remember, and that, whilst pulling my clothes off, a violent retching and vomiting came on, and then my memory again failed me for several hours; but on the following morning I was perfectly clear again, and had had some good sleep. I felt the usual soreness in the head from such contusions, but had no hurt in any part of the body, nor any uneasiness in my stomach, and my appetite was unimpaired. I felt weak, but unconscious of any material injury beyond the bruises I had received.

"The usual treatment in such cases was resorted to, to prevent inflammation, &c., and successfully, though my bodily powers were thereby of course considerably weakened. But this is irrelevant to the paralysis.

"The first symptoms that I remember of any affection on the nerves were my perceiving, in the afternoon of the day following the accident, an extreme sense of cold in my legs and feet and left hand, so that I could not sleep in comfort without a worsted glove and worsted stockings; and in the course of the next day I

discovered that the whole of the left side was thus strangely affected; the sense of cold appearing to lie internally upon the coating of the bones of the arm, thigh, and leg; and that, though the flesh externally was warm to the touch, and generally in a state of perspiration, and though the skin appeared perfectly fresh and smooth without any sign of withering or contraction, yet that skin over the whole left side of my person was affected with a singular numbness to the touch."

After long and patient submission to the able treatment of the first *Suffolk* physicians, it became necessary to consult Sir *Astley Cooper*, who wrote thus:

Sir *Astley Cooper's* letter to Dr. *Lynn*.

"*Nov.* 2nd, 1822.

"My dear Sir,

"I have heard from Sir *Philip Broke* a minute detail of his feelings and an accurate history of his complaints. The situation appears to be as follows:

"On the left side of the head the sabre cut has depressed the bone and compressed the brain, and as the edges of the fracture, which are displaced, have long since united to the skull, all expectation of any change in that part must be abandoned, and the diminished nervous energy of the right side, consequent upon this injury, will continue with little variation.

"Not so in the right side. There the mischief has been an extravasation of blood upon the brain or its membranes, and from decussation of nerves from the brain to the body; the left side is suffering from diminished temperature, or power of resisting its changes, and from altered sensations.

"The heart is subject to occasional alteration in its functions from diminished nervous excitability, and hence the pain felt in its region, and the sense of strangulation under which Sir *Philip* occasionally labours.

"The stomach is also occasionally suffering from its sympathy with the brain, and hence those attacks which drinking warm water alleviates.

"Congestion in the brain from changes in position, and from over exertions of mind, tend to a sudden increase of all the symptoms; *but this is temporary only.*

"The probability is, that the blood will gradually absorb if Sir *Philip's* general health be supported, and he avoids too much mental excitement and preserves his body from humid circulation.

"Medicine can do no more than, by slightly increasing the secretions, to promote absorption of the extraneous blood; for I know of nothing which more disposes to absorption than emptying the blood-vessels of a part of their fluid, and the *liq. ammoniæ acetatis*, with a bitter, will have a good effect, to which a slight aperient may be occasionally added.

"You have been of great use in ordering the shower bath, and I think Sir *Philip* may soon try if less care of his left arm, as to clothing, would not conduce to its powers being sooner restored. Electricity or galvanism may in some degree assist in his recovery, but not greatly, as it can only act upon the effect, unless it were gently applied to the seat of the cause, viz., the right side of the head, and from thence through the arm.

"Sir *Philip* should ride on horseback, continue the shower bath, live moderately well, take grapes and other fruits, not to replete too much with meat or drinks, but to keep up the strength of the system without producing plethora. This should be his principle.

"I believe that a moderate use of fluids leads to additional absorption, and will therefore not dilute unnecessarily, as it fills the blood-vessels, and the absorbents are then at rest.

"I am, yours very truly,

"*ASTLEY COOPER.*"

Thus compression of the right hemisphere of the brain was added to the wounds which, in 1813, had so extensively and permanently injured the left division of the cerebrum.

At this time, too, the health of Lady *Broke* had incapacitated her for all the active pursuits and enjoyments of life; and to the alleviation of her sufferings, which appear to have been severe and prolonged, her husband devoted nearly all his time and attention. He no doubt felt that her continual anxiety on his account during his term of active service (eight years in time of war) had undermined her strength and played no trifling part in thus prematurely withdrawing her from the many pursuits she loved. Nobly did he repay her! It was the study of his life to console, cheer, and give enjoyment to her through the medium of her flowers, her drives, and her books. He was never weary of planning some little pleasant surprise, always amply rewarded in witnessing her gratification.

So thoroughly shattered was now the health of Sir *Philip*

Broke that all ordinary variations of temperature, clothing, food, sleep, and work were to him matters necessarily of most serious influence and careful solicitude. Lady *Broke* became even a greater invalid, and to her comfort and enjoyment he devoted the greater portion of his leisure. Although the united centre of one of the most promising families possible, even there "*pallida mors*" struck "*æquo pede.*" On the 1st of *August*, 1823, *William Broke*, their fourth child, and a most engaging youth of sixteen, was drowned. He was last seen sitting on the rails which surrounded a pond near *Broke Hall*, and, a few hours afterwards, found dead in its waters. *Obt. W. H. B.* writes his poor father, in a mourning border, in his journal, and in the same sorrowful fashion, *August* 6th, *W. H. B., sepult.* So with him all deep feeling was veiled.

There is yet one more sad extract of this kind to be made before we enter on his correspondence.

His youngest child, *Edmond Turner Broke*, born *April* 8th, 1821; died of hooping cough at *Durham House* School, *Chelsea*, *July* 12th, 1829; and was buried in the rector's vault in the New Church, *Chelsea*, *July* 16th. Death in his journal recorded, *July* 13th: "Heard *Edmond—morto jeri.*"

By this time the remaining sons of Sir *Philip* were growing up, and from time to time it became necessary to communicate with the naval authorities on their behalf. The lapse of fourteen years had not dimmed the recollection of the *Shannon* in the memory of that fine old sailor, the Lord High Admiral, afterwards King *William* the Fourth, who writes thus:

SKETCH OF SIR P. B. V. BROKE.

TAKEN BY SIR WILLIAM ROSS, R.A., IN 1833.

"*London, May* 1st, 1827.

"Dear Sir,

"Yours of the 29th of *April* has given me sincere concern; and *God* grant the excellent and superior Captain of the *Shannon* may shortly be restored to health and his grateful country. I must have more particulars respecting your son, the lieutenant,

"And ever remain,

"Yours most truly,

"*WILLIAM P.*"

And, again:

"*Admiralty, January* 24th, 1828.

"Dear Sir,

"I have this day received, through the hands of your fine and gallant son, your letter of the 18th *December*, which you wished him to have given me on board the *Genoa*. I wish I had, on the quarterdeck of one of His Majesty's ships that had shared in the glory of *Navarino*, had put into my hand the letter from Sir *Philip Broke* by his son. But I can assure the worthy and experienced father that Lieutenant *Broke* shall shortly return to Sir *Edward Codrington*, as I am most sincerely interested in the promotion of your son, who has, I trust in *God*, inherited the naval qualities of his superior father. *God* bless you, and ever believe me,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours most truly,

"*WILLIAM P.*"

The estimation in which Sir *Philip Broke's* talents as a thorough master of naval gunnery was held by the authorities, will be seen from the following letters addressed to him by the Hon. Sir *Robert Cavendish Spencer*, private secretary to H. R. H. the Lord High Admiral.

Sir *Robert* himself enjoyed considerable reputation for his proficiency in the art of naval gunnery, and was the reputed author of the ingenious catechism, *The Ninety-nine Questions.*

"*Admiralty, January* 2nd, 1828.

"My dear Sir,

"H. R. H. has been turning his mind, as you may have heard, very much to the perfecting our naval gunnery; and, with this view, lately desired me to prepare a form to send to the ports where ships are inspected on their return from abroad as to their general state of preparation for battle, as well as the actual proficiency of the men at their exercise. I have very little leisure for a thing of such exceeding importance to our existence as a navy liable to be opposed to superior forces at sea; but I have, at broken times, just put down a few heads of examination. Had I all the time necessary, I am well aware that I could do nothing in this way adequate to the object; and, therefore, I have taken the liberty of enclosing you a copy of my ideas as to the queries which should be addressed to the port-admirals, with orders that they are fully answered, and, if necessary, expatiated upon by them, or whosoever they may depute on board the ships to execute this duty. Its

length, and the time it will take, are of no moment; for it is very easy to lop off afterwards, when we shall have got all the points, which can be readily ascertained by one or two days' visit to a ship at *Spithead.* With respect to the practice, I would thank you to put down your ideas as to what *specific points* may be asked (in the event of firing at a mark, which in some cases may, it is hoped, be done), whether anything should be said as to the length of time the man is getting his aim; of course, some direct and leading queries as to the accuracy. In short, you by this time see my ignorance compared to yours, and, therefore, I throw myself upon your goodness to assist me.

"I remain,

"Very truly yours,

"*R. C. SPENCER.*

"I have purposely left out anything about the practice with shot, wishing to have your ideas quite fresh on this subject; and, further, may I most earnestly entreat you to remark without scruple or delicacy on my heads."

"*Admiralty, January* 11th.

"My dear Sir,

"I must begin by returning my best thanks for your invaluable remarks, especially that part in which you supply me with such cogent and additional reasons for using in my battles, not with an enemy, but with many officers who are nearly as bad, and who will not, or cannot,

be made to understand the use of horizontal and, as you properly call it, *blindfold* firing. All your questions, and the additions to mine, shall be noted in the paper. I now must apologize for not having explained to you in the first instance the meaning of the word 'Private,' which is only to mark that it is not an official letter, or one which is to be answered through the public secretary, Mr. *Croker*. It is merely from habit I used the word, and am sorry that it put you to the inconvenience of not using an amanuensis. I beg you will not, on any future occasion, think of writing yourself when you can have the copy of either the letter or papers done by anyone else; for I would fain hope that this is not to be the last communication we have on the subject. It may, at least, put men in command of ships a little more in the habit of using their own very extensive and powerful means of helping themselves on board their respective ships to a variety of important things for action. At present it is too much the fashion to trust wholly to what they get from the dockyards, ordnance wharf, &c. Whereas, in my belief, *God* help us! if the fighting materials and guns on board any *British* ship were not really made *the best use of*, and an almost exclusive attention paid to them, rather than to whose top-gallant-yards were across first, there would be nothing more wanted. I talk to the young ones as much as I can; and this I mention merely that you may be convinced that in asking you what I have done, and venturing to hope you may allow some one to put on paper any *more* ideas you may kindly impart to me, it is not only for my sake but that of others. Allow me one

word more to add, that I shall feel a more unmixed pleasure in receiving your letter if not written in your own hand, as I shall then be secure that I have not worried you with unnecessary labour.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"Your very obedient servant,

"*R. C. SPENCER.*"

"*Royal Sovereign* yacht, *Deptford,*

"*July* 7th, late.

"My dear Sir,

"I only returned here late this night from *Bushy,* whither I went to wait upon H. R. H., and where, amongst other business, I was rejoiced to receive orders from H. R. H. to place your son, the commander, in the *Erebus* bomb vessel, as his former brig, the *Parthian,* was lost before he could join her. As the *Erebus* is only lately fitted, and as there is still plenty to do in the *Mediterranean,* I must be allowed to hope that Captain *Broke* may find some opportunities before many months elapse of doing something; and may (although at a distance) follow his good father's steps. I wish you joy at having your wishes gratified, and remain, dear Sir,

"Your very faithful servant,

"*R. C. SPENCER.*

"Sir *Philip Broke,* Bart."

"*October* 9th, 1840.

"Sir,

"Sir *William Symonds,* Surveyor of the Navy, having ordered me to model a bust of yourself, from

which a colossal head is to be carved to be affixed to H. M. S. *Chesapeake*, and Sir *William Symonds* being particularly anxious that, as a portrait of one who achieved one of the most glorious naval actions on record, it should be characteristic and faithful, I have obtained his permission to apply to you, to beg you would be pleased to inform me where a mask, profile, or other portrait of yourself may be obtained, from which such bust can be executed.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"*S. J. B. HAYDON.*

"32, *Grafton Street East, Fitzroy Square.*"

§ V.

CORRESPONDENCE IN 1813.

[These letters will be found to speak for themselves much more eloquently than any commentary could recommend them to the reader. They are perfectly easy and conversational; always to the point; practical, but never redundant; conveying information on every subject touched upon; and reading as freshly now as when first committed to paper.]

"1813. *January* 3rd. *Heaven* bless my *L*—— with many happier 'New Years days' than has ushered this in. On the 1st we chased a little, sly-looking schooner, but had not breeze enough to get hold of him, we suppose an

American privateer; and this is the only break upon our solitude since we left our convoy. We have had rough weather, and are now much nearer you than *Halifax;* but are dutifully looking to the westward. We shall soon, perhaps, reach the *Western Isles*, and get some news of our *Yankee* opponents. I suspect most of them are in harbour ere this, but perhaps we may find a privateer to send you, or meet *Minerva* going home to carry a letter. We are all well—wonderfully so, indeed—thank *God!* but all impatient to be less idly employed. I cannot write more to you till we have some visitors to tell us all the news. Adieu! Kiss all the little dears and great dears for me, and wish them many happy returns of the season—*at our own fireside!*"

"*January* 8th. Off *St. Michael's Island, Azores.* We have just met *Jalouse* after a dreary, solitary week. We hear the *French* are annihilated in *Russia. God* send it to be true. *Macedonian* must be avenged, or the *Americans* will be *quite too saucy.* If Mr. *Madison* is re-elected, of course the war will be prolonged. I hope we shall soon be with you. Love to all your party. We are all well, and alert. Adieu!"

"*January* 10th. *Shannon*, off *St. Michael's Island, Azores.* I had an unexpected opportunity of sending my beloved *L*——a letter by *Jalouse*, whom we met cruising near here on *Friday.* I hope it will reach you in a fortnight, to keep up a comfortable succession of intelligence. I wish I could enjoy as much, but we shall now probably not reach *Halifax*, or our letters, this month to come.

"To-day we are idling in a calm under the lofty mountains of *St. Michael.* There is a little vessel in sight, but we can't get near her. We must now run down to the trades, and so make our voyage home that way, passing near *Bermuda,* or perhaps calling there. We got some scattered papers of *December,* up to the 12th, but not the grand victory over the *French* in *Russia;* that, and their fleet being arrived, are some consolation in our disappointment in *Spain,* though military men could not promise themselves much more success than did follow the Battle of *Salamanca.* If the *French* are not reinforced they will waste away again, and Lord *Wellington* will again advance; and, perhaps, knowing now how worthless their capital is, he may employ his whole force on worthier objects. It is all fine schooling for our army.

"I fear *Macedonian's* misfortunes will be more felt at home than all our allies' successes. We must catch one of these great *American* ships with our squadron, to send her home for a show, that people may see *what a great creature it is,* and that our frigates have fought very well, though so unlucky; but we begin to doubt that all our rivals of *Rodgers'* and the other squadron are gone home, and we shall have no chance of a meeting for this cruise.

"I am in great hopes *Macedonian* is retaken by *Beresford* or Sir *J. Warren,* as they both lay in her way. We can't allow the seventy-fours to take the *American* frigates, as *that is our concern;* but we are now a month out and no prize. That vile convoy wasted us three weeks. I hear *Owen* is near us with a squadron, and should like to see him. Poor Mrs. *Upton!* I hear her husband is transported for his

antiquity, as well as other folks: he is gone to the *West Indies* with the convoy. We heard no important news from *America* but *Madison's* re-election, which the sailors like, as it will prolong the war. My companions, *Nymph*, *Tenedos*, and *Curlew*, are all in good condition, but grieving to be so idle.

"I suppose you at *Bath*, and like to persuade myself that you have so many of your dearest friends round you that they will occupy and amuse your ideas, and keep you cheerful. I think of nothing but making my escape from service, and hope every day for some event which will enable me. Kiss all little dears for me, and believe me coming. We are, thank *God!* remarkably healthy, not a sick man amongst our whole family of more than 300 people.

"17th. After some vexatious calms we are now, with a mild, fair wind, gliding on softly towards *Bermuda*, being the surest way of getting to *Halifax* at this season, when all is stormy and rude to the northward. Beside, we have beautiful summer weather, and are in good cruising ground for privateers or recaptures; and without those amusements fine weather is *very insipid* to sailors. We are all well and ready for anybody. Since last *Sunday* we only spoke an ignorant little *Portuguese* brig, of whom we learnt nothing, and we retook a poor little *English* brig that was carrying salt fish to *Madeira:* he had been taken by *Mars*, *American* privateer, who has taken or destroyed seven more of no great value; as the thing was of small worth to any *but* the owners, we sent her on to her own destination. This is our only prize, of which I ought, at least, to have a *fish*

for my share. We shall cross more of their little prizes soon, and send all the eatable ones to our hungry friends in *Bermuda.* I have not yet stopped any licensed ships, though many would, I know, be condemned—some, perhaps, that do not deserve it; but for the good of our '*Mudians* I shall send them all the irregular people we meet *with flour or corn,* that friend *Jonathan's* idleness may be rendered useful. It is their own fault if they don't get proper protections. As to all cruising *for profit,* we are now as far from it as we were before the *American* war; so *honour* ought to pay us highly for our services.

"I am very tired, my beloved *L*——, very weary, indeed, of this cruel banishment; but I dare not think of home, and can only try to hasten my return to you by persevering in the search of our enemy. We deserve some success, after hunting for them so incessantly. We have *American* papers up to the 12th of *December,* with all their exultations at the conquest and arrival of *Macedonian.* I had hoped she would have been intercepted, but she got into *New York* a day or two before we left *Halifax,* so we are not in fault.

"You will see *Dacres* at *Bath,* and *hear him, too,* I dare say; he is an amusing chatter-box, but a very good-tempered fellow, and I hear his wife is a pretty and amiable little woman. I wish I could come and surprise all your domestic party at your fireside. I hope they take you to the concerts and all that is amusing; as, when I can fancy that my *L*—— is cheerful, I feel so much the happier myself. *God* bless and keep you all so, speedily to meet your affectionate

"*P. B. V. B.*"

"*January* 20th. All well, but no news. We are half way to *Bermuda.* I send this by the only animal we have seen since our little recapture. This is a little *Guernsey* cutter, from *Brazil;* so, to lose no chance of letting my beloved *L*—— hear of me, I shall send this letter to be forwarded from *Lisbon. Bad luck cannot last for ever;* so we hope to mend our fortunes every day, and that some happy *rencontre* may send me home to my gentle wife. *Heaven* bless you and all around you."

"*February* 4th. *Shannon,* off *Bermuda.* I have not been idle, my beloved *L*——, though I did not begin another letter before now. We have been amazingly busy in our chases and exercises to make ourselves clever people, and had no opportunity of sending letters. My last was by a little *Guernsey* cutter going to *Lisbon;* but the man promised to deliver my letter safe to the packet, so that I flatter myself it will reach you in fair succession after those by *Jalouse.* As we have been going *from Europe* now, we have not and could not expect to receive any later news of home affairs; nor have we learnt anything more from *America* since I wrote. A few days after we lost our *Tenedos* in a night chase after a fast privateer, which I fear he did not catch any more than ourselves. I hope to meet *Parker* again, however, as we cut across to *Halifax,* which we shall do in a few days when far enough west to secure a passage. Look at the map and see what a monstrous tour we have made after our friends*—they can't always evade us, surely.

* Meaning the *American* frigates.

Three days ago we recaptured a large *English* merchant ship, *Hebe*, from *Smyrna*, which had been taken near *Lisbon* by a little *Yankee* rogue, and was got thus far towards *Chesapeake*.

"I have put young *Clavering* into the ship to take her to *Bermuda*, as we are so near; this is doing a good deal of good to other folks though no great advantage to me—will pay our table, perhaps, for the cruise, and save her owners thirty or forty thousand pounds, besides disappointing the little rogue. *Clavering* is a new midshipman, a nephew of Sir *John Warren*. Your old acquaintance are all well, and living in hopes of prizes and promotion.

"I expect to meet some cruisers here (near *Bermuda*), and learn what *our* cruisers and the '*Mudians* have been doing in our absence. We are now near two months from *Halifax* (rather truant), and know nothing of our home affairs, but hope some chastisement has been inflicted on our enemy since their late successes, either by *Beresford* or Sir *John's* own division. *We* must not go to *Bermuda* unless want of water should drive us in; we are the winter birds, and to go north and cool ourselves after all the fine weather we have been enjoying lately; but I expect to find an admiral at *Halifax*, and be superseded in my dignity. I wont idle long there, but push out and seek our fortune again. I cannot endure leisure or reflection till I recover my freedom, and this ill-starred *Macedonian* has fresh riveted our honourable chains. Had the *Americans* been as heartily beaten at sea as they have been by land we might now have retired with honour, whether the achievement was our own or

others'. Things cannot last long in this state, and, I trust, when more decisive, will be triumphantly in our favour.

"I will finish this for *Hebe*, to take the chance of the packet from *Bermuda*. I hope your domestic party are all benefiting by the waters and mild air of *Bath*, and that you are gay and sociable—at least, that your companions are so to keep you cheerful. Do amuse yourself, my love, that you may be healthy for my sake, and all who love you, and the dear children, who will be happy while mamma seems so.

"Thinking of you at *Bath* puts me in mind of poor uncle *Henry*, who was with us when there last, and taught me to play backgammon. I wish you may have many such kind friends round you to come and enliven your family party. As I know my *L*—— is too notable in general to read much herself, I hope some of them will read to you.

"I think I already sent some of the titles of books to you that had struck me as likely to amuse you. *The Adventures of an Ostrich Feather*, that saw much more of the world than my *L*——*'s* white feather in her bonnet, and *Good Men of Modern Date*, appear to be sprightly, well written, though justly satirical upon *good sort of people*. Miss *Edgeworth's* name is recommendation enough for her new fashionable tale, or *Tales of Fashionable Life*. You know that, *though 'a heathen,'* I admire her much as a moral philosopher and an amusing instructress. Her worst fault in her characters is a cold, calculating prudence, which she celebrates in her heroines, which, when overpowering every

tender feeling—even of the most innocent kind—is too harsh a feature for the character of *lovely woman*. The temper is sometimes that, however, of the *Irish* ladies who have been most strictly educated; but seems inconsistent with that true fondness and constancy which will generally reclaim the most neglectful husband, and which is only the same steady and devoted tenderness by which the mother can hope to win and *tame* a vicious child.

"I will magnify my letter to the advantage of the post office. I shall enclose a leaf of a *critique* which I tore out of my review on this lady's works. I do now and then, when wearied with duty, idle away a few minutes over my books; but what I would read to my *L*—— in two hours often lasts me as many months. I skim my reviews over, and if there is anything for you, and if any good poetry attracts me by surprise, I am sometimes spell-bound for a time, and forget myself and think of my *L*——. I hope *Philip* will soon be able to read to you in an easy tone, as it will divert you, and supply subjects for conversation, too, though now I presume you have always a chatty circle round you. Give my love to all—mamma, brothers, and sisters, and little dears too.

"I must prepare to dismiss our *Hebe*, so I pray *God* to bless and love you all.

"On recollecting my mention of books likely to amuse my *L*——, I must tell her to inquire of the librarians for *Huber's Recherche sur les Mœurs des Fourmis Indigènes*. It is most marvellously amusing and instructive, and, whilst correcting many of our ancient errors in regard to the little

society it treats of, it increases our wonder at the immense arrangements of creation even in these puny insects. But my *L*—— loves little dears, and will think the *Frenchman* was very happy in observing the habits of his little captives."

"*February* 5th. Baffling winds and rainy weather. Just spoke a poor hungry *Spaniard*, 125 days at sea; gave him food and water, though we are badly off for the latter ourselves. He has no news; was from *Monte Video*, where, and at *Buenos Ayres*, the foolish people are still fighting one another, not having, like us, the comfort of a foreign enemy to divert themselves with. A decisive naval victory would now be the surest road to peace here; with *France* it is beyond all hope, but I have served my time out, and want to be relieved. *Heaven* grant it be soon. Adieu."

"*February* 14th. *Shannon*, off *Chesapeake*. What a time since I heard from my *L*——! I hope to be consoled by happy accounts of her and all our little dears in a few days now, as we are within a few hundred miles of *Halifax*, and must (from want of water) make the best of our way. I had just sent a long letter away by *Hebe* (our recapture ship) to *Bermuda*, for the packet, when, at night, we met two *English* ships running homewards; but it was rough weather, and, having nothing written, I would not detain them. They passed as *Spanish* first, or I should have scribbled a line before our boat went.

"On *Tuesday* we met Sir *Thomas Hardy** off *Bermuda*,

* Commodore Sir *Thomas M. Hardy*, Bart. See his letters in Appendix to *James' Naval Occurrences*, pp. 103 and 105.

with *Acasta*, *Martin*, and *Dotterell*. They were all sent out in a hurry by Admiral *Cockburn* to seek a frigate which had chased *Dotterell* near here; so we soon divided again to hunt over different tracks. *Hardy* told me some of the news. No Lady *H.* came out with him. *What a sad man! Beresford* and lady are at *Bermuda* well; he has been lucky, and, in company with *Ker*, Captain of *Acasta*, taken a rich *Bourdeaux* ship, worth more than all the prizes I ever took in my life; but I am glad so generous a fellow as *Beresford* is the man. *Byron* had retaken a packet, but I fear not until she had thrown many of our letters overboard. I would excuse the *Yankees* reading them if they would allow me the same indulgence afterwards. The *Narcissus* had just carried in an *American* brig of war—I suppose *Argus*. I grieve it is not a frigate to soothe our miseries a little.

"My old ship *Southampton (Yeo*)* is at last really lost at *Bahama*, with *Vixen*, *American* man-of-war brig, her prize; but all people saved, and I hope *Yeo* may soon have a large frigate again on this station, as he is a fine fellow to chastise the *Yankees*. *Victorious* and *Cleopatra* are at *Bermuda*, and Sir *John Warren* has, like a hardy old sailor, been cruising these six weeks off *Chesapeake*, with *Domingo*, *Dragon*, and some frigates, and taken several prizes. No *Canada* news, or *Halifax*.

"Our luck is certainly all to come. I am sure we have all been diligent and patient enough. My chief horror is

* Sir *James Yeo* subsequently commanded the naval operations on *Lake Ontario*.

the idea of *Shannon's* craziness keeping me in port to refit in the bad weather, which is slow, stupid work; but I hope to steal another cruise before we are obliged to lay by at all. Whilst the *Shannon moves* I am alive, but when she sleeps I feel hopeless of any happy event to finish my campaign with.

"We hear of glorious news of the continued defeats of the *French* by *Russia*. I hope, if the *Austrians* do not join *the Russ*, he will burn *Vienna*, or take some signal vengeance for their unnatural and absurd alliance with France.* We have nothing from *Spain*, so I suppose all going on smoothly there, and Lord *Wellington* only waiting opportunity to drive the marshals before him again.† When they, and *Boney* with his northern army, are destroyed, we may hope for peace, and to meet our friends again. Not that I mean to await that event to meet my gentle *L*——.

"I will tell you a piece of news that will please you. *Barry*, who is an ancient captain, has had a seventy-four sent out for him by a young officer, and perhaps some *other old folks* may be called upon soon in the same way. And, though the seventy-fours are as fortunate as frigates here, and, indeed, surer of prizes, I don't think *my honour* ties me to them *until the American seventy-fours are at sea.* And as to prizes, I would never leave my lovely *L*—— for all our flag has ever taken. I have never been fortunate at

* *Austria* did not join the allies till the 10th of *August*. *Prussia* declared war against *France* on the 14th of *March*.

† The *French* armies were completely driven out of *Spain* before the end of *June*.

all that way; but supposing I was to retire with eight or ten thousand pounds now (instead of one or two), it would be no more than I might have saved in the time I have been serving, by retiring to live in quiet domestic comfort with my *L*—— upon £400 or £500 a year, like some contented parson; and I am sure you will believe I should have passed the time *more happily.* My being poor is no disappointment to me. To return without any successes, to prove how we have been exerting ourselves in so long and tiresome a pursuit, and which we feel conscious of deserving, *is* mortifying; but my *L*—— must comfort me when I come to her. Indeed, you can't imagine the pains I have bestowed on this *graceless wooden wife* of mine, particularly since she ran away with me here; and I, perhaps, shall have to leave some other person to reap all the credit of her beautiful play, unless we have somebody to *open a concert with* very soon. But, when tempted to think of home, I am constantly reminded that naval success will be my speediest liberation from exile.

"So, then, I turn to *Shannon* to see if she is perfection. I think she will do me credit if she finds an opportunity, and I am sure the other wife will make me happy if I quit this *game of honour;* so I must make the best of it, and pray *God* to let us soon meet in joy and security.

"This establishment of *droits* will leave us as poor as we began—the money, of course, will be *better bestowed.* Lady *Warren* has not come here, so Lady *Beresford* remains commanding officer. Love to mamma and little darlings."

"17th. Off *Boston.* We yesterday spoke a licensed

American, who told us Sir *John Warren* was severely blockading *Chesapeake*, and had nearly cut off *Constellation*. This is the beginning of naval war to the *Americans*, and many a commercial town will feel the distress: I hope it may bring them to their senses. All their frigates are in harbour, but little *Essex*.* We must proceed for *Halifax*, unless fortune affords a look at *Boston*. We *hope* prizes yet, at any rate to comfort us, *Halifax and our letters!* May mine always reach my *L*—— in time to relieve her anxieties and keep her cheerful. *Heaven* bless her!"

"20th. We have been completely frozen these three days, and with blowing gales against us. The ship is *cased in ice*, yet we see the land, and hope to get up to *Halifax* to-morrow. I would have given much to have been able to stay away a few weeks longer, and so have escaped the winter, but the want of water has driven us in. We tried to see *Boston*, but could not get there, and dared not trifle with time, as it is sometimes very difficult to get into *Halifax*.

"Saw little *Emulous* yesterday, but it blew too hard to speak much to her. *Godfrey* has her—I suppose a nephew of *W. Rowley's*. We shall carry sail now to get our letters."

"*Sunday*, 21st. A cruel N.E. wind set in, and has completely arrested our course, besides chilling our blood into ice with the horrible cold; we may hope, however, that the season will soon relent and become milder. We left our

* She was taken, after a gallant fight, on the 28th of *March*, by the *Phœbe*, Captain *Hillyar*, R.N.

Nymph and brig behind yesterday, and are urging our way as fast as we can. I hope to find *Tenedos* at *Halifax*. Adieu! I have been praying *for* you all, I wish it had been *with* you."

"*March* 20th, *Halifax*. I know not of any immediate chance of postage, but, as we are on the point of sailing, shall leave a few lines ready at the commissioners for any ship that may chance to run home, that my anxious and affectionate *L*—— may not have *Halifax* ships arrive without news for her. We intended to sail to-day, and sent the convoys out, but the wind changed and detained us, and will, I think, send them back again; however, we hope to be out to-morrow, after a month's idleness—indeed, the weather has been, great part of the time, too severe for working.

"We shall go with our old trio of frigates off *Boston* and *Rhode Island*, and our *Curlew*, which is gone after a rogue upon the coast, will join us; and if our adversaries will not come and dispute the ground fairly with us, we shall punish him by harassing the trade, and feel confident we shall not have such a dull cruise as our last. Perhaps some young captain may come and ask for *Shannon*, and give me some huge seventy-four; but in the meantime I must amuse myself *as I can* with service, and drive away care, till I can dwell with delight upon the immediate prospect of seeing my gentle *L*—— again.

"Please *God*, these *Russian* victories may incite *Europe* to rise and crush the troublesome little tyrant who keeps alive the war. But I shall not wait for peace: as soon as I can

retire without reproach my conscience will be satisfied; and as to ambition, I think my soft *L——'s* smiles will comfort me for the loss of 'all the glorious circumstance of war' till *real duty* call me forth again.

"As the *French* could not check the *Russians* on the *Prussian* frontier, they will now hardly do it till they arrive at the *Rhine*, and leave the stage open for all their secret enemies and oppressed allies to shake hands and unite, *Russian, Dutch, German, Italian*, and *Swiss*, all in the cause of liberty! The prospect certainly is brilliant. Poor, miserable *French* conscripts, their country will be depopulated to feed the war. I hope we may be enabled to act offensively in *Spain* again as the spring approaches, and wish the *Russians* may hand us a few thousand of their troops to aid our cause *there or here*.

"Our armies have prospered much in *Canada*; had *we* done as well, these spiteful renegadoes would be cringing for peace; but our blockades are forming, and they will soon learn who commands the ocean. It will be a pious work to chastise them, for it will soon lead to peace; and, after tasting the miseries of war they will recollect that they are *the only people* who might have enjoyed the blessing of peace without danger *or dishonour*. They are most absurdly wicked. *God* mend them.

"I have been so busy with official writing, reading, and arranging, that I have not had time to write to dear *Charles* or *George*, but will when at sea. I hope some senior will arrive soon to relieve me from this irksome part of my duties. I am glad *Henry Hotham* is appointed here; he will do

eminent service to our cause; but we want troops also. I wish we may be soon successful in our cruise. I want some good fortune to put me in spirits for writing more cheerfully to my sweet *L*—— and my mamma. I shall send in here frequently, in hopes of getting more news of you, as we shall never be far away upon this cruise. Give my love to dear little children and all friends, and divert yourself with them, and *be happy*, for my sake. All well on 21st."

"*March 27th. Shannon*, off *Boston*. My dear, beloved *L*——, a week at sea has hardly left me leisure to write a line to you, so much scribbling duty I have had to wind up, besides getting old *Shannon* into service order again after her lying so long idle in port. I took leave of my hospitable friend *Wodehouse*, and we sailed away in a fine fall of snow, and have been since quite congealed with frost, till to-day, which brought the first mild weather to set our house to rights, and make our old frigate *look* tidy and *feel* comfortable. In a day or two more we shall be in good order; and, having got a new foremast, of course our sailors expect *new fortune* and better than their wonted luck.

"I left you a letter at *Halifax*, and *Wodehouse* kindly promised to write to you if anything sailed in my absence, but we shall now send in occasionally by our brigs. I was deposed from my supremacy as soon as we got out of harbour, meeting two old seventy-fours, who came *to dwell in our country—Valiant (Oliver)* and *Capel* in *La Hogue;* they gladdened me with letters from my *L*——. The one of *December* 28 was delightfully cheering, by the accounts it

gave of all the dear children; and *Hotham* wrote and told me how well you were looking when he left you at *Plymouth*, little thinking to be so soon on our station; besides, *Smith* wrote me a very friendly letter, and reported you all comfortable and looking healthy. All this was a happy relief to me, as I had given up the hope of getting our letters when we sailed.

"Since sailing we missed the others, and are now with *Tenedos* only, sauntering about off *Boston*. When we have made a good *reconnaissance* we shall go seek the great ships again. We are well supported, as my comrade, *Hyde Parker*, is an excellent officer and a very worthy fellow. When we rejoin *La Hogue* we shall probably form two divisions, to range over more ground. Of our further views I can form no idea till we report and consult upon *Boston*, and determine *how to carry on the war*. *Hotham* will be a treasure to our chief in the superintendence of the fleet; there could not be a more happy selection.

"But a few months must now determine all chance of my being longer tied to my command by the prospect of action; a few weeks, indeed, will probably reduce the enemy to content themselves with safety in their ports, and *then* let me be offered a seventy-four! Not but it is a very fine situation, to take prizes, on this station, and to be sure of vanquishing everything one meets, and to rise to be a grand commodore—a glorious bashaw!—by merely whiling away five or six more years of my idle time with a pretence of zeal for the public service, when conscience tells me there are hundreds who could fill the stations at least as well,

whatever vanity may say. Indeed, my gentle *L*——, I am very good, and care for your happiness and love more than for all the world beside; so pray be cheerful, and hope and believe we shall soon meet again and dispel all our cares.

"I dare not begin chatting over your letters, as we have not now leisure for such indulgence; but I shall write again as soon as we can find time to forget our *Shannon*.

"I hope you are comfortably lodged at *Dock* for winter. Perhaps it is as well, though I never could fancy it equal to *Stonehouse*. Remember I told *Smith* to pay all best prizes at *Child's*, so there will be a few hundreds for you to do what you like with. So, to please me, enjoy every comfort that you can imagine for yourself or the dear children, and *then* I may think *money useful;* but in war I care very little for it otherwise. Let me believe my *L*—— happy, and I will try to be so too. *God* send we may be soon together. Adieu, my gentle, affectionate wife."

"28th. I had flattered myself that *Sunday* might afford me some peaceful moments to chat with my *L*——, but two little silly vessels came in our way and took up all my time: one, a poor schooner, confiding in *a bad license*, but we let her go, and supplied her with provisions; *the other* I had a great mind to stop—it was a cartel with *American* prisoners, all the way from *Madeira*. As the *American* President has stopped the exchange, I ought to have sent these folks to prison, but contented myself with sending a warning by them that we should begin to retaliate (if they do not behave more civilly), and send all the citizens we catch to *Halifax, as sureties* for our countrymen's good

treatment till they are fairly released. 'The rogues owe us four times as many prisoners as they have got of our men.'

"We have bad weather again, and no prizes; but the thoughts of my gentle *L*—— must comfort me—the only prospect my heart rests on. *God* bless you all in health and cheerfulness. *Oliver* looks well. I believe Mrs. *O.* is at *Portsmouth.*

"I thought one sheet would do, but have fortunately more time. I have always much to say to my gentle *L*——. You did well to ask Mr. *Ford* to inspect our new old chariot, as he was one of the Board of Inquiry, and must, of course, be a shrewd examiner into all faults. I hope it is strong enough to bear your *Devonshire* jolting, and easier on the springs than the other. Poor cabriolet! 'tis like *Robinson Crusoe's* canoe, 'left in the woods.' When shall we wander through the woods in it to *Dunham Reach* or the *Decoys?*

"I have not heard yet if *Upton* is regularly transported like me, or to return home again with convoy. I hope he will escape, as there are quite enough of us married *émigrés* here, doing penance for our follies in leaving our poor wives alone. Lady *Beresford* is well and happy. She is a slight, delicate creature, and takes no care of herself; but *Beresford* does when he is with her, and she has excellent spirits.

"It will be a long amusement to me, when I return, to get acquainted with all the dear children, and hear all your accounts and plans for them, and to feel at home again like one of the family, with my mother and friends at *Shrubland,* and the rest of our friends in *Suffolk* and *Berkshire.*

"I am sure the sight of our old residence at *Bath* must

have made my *L*—— feel sad; it does me, to think how ill you were there, and worried by poor *Lake's* distresses. We were more comfortable at *Clifton* and *Cheltenham* till the vile war alarmed us. 'Tis long ago now, but fresh in my memory, my *L*——, as the bright foliage that spread round our dwelling and shaded us in our wanderings through the rich meadows. I wish I could pluck you cowslips there this spring. But I must finish this, for the weather is clearing, and we must look out. Adieu! *Heaven* bless and support you all in happiness!

"I was, indeed, very sorry to hear of poor Mrs. *Chester's* death. You will not disapprove of my loving her memory the more because Mr. *Ingleheart* (the artist) was struck with her resemblance to my *L*——, in manner particularly. She did me much good, certainly, by making me exert myself to improve. I never was bewitched but twice. Indeed, the second time the enchantment was too strong to leave me any other chance, and the spell is on me yet, though, I suppose, you will wish old *Prospero* had been with you to secure me as safe as poor *Ferdinand.* I always think *Miranda* much like my *L*——."

"*April* 14th. *Shannon,* off *Boston.* My beloved *L*——, having at last been favoured with such a boisterous rainy day that I can find nothing to employ myself about for the good of His Majesty's service, I determined to seize the opportunity of having a chat with you. I am so eternally occupied that such chance is not to be lost. Keeping now close to the land, we are constantly chasing or reconnoitring our enemy, or exercising ourselves in readiness *to play our*

part well when he meets us. *Tenedos*, is our comrade here, and has been our chief companion for some time whilst we went by order to report our *reconnaissance* of *Boston*. One of their frigates, *Chesapeake*, got safe in; this is mortifying, but fortune must change in time.

"The prizes taken by our squadron in our absence have been very considerable, but we must comfort ourselves that we were doing our duty, and deserve equal success in our turn. *Oliver* has been fortunate for his short stay here. I wish much, for my people's sake, to make some good capture, for they have had hard cruising. *I* shall at any time feel contented with the attainment of my only object when I first embarked—an opportunity of retiring honourably, and with the consciousness of having done my duty as an *Englishman*. Eight years of my youth, and all my plans of rural quiet and domestic happiness, have faded away or been cruelly interrupted by this imperious call of honour. But surely no man deserves to enjoy an estate in *England* who will not sacrifice some of his prospects to his country's welfare, either by actual service, if capable, or at least by the example of zeal and voluntary privation in her cause. If I find my beloved wife and the dear little children in health and comfort when I return, I shall feel as rich as when I left them, and as happy as I can imagine myself capable of being, though Messrs. *Agent* and *Banker* may not perceive that accounts are at all changed in my favour.

"I do hope earnestly to get the present I promised *George*, as he is a spirited young soldier; and it grieves me to see him so long waiting promotion. So, if ever I

pick up a thousand [pounds] (or get what is now fairly due to me), he shall have them.

"We are carrying on the war mildly here, not having yet determined on harassing these states by strict blockade or depredatory attacks on the *Southern States.* I hope *Shannon's* campaign will soon be honourably terminated, though, perhaps, the fear of our friends in the offing may render our antagonists cautious of meeting us. Indeed, my wooden wife is very weak and crazy, and must soon be sent home. I could not think, my gentle *L*——, of asking Admiral *Hope* for a seventy-four, because, if I ask for one, I must serve. If *they* (the Admiralty) moye me into one, I feel acquitted. To wear out a new frigate is quite enough for one term of service for any man. I hope to see *Hotham* soon, and shall talk over plans with him, as he will arrange us all now. Cheer yourself, my affectionate *L*——, with the assurance that I am doing all in my power to hasten my return, and have no other view of happiness in this world.

"I long to see our little *George,* whilst you say he is such a pretty infant, and to witness the improvement in the others. Tell *Philip* to write to me sometimes from home as well as from *Ottery.* I hope when you took the *Martins* home with them you made a merry *Christmas* party of it. I suppose *Willy* is now stout enough to make a good playfellow for *L*——. She may teach him to dance, and make up a reel with you and *Philip* when he comes home. Do try to make her teach him in his reading; it will do her much service. You know I am not very anxious about

their being learned at their age, so that their minds only are *improving*, and they are cheerful and happy with one another.

"Why did you give up Mr. *Farmer's?* I am always alarmed lest you should be debarring yourself any comfort with an idea of economy. Do, I pray, enjoy every aid you can from affluence, though it be ever so temporary. Why did you not tell *Mottley* to send you the paper? I generally get his packets the most regular of any. No; *Portsea* is the constant *rendezvous* of all foreign ships; but you may as well look at his newspaper, as it seldom reaches me till I have more recent information, chiefly from the *American* papers. I hope, if cooped up in *George Street*, you will in the summer amuse yourself and the little ones with frequent carriage airings; it will do them and you much good."

"*May* 5th. *Shannon*, off *Boston*. We have been so anxiously busy this last week that I could not find a moment even to write to my beloved *L*——; and, indeed, I got more and more miserable at our continued disappointments, and hardly dare think of home for grief that my prospects of being so soon there are thus constantly delayed. The enemy have sent me no frigate yet—the Admiralty no seventy-four; though, for the former, we have been watching vigilantly, and, having made no captures, this cruise has been a dull one to our crew. As the people here are pacific *Yankees*, I would not *destroy* their coasters, and have met none worth taking.

"This morning, after some sharp chasing, our squadron have hunted down two little vessels. I don't yet know

what they are; but as we may, perhaps, despatch them hastily to *Halifax*, I shall, to make sure, write you that we are well, and *now* in good spirits. Though there is a rumour that the enemy's frigates are out, I flatter myself they are not gone away, but merely parading themselves to prepare for a field-day.

"The fogs and easterly winds have prevented our visiting *Boston* for several days, but they seem by their papers to have been much annoyed at our being so familiar with their harbour lately. They may prove our best friends yet, and favour me with an opportunity of retiring with honour to my gentle wife, if the Admiralty do not remove me before they have decided upon meeting us. I must go and look what our prizes are.

"One is a privateer *(American)* of twelve guns, which had taken two vessels that I fear have got in whilst we were all amused with hunting him. *Nymph* came up first with this; what *Tenedos* has got I don't know yet. I am anxious to speak them to know about the frigates. These little reptiles are neither honour nor advantage to us; and for the latter I would not stay here another campaign for all the spoils which our navy have made upon the enemy during the war. I must get home, indeed, to my tender *L*——. I am heartily tired of this sea life."

"*May* 9th. *Shannon*, off *Boston*. My dear, beloved *L*——, what a strange, hasty letter you will think my last; but we were obliged to send away our little prizes in a great hurry, and so I finished very abruptly indeed; but that was better than not sending my *L*—— any letter at all.

I fear that some of those I left with *La Hogue* are not yet gone to *Halifax*. My poor *L*—— will say this is a bad station. In all these meetings of ships we have so much service business to attend to that I hardly find any time to be sociable with my gentle wife. So many reports to make, directions to give and receive, and affairs to chat over, there is no leisure.

"Our little captures are of no value, though the seizing of one is a good deal, as she was a stout privateer, and capable of much mischief to our trade. We have had a furious gale of wind and been rudely buffeted these three days; but I hope more seasonable weather is now returning. Last night we missed our constant companion, *Tenedos*, in a rainy storm; but doubt not I shall see her as soon as it clears, for fogs have now succeeded the gales, and we are all in the *smoke*. I fear our intended adversary, *Rodgers*, and his comrade, *Congress*, did not come out to visit us. They started suddenly on a change of wind, and must now be far away. I hope *La Hogue* has seen them, to beat them soundly for disappointing us.

"We have now little hope but of meeting *Chesapeake*, who is nearly ready, or *Essex*, on her return. I feel much mortified at *President** escaping us, after watching so long and anxiously for him. *God* send us better fortune to finish our campaign creditably. The day those rogues sailed it was thick weather. We must have been very close to them;

* She was subsequently engaged by the *Endymion*, an *English* frigate of inferior force, and so crippled that she struck on other ships belonging to the same squadron coming up.

but they did not *seek us.* You will hear of their doing mischief off the *Western Islands* again soon, or *Greenland*, or *St. Helena*, *Africa*, or *Lord* knows where; but, wherever they may, expect to find our trade unprotected.

"Poor *Irby*,* what a pity he had not the *Frenchman* to himself! I wish they would some of them come and visit their friends here. We have *Boston* papers, by which we now hear all news, very fresh, both from *Europe* and our squadrons (of the 3rd of *May*), with the glorious successes of the *Russians*—our meeting them at *Hamburg*—the insurrection in *Hanover*, and the prospect of *Holland* and *Germany* in general joining the honourable cause: *Tyrol* must follow, perhaps *Swisses*, and *Italy* then be abandoned by the tyrants. *Heaven* prosper the event, and *Europe* may again be independent of *France.*

"At last our Government are sending naval forces to the lakes in *Canada*, I hope in time to save the country, which it would be grievous to lose for want of a small flotilla, after our gallant little army have so gloriously maintained the dominion, and thereby excited the loyalty and zeal of the nation in our favour. *We* are glad to see that old *England* is at last aroused to anger. Now the old lion is in wrath we shall act with energy. I hope *Boston* will soon be added to the ports under arrest, and we will pinch them into repentance for this wanton war of theirs: as yet

* *Frederick Paul Irby*, Rear Admiral of the Red, C.B., brother of Lord *Boston*. He had engaged a *French* frigate of the largest class, *L'Arethuse*, another *French* frigate being close at hand, when commanding the *Amelia*, and repulsed her, though with a loss of 141 killed and wounded.

we have not harassed them closely, as the destruction of their poor coasters, whilst such an universal trade is *licensed*, will only be distressing a few poor individuals while the rich merchant will escape the lash; but I hope we shall soon punish them all; for the most humane way of carrying on the war is certainly that which will soonest put an end to it, and restore the blessings of peace. I flatter myself the *Americans* will soon be tired of the privations they suffer in their trade, and will pray to be friends again. War is *our* natural state in *Europe;* but to *America* it is a terrible visitation—ruining all the fair-weather prosperity they have so long enjoyed without interruption, and might yet have done had they been wise.

"But, my poor *L*——, this is all a *political letter.* What am I to say else? I know nothing of home, or even of our dear soldiers in *Spain.* My *Sunday* devotions bear me home to my *L*——: I wish I could pray by her side. Alas! I shall see *no primroses* this *May* to remind me of my gentle *L*——. When shall I sit and read to her again in the shade whilst she ties up the violets? Poor *Nacton!* 'tis far away; I must not think of it till I am on my return. I hope the dear little children all go on as happily as when you last wrote, as I feel how much my dear *L*——*'s* happiness depends on theirs, and how much delight she has in telling me they are prospering; and it makes me dwell so much more confidently on the hope of finding the dear little creatures a comfort to us both when we meet. I owe *Philip* a letter, and will write when I have time.

"I must close up this and attend to my wooden mistress.

She is a *great tyrant!* Give my love to the dear little cherubs round you, and *Heaven* protect you all!

"Have you read *Crabbe's* last volume of *Tales?* There are several pleasing ones. So pray send for them to divert your leisure hours with: but don't weep over the *Parting Hour.* I have no *Isabel*—none but my *L*—— to dream of."

"*Shannon*, off *Boston*, *May* 28th, 1813.

"We still haunt this tiresome place without any success to reward us; indeed, I have been so particularly anxious to watch the great ships that it has thrown us much out of the way of the smaller *though richer* prizes. Since *Rodgers* escaped we have rarely hunted our game far from his den, which still contains another wild beast. If all the nobler prey elude us we must chase the vermin, but have great hopes yet of *an honourable encounter.* Indeed, my beloved *L*——, I feel very naughty in not having written you a few lines last week, by *Curlew*, whom we sent to *Halifax* with prisoners; but you must forgive me. I have been so anxious and unsettled from our hopes and disappointments here, that I could never compose myself to write even to my gentle *L*——; but she will talk to me soon and make me forget other cares. Her letters will come! I know there must be many lying for me at *Halifax*, but not one have I been so happy as to receive since that dated 28th *December*, five long months to-day! but that remains still a comfort to me, as it gives charming accounts of the dear children, and made me believe all so happy around you that I try to fancy it is *one just written.* *Nymph* went

in from *La Hogue* some weeks ago, and should now be rejoining us with our packets. My constant comrade, *Parker*, I detached two days ago on a separate range, that we might show an even and more inviting appearance to our enemy, now only a single frigate of our own size; we shall do a grand service if we can get hold of him, preventing all the mischief he would do to our trade if he escaped out; and I trust in *God* and my brave crew in brightening up the honour of our flag and soothing the feelings of our countrymen for their late mortifications. I think I shall soon be home again with my *L*——. We are all well, and in excellent order. Since I wrote we took *L'Invincible*, a fine ship of twenty guns; she ran ashore, but we quieted the militia, and got the ship off safe. I am sorry for poor *De Courcy;* it was a prize of his, and a creditable one to *Mutine*, though of little value and no honour to us and *Tenedos;* it had been retaken by *Alexander*, *American* ship, and *that hero* was taken, two days after we got *Invincible*, by *Rattler;* so *De Courcy* is revenged. We had a very pretty hunt last *Monday*, and caught an elegant little creature called the *Postboy;* we sent him galloping to *New Brunswick* instead of *St. Domingo*, where he intended to go. *Parker* took a fine *Enterprise* (a privateer) last week, and two days since we caught a *Lucy;* she was a taken brig of *Halifax*, and I could hardly afford to find beans enough to send her home, but I did not like to burn her. *Nymph* and *Hogue*, being upon better sporting ground, have made some good prizes. *Parker* and I share fortune together, so I desired he would be lucky. For my part, my beloved *L*——, my

wishes will be satisfied in regard to all prizes when some honourable action leaves me at leisure to 'homeward plod my weary way' in poor old shattered *Shannon.* I am happy to hear that *Beresford* continues to be fortunate, and my friend *Hotham* shares in all our acquisitions. I am very sorry we contribute so sparingly; it is not kind of us to our old commodore: I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting with him. I had always a regard for him as an old schoolmate, besides now he is the only person near me who has lately seen my gentle *L*——, and could talk to me about her. You will imagine that I am, even here, frequently awakened to sorrowful recollections, when the ships we meet, and the small coasters in particular, are from *Ipswich, Harwich,* or *Plymouth;* indeed, *English* and mostly *Suffolk* names are frequent on this coast. *Dedham* and *Cambridge* are very near me, and *Marshfield,* a small coasting town, reminds me often how long we were detained at its namesake going to *Clifton.* I have not yet been severe with any of these half-countrymen of ours, but fear I must begin to pester them now, as their President's troops are at last invading *Canada,* and we shall be bound in duty to retaliate when we can by at least *distressing them* till we have the power of ampler vengeance. But I will talk no more war to my *L*——, but try to finish my share of it, and return to enjoy her affectionate smiles. I pray *God* that the children still continue to be a source of happiness to you, and that all our friends prosper. Adieu, my *L*——! pray for your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*

"Not a word of dear *Charles* or *George* since *December* 1st, but I trust their army is still thriving and victorious, and they exulting in success. We have a report that *Valencia* is taken and *Suchet* flying. I hope it is true. The *Russians* will look to us for *mutual diversion.*

"*May* 31st. I could not write yesterday, my beloved *L*——. I had not time to vow a prayer even; all fog and rain these three days, and chance sight of strangers caught through the gloom. To-day the *Hunter* was recaptured, a poor little *Halifax* ship taken by the *Yankees.* We released her and sent her home to her owners. Fog again! so no prospect at all; however, we hope better fortunes. *Chesapeake is not gone.* Adieu! *God* bless and cheer you all in health and happiness.

"Your affectionate

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

[The letters to Lady *Broke*, which, in point of time, succeed the foregoing, will be found at page 263, &c.]

"*Broke Hall, December* 24th, 1826.

"Dear *Wallis*,

"I am very full of county business and with a head that aches with any writing or application; but I must thank you for your kind letter, and obliging and gratifying communications. As you account for your return it is all very satisfactory, and I trust will answer all expectations. 'Tis good to oblige some people, and I hope you will find so when you apply for another employ. You may then take a turn where freights are moving, and so lay in

a little of that mineral ballast that is so useful when we are laid up in ordinary.

"If any circumstance brings you this way, we shall be very happy to see you here, and chat over past adventures. It is pleasing to find our cousin *Jonathan* has so much hearty, *English* good humour in him, thus to shake hands and be friendly when the battle is over. I dare say they looked at little *Niemen** with much interest, as a representative of their old *playfellow*, the *Shannon*.

"I was glad to hear your good admiral was so well and was such a friend of yours; for I have a great esteem for him, and value his good opinion highly. My brother has just left me to go with the army to *Portugal*,† and *Philip* is there—at *Lisbon*, in the *Genoa*—very happy, and amusing himself in spite of the rebels. My second boy, *George*, is in the *Glasgow*, up the *Archipelago*, equally amused with hunting *Greek* pirates and looking at antiquities. You say nothing of your wife and children, but I hope they are all well, and, with yourself, will enjoy many happy returns of this genial season. I remain a useless invalid and unfit for sea service, though I get out more than I did by *immense* clothing on my cold side; and Lady *Broke* has also rather more liberty, but is still carried up and down stairs, which is a great inconvenience and confinement.

* The present Admiral Sir *Provo Wallis* commanded the *Niemen* on the coast of *North America*, and was most sumptuously entertained when at *Boston*, as an officer of the old *Shannon*.

† Colonel Sir *Charles Broke Vere* was selected as Quarter-Master-General to the forces sent to *Portugal* in 1826.

"She unites in regards to you and in compliments to Mrs. *Wallis* with,

"My dear shipmate,

"Yours most truly,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

The following letters were written to his son:

"*Broke Hall, March* 10th, 1834.

"My dear ——,

"You see I have not waited for my lesson in *gunnery*, but, thinking you would be too busy to write directly, and knowing —— would soon be ready for sea, I determined to sit down and say *many things* which I want to say to you before you leave *England* again.

"You say some of your messmates are *mere seamen* and *officers;* but, I assure you, such comrades (if well dispositioned) are very valuable *aids* to any young officer commencing his career as a lieutenant.

"My first gunroom mess (in *Southampton*) was just the same. I should like to have had some more generally informed friends; but in acquirement of professional knowledge I found *their value.* It is impossible *in our line* for *any man* of *any age* to become so *perfect a seaman* that he may not, to the last hour of his life, have a chance of gleaning some very useful knowledge from other seamen who have sailed in other *climates* and under *other circumstances;* and very useful, I observed, in the course of my career, was the *graft in* of the old merchant seaman *master*, who used to fill that office—if sober; he generally had long *experience*

and *practice* of difficulties which rarely do, but always may, happen to a man-of-war. From the scanty supply of stores or of men, in merchant ships, he had often been obliged to exert his utmost energies and his invention in extricating himself from dangers and difficulties. I assure you I found occasional instruction from conversation with such men, even at my *latest cabin dinner parties* in *Shannon.* Thinking of *service,* I lighted, yesterday, upon the enclosed little half-sheet; it belongs to the *quick way* of working the lunar which I gave you. I used to keep sheets thus, *ruled* and *ready,* and so worked the sights with great rapidity without having to look to my *rule;* and this was often of high importance when our timekeepers were doubtful, and after a beat off a lee shore and a *wild drift** confusing all reckoning. The gale ceasing, it was our first duty to resume our blockade port, close to the enemy's harbour, *before daylight;* and nothing but a knowledge of our longitude could enable us to run in for the shore without great danger. A few sights *rapidly worked,* and agreeing, told us if we might trust our watches; but the point was to be settled quickly as tide and *darkness might urge.*

"*Buy nothing* for us abroad, except it be those trifles of native curiosity, which cost hardly anything, whether of natural production or the ingenious work of the savage, or a few pounds of arrowroot; so you see my *commissions* are *very humble.* I assure you, my dear, that my utmost hope is to be able to keep on at the *old Hall,* so that if

* In the *Florida Gulf* stream especially.

I can afford *nothing else* there may be always a warm, hospitable home for all *the old family* when the chances of life bring them there, that *the old* BADGERS may always have the old earth to bear up for when they want a home; and this I shall try to do, however humble my establishment—*Broke Hall*—if there is even nothing there but *brown bread*, and *beef*, and *ale*, and a blazing log on the fire, where we may sit when we meet to *talk of old times* and enjoy whatever we have got left.

"So much for my *budget*. Now, pray, tell us (if a line only from day to day, *and not forgetting* to *send* it *to the post)* all your prospects as to sailing, &c.; and when you are out you must send all the information you can how *we are to write to you*. I shall say no more now till I get your letter; but, perhaps, mamma will put a little *slender line* or two prettily into this before it is sealed, to finish the work of

"Your ever affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

March 23rd, 1834.

"* * * * * I am very glad you saw Admiral *McKinley*, and that you formed so immediately exactly the same opinion of him as I always had, that he is one of the most amiable, friendly men existing. Now, my dear ——, with a fine frigate, a good captain, and pleasant messmates, you are starting all I could wish you; and a pleasant excursion may it be. You have vast variety

of station and service before you; so, when duty gives you leisure, make yourself happy with all around you. If change of scene, or war, or peace, send you homewards unexpectedly, you know how happy we shall all be in the meeting; but write always as gaily as you can to your tender mamma—as I used to do when on very long cruises—telling her all I could to amuse her, and make her think *I was well amused;* but I never said any pretty, sentimental things about 'Home, sweet home,' till I was pretty sure I should soon be there, and *then* I wrote like a dying lover; but I knew it would not do to awaken all the tenderness before. I am looking now for fine weather to get her amongst the flowers again—the only gay society she is able to enjoy; and I shall exert all my seamanship to get her under weigh again this summer in the donkey chaise, as she lost all the pretty landscape drives last year. * * Fair wind and weather, and every happiness.

"Your ever affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. B.*"

"*Broke Hall, February* 8th, 1835.

"* * Your interesting letter of *November* 2nd, begun at *Trinidad* and finished at *Barbadoes,* has been lying on my table for months; but my sad infirmities and the attention requisite to your poor mother leave me no time for pleasure, or for writing anything but what imperious necessity forces me to, or I should often, since you left us (now nearly a year), have forgotten my cares and

have allowed myself, in *imagination*, to have been *wafted* over the *Atlantic* to have a pleasant chat with you, whether sitting on the carronade, under the awning of your quarter-deck, or in one of the cool green verandahs of your *tropical* casinos; but I am for ever *affairé* with even the *little* country business devolving on *even* such an *idler* as myself; however, great pleasure it *does give me* to *hear* and to read how happy you are in *your ship*, and your *comrades*, and your station, and that you so sensibly and so socially enjoy all the pleasure it affords in its natural beauties, and in the hospitality of the many friends you meet there; but it is a fine thing to be a *happy fellow*, as you then spread *sunshine* all around you, and harmonize others into the same cheerful mood. I heard last week from Admiral *Wodehouse*, mentioning how much your friend the *secretary* had said in your praise, as an *amiable* fellow, to his cousin Mrs. *Wodehouse:* but I rejoice much also to know that you have so much *good sense* mixed with your *social disposition.* Poor *B*—— is a sad instance of a good-hearted, fine fellow lost for want of *that ballast.* Your account of the *perfections* of —— quite delight me; to be the *cleverest ship*, and the *pleasantest* too, is such an unusually *happy combination.*

"We are very glad to hear such good reports of your friend, *Commander Anson:** it will be gratifying to hear so *renowned a name* again sounding in naval annals; and I am sure you feel very happy in the prosperous career of

* The present Admiral *Talavera Vernon Anson.*

your *Suffolk protégé*, young ——. He will be quite a man of *your own making*. Your sudden excursion to *Jamaica* was a pleasant variety upon your services, and gave you an opportunity of seeing much interesting scenery. I was glad to hear the court martial terminated so satisfactorily for the honour of the poor *commander*, and for THE HONOUR OF THE SERVICE. It was a *shocking charge*.* Your captain's device of rigging the *little frigate* was pretty and *useful* practice: every practice of that sort is particularly valuable in *peace* time, when ships have not (as often in war) to cut out and fit all their rigging themselves, perhaps in some strange, *barbarous* port, and when frequent dismasting in *chase* or crippling in carrying off the *lee shore* in the *close blockade*, or refitting of shattered prizes, *ill-manned*, and sent to find their way home alone under some *young* midshipman, find so much practice for real seamanship and *energetic exertion!* 'Tis DIFFICULTIES that *make* GOOD MEN!

"I must praise your kind *consideration* in writing so cheerfully always to your dear mother, and treating so lightly those disagreeable duties which some of the *negro disorders* and creole *follies* and perversenesses must have caused you at *St. Kitt's* and *Trinidad!*† I hope they *will* settle down into *quiet*, but fear that to all our best interests—*commercial* and *national*—it will be the dull quiet of *decay*, and not the *smoothness* of *prosperity!* Your active little squadron are of great value in the preservation of government.

* That of obtaining freight by dishonourable means, &c.

† The insurrection among the slaves in our *West Indian Islands* after the Emancipation Bill.

"I have hardly room to rejoice with you on the happy result of our elections here; *'tis late!* but *loyalty*, and *courage*, and *good sense*, may still save something from the *wreck* of Church and State! and we must spare nothing to support now our loyal and patriotic champions for *Old England*. *God* bless you in constant prosperity, for

"Your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Broke Hall, May* 4th, 1835.

"My dear ——,

"I wish I had time and *head* to write a social answer to your last kind letter; but all my little *powers* have been engaged with one important part of that letter. The small-craft service, according to various circumstances, is sometimes considered as highly creditable and desirable, but sometimes it is not in such good fashion.

"Now, as you are so respected and happily situated—both as to ship, and captain, and comrades—I feel very unwilling you should risk a change without very brilliant prospects, and, therefore, have been dispatching a letter to your commander-in-chief (Sir *G. C.*). I have no claims on him to ask promotion or any grand favour for you, but I have asked him to give you his friendly opinion and advice as to the eligibility of the schooner service; and if he approves the plan, as likely to conduce to the honour and welfare of an enterprising and intelligent young officer, to assist your wishes as far as may be in his power, con-

sistently with his engagements to those who may have stronger claims upon him.

"I have asked him thus kindly to give his counsel, if you should have an opportunity of waiting on him, or if you should apply by writing.

"Of course you will wait on him now whenever you can. Do nothing, however, in this without the approbation of Captain ——, to whom I beg you will express my warm thanks for his continued kindness to you."

"*Admiralty House, Halifax,* 19th *June,* 1835.

"My dear Sir *Philip,*

"I have received by the packet just arrived your letter of the 3rd ultimo, respecting your son, now serving in the ——; and I beg you to be assured that I shall have much pleasure in showing him every attention in my power, and in doing whatever circumstances may enable me to promote his welfare and meet his wishes.

"There are but three schooners now left out of the six originally purchased for the duties of this station: I do not foresee a probability of any of them becoming vacant, and I am already under a promise to Commodore —— to give the first I may have to dispose of to one of his lieutenants; but, should another open to me, your son shall have it, if he still wishes it; for, although I do not in general like young officers being placed in such description of small vessels, yet the number and class of vessels now employed in conveying (at all hazards) slaves between *Africa* and

Cuba offers to the officers commanding our schooners occasional opportunities of distinguishing themselves not to be looked for in any other way under the present peaceful aspect of affairs; and the son of Sir *Thomas Ussher* * having recently very creditably availed himself of an opportunity of this description, must tend to make these commands the more desirable to young men.

"I lament very much to hear from you that you continue such a sufferer from ill health; and I request you to believe me, with great regard,

"My dear Sir *Philip*,

"Always faithfully and truly yours,

"*G. COCKBURN.*"

"* * * I see by your account of the regatta outfit that you were determined, at any rate, upon some small-craft service, though it might be with the signoras instead of the buccaneers.

"Your pretty birds are constantly perched in mamma's sight, whenever her eyes are open, so she is often thinking of her birdcatcher. I am very glad the —— keep practised in small arms as well as great guns. Nobody can tell *how* an action will be fought, and our honour is never safe unless we are always ready for any turn that the enemy's

* It will scarcely be credited that the Lieutenant *Ussher* here spoken of was not promoted for years afterwards, although he had fought and captured a slave ship, of more than treble the force of the little schooner he commanded, after a long and obstinate engagement. How different to the encouragement now given to the young officers who distinguish themselves by His Grace the Duke of *Somerset* and the present Board of Admiralty!

desperation or '*fortune de guerre*' may give to the contest. So be always ready to meet a fellow in any way he may fancy to try you; and *God* send you success in everything, for the happiness of

"Your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Broke Hall, February* 21st, 1836.

"My dear ——,

"Happily and respectably situated as you were, with so kind a captain and such pleasant messmates in ——, it is most highly creditable to your feelings and judgment, and decision as an officer, to have thus readily and cheerfully resigned all this comfort and comparative ease for the stirring and arduous duties of a first lieutenant in a small cruiser! It delights me much! I had thought you *so happy* in ——, that I could not *persuade* myself to propose any change, though I fully meant, when her service was over, to tell you my *serious feeling* that the only chance of promotion in the service is now through the meritorious duties of *first lieutenancy*, which, while sooner or later it leads to the honourable object aspired at, is *always* improving the *aspirant*, and rendering him more qualified to shine in the rank which his exertions may be crowned with! and this is a *title* to *promotion* which no ministry or opposition in *England* will ever slight! But you have, my dear *George*, forestalled *my wishes! Heaven* prosper you! Old *Cruizer* was built at *Ipswich*, and saw *Broke Hall* in her way down the *Orwell*. She has been a celebrated active

brig in the old *North Sea* wars, with *Wollaston, Studdert, Hancock*, and others. To have found your old shipmate, *Willis*, still so kindly attached to you and mindful of *your merits*, after so long a lapse of time, must have been *very gratifying!* I write *this* only to signify my satisfaction at your decision, and shall request my kind friend at the Admiralty that your wishes for a *separate command* may still be *favoured*, unless any circumstance induce you to decline that plan. With my most grateful regards to Captain *Strong*,

"I am, as ever,

"Your most affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*February* 22nd, 1836.

"I wrote to you yesterday, to lose no time in informing you how heartily I approved of your exchange. The *Spanish* you began at *Cadiz* and completed at *Trinidad* will be very valuable when seeking information of slavers and pirates from the pilots or coasters of *Cuba;* indeed, it is the chief maritime language of half the civilized new world. 'T is no small satisfaction now to me to recollect the active brig service you so long had among such school-fellows in *Wasp* and *Philomel;* but I fear some of the nymphs at *Barbadoes* will abuse old *Cruizer* for thus kidnapping young lieutenants. I hope the escape will be perfect, and that from no bright eyes

Lateri hæret, lethalis arundo.

This reminds me of your letter of last summer, in which you

mentioned the pleasure you took in your *classical studies* with ——, and his elegant and lively translations of old *Horace.* I should like much to see them. —— is not so fortunate as the poet he *loved,* but always *flew free,* like a *butterfly* among his *favourite flowers.* But I am glad you delight in *Horace;* there is no work to which one can recur for a vacant quarter of an hour, or even for a few minutes, with so much pleasure: such imagination, such colouring, and such elegance of expression! every brief ode is a *beautiful gem,* flashing a sudden, pleasing light and glow over the mind instantaneously, and leaving it in a sort of happy harmony. What a beautiful resource for a man in active life, who can now and then only snatch a moment to listen to the *magic of poesy!* Your new duties will leave little time; still you may thus *feel,* though you cannot *sing,* with the *old warriors,*

Qui ferox bello, tamen inter arma,
Sive jactatam religârat udo
*Litore navim,**

who enjoyed all the pleasures which a rich, elegant, and classical inspiration could afford. You see I am an enthusiastic admirer of the poet—that is, of his enchanting odes, and his pleasing, social, and elegant letters; but, excellent as his satires are, I could wish he had never written them. All satirists at times get so *sour* that one *cannot love them! Do not write satire;* but we must have these pleasing reveries and airy dreams—

* Ode xxxii. *Ad Lyram suam.*

Dionæo sub antro [down in the gunroom]
*Quære modos leviore plectro.**

But I have left no room here for sober prose, except to tell you how much

"I am always,
"My dear ——,
"Your affectionate father,
"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Broke Hall, February* 9th, 1837.

"I should like to write to you oftener, but my chills and heats and infirmities require such work in dressing that I cannot find time for anything." * *

"*Broke Hall, July* 1st, 1837.

"Though harassed with writing business, which I can find no time to complete, I have determined to leave it all to its fate to have another chat with you. I wanted to tell you how glad I was that, before quitting the station, you should at last have so fair an opportunity of visiting that part of it which is, I know, so interesting to you, both on my account and your good uncle *George*—as we are both a sort of *Halifax* man; and I know many of our old friends will have much pleasure in seeing you. If this reaches you in time, give my kind regards to the

* Ode i. Bk. 2, 39, &c.

bishop and Mrs. *Jeffries*, and all of them. * * I am weak and incapable of being of any use but as a *faineant*. I amuse myself as well as I can, and am very thankful for being allowed to be a quiet idler. * * Uncle *Charles* we expect shortly to rouse up the *blue legions*, ready for the approaching election; I hope you will be in time to give him a vote as a *Suffolk* freeholder. * * I must try to get you a good holiday, such as so long a separation entitles us to; but

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

And old *Shakespeare* felt for us when he uttered this reflection. But we are now counting upon your *Suffolk* campaign, and with leisure to give a full account of yourself for the last four years, besides sundry services you may do the state in the civil department and for the good of Her Majesty's Government. But I must seal up; and, with all possible love from your dear mamma and sister, am, as ever, my dear ——,

"Your anxiously affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Broke Hall, July* 23rd, 1837.

"My dear ——,

"The report of your inspecting officer as to *Cruizer's* accomplishments as a man-of-war was exactly what I expected. Such is my conceit of the merits of her first lieutenant. * * * *P*—— cannot come to you; some

sudden, active exertions of the radicals here compel us to renew a complete canvass of the county, and *P——'s* valuable services cannot be dispensed with here for all next week.

* * * *

"Following this plan, I suppose you may be with us on *Saturday* evening; but let us hear. You cannot come at the wrong time.

"Ever your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*January* 2nd, 1838.

"And many happy returns of the year to you, my dear ——, with health and promotion! I have sent off the sextant, maps, charts, &c. The great map of the world would, I *guess*, considerably help towards filling up any vacant space in your cabin walls; but if you cut it in half, through the equator, it will make two more manageable maps, and will answer as a general Atlas of all the world. I sent you my *best*, having, by a mistake of my agents, had two; the other was smoked in *Shannon's* cabin. *God* bless you,

"For your ever affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Broke Hall, January* 15th, 1838.

"My dear ——,

"I have been *almost blind* ever since I wrote to you last. —— has read news to me, but all my writing business lies neglected; but, considering how sud-

denly the little *Wasp* may take wing, in these times of anxious events, to bear, perhaps, some rapid despatches to *Spain* or *Portugal*, on her way out, I must take the first advantage of a slight improvement in my *daylights* to say, when you sail, '*God* send you prosperous gales and pleasant weather to bear you into a fine climate,' to which I trust much for confirming your constitution to what *Jephson** says it naturally is. A return direct from the *West Indies* to bracing *British* air is, perhaps, too *sharp a contrast;* but from the *Mediterranean* it is an easier transition. You mention the pamphlet about the *Russian* navy: I suppose it is General *Birch's* which I have here; there may be exaggeration in it, but there are *certain facts* enough to justify great uneasiness as to the possible future. It is a great satisfaction to me that you are going to serve in a station where there is a *British fleet!* and where our glorious old flag will at least maintain its honours, whatever be the fortunes of war or the disparities of forces! With such a squadron there will be glory in the conflicts, happen what will; but what a miserable feeling would be that of *British* officers, in *half-manned and half-rigged ships*,† hurrying to get to sea, *after all ill-fitted*, to make up a force to clear our

* The eminent physician at *Leamington*.

† At this period so great a pressure was put upon the Government by Mr. *Hume* and his well-meaning but short-sighted friends in Parliament, that the efficiency of both army and navy were sacrificed to the demand for *economy;* and seventy-four-gun ships were sent out to foreign stations *without their lower deck guns*, and with greatly reduced crews, whilst the complements of all other classes of ships were reduced to such a degree as to render them quite unfit for equal combat with an enemy.

channel of an insulting enemy! And such things *may happen* whilst we trust unprepared to the *wisdom* and *moderation* of an active, ambitious prince, stimulated by the apprehensions he has of a *republican principle* infecting his states, and goaded by the abuse heaped on him in our *soi-disant* ministerial papers. *Paul went mad,* and so may *Nick;* and we are foolish if we do not prepare for such an event and similar results. But if there is a region in which we may still sing 'Rule, *Britannia,*' it is the *Mediterranean,* and *God* prosper you in it. But I can write no more. Will only add,

"I am ever,

"My dear ——,

"Your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*February* 14th, 1838.

"My dear ——,

"I am so *affairé* with executors' accounts and other business that I have no time to write a sociable letter, but must tell you I was glad to hear you had found yourself amongst good friends again at the 'Old Rock.' But what, though so hurried, makes me write now, is my alarm at your remarks upon * * * . Pray do not think of shrinking from the spirited line you have so nobly taken, and are so well qualified to shine in, that of *first lieutenancy.*

"It is the only service now where our Admiralty (however well inclined) can make so few promotions by which an officer can be said to be *entitled* to it. Whatever Government holds the reins in this country it is *compelled* to apply

a great part of those promotions, which it dares make, under financial difficulties, and under the envious watch of the '*malignum vulgus*'* to claimants upon political pretensions, and can, consequently, award little to merit or to claims of gratitude for public service. The friendship of some of my friends in office, *with your sterling and approved claims*, TOGETHER, may lead to your promotion; but nothing else will effect it with the counterpoise there is against us on other accounts. As to leisure for accomplishments, you are accomplished enough to make a Sir *W. Hoste* or a Lord *Saumarez;* and such I should like to see you. You will have plenty of time to smooth and polish, when, bye and bye (like *P.*), you are a half-pay captain, for want of better employ, and make the tour of *Europe:* then you may, at *Dresden* or *Naples*, tinkle the light guitar. * * But now you are in the career of *Nelson!* * * *

"Ever your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Broke Hall, August* 31st, 1838.

"My dear ——,

"I want you to tell me, when at leisure, what is the equipment of the *French* ships with the great howitzers or *Paixhans* for the large hollow shot or shells; and what diameters they are, and if they practise them at all with live shot, or (can) with the fuse only lighted, so as to render the service of them less dangerous, when in actual

* "*Profanum vulgus.*"—*Horace.*

service, and when the shower of sparks (from bursting wads set on fire) come on a ship to leeward from an enemy's fire, or come from the same if firing to windward in a fresh breeze? We must use these arms if they do.

"But I do not like the invention, because the most efficient practice of such firing will be in *distant action*, whereas *close quarters* are our shining point; but yet we must have them, as it would be very *disagreeable* to be lying becalmed at half a mile from an enemy whom we could not hurt, and who could very leisurely be making us *a target for practice!*"

"*Broke Hall, September* 30th, 1838.

"——

"As by the last reports from the *Levant*, you were in company with the admiral still, off *Tenedos*, our last letters will not yet have reached you, so I write to *Gibraltar*, as our chance—and little *Louisa* will write for *Malta*. It has pleased *God* to call away our good old aunt *Acton*. She died at *Southwold*, on the 21st of this month. She had been long gradually sinking into an extreme weak state, but had been more than usually cheerful lately, and had ordered horses for her return to *Ipswich*, counting much on another visit to *Bramford* before the winter; but on the 20th she became very weak, and soon settled into a state of insensibility—breathing, but unconscious of anything, and went off without a struggle, and as if in a trance.*

* Sir *Philip* writes here in the precise words his biographer might justly use in describing the hero's own last hours.

"Her end was as peaceful as her harmless life had been; and no mortal was ever better prepared for a transit to the other world than our poor aunt was, by her long life of universal benevolence and charity. Her kindness and affection towards all her relatives and friends, so constantly exhibited in her life, here remain well testified in her kind disposal of her worldly property. She was buried in the family vault of the *Actons* at *Baylham.* * * * *

"*God* prosper you,

"Prays your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Broke Hall, December* 29th, 1838.

"And a merry *Christmas* to you, and a new year as prosperous to you in your worldly estate as the end of this old one has been. * * * I am glad the Prince (D. of *Cambridge*) was so pleased with *Wasp* on his excursion to *Ceuta,* and wish you may have had as pleasant weather for the visit to *Tangier* and *Malaga.* I always looked at the venerable old towers and walls of ancient *Tangier* with a sort of *family feeling;* my great-great-grandfather, *W. Broke,* being quoted in the *Heraldic Pedigree, 'Occisus apud Tangier, A.D.* 1661:' but as this was before the Restoration, and before *Charles II* got possession of it, I suppose the poor wandering cavalier was a volunteer in some of the skirmishes of the *Portuguese* garrison with the *Moors.* I have a letter (of later date) of Captain *Packington Broke,* dated H.M.S. *Foresight* (a two-deck forty),

mentioning that he is going to carry out Lord *Bellasis* as governor to *Tangier;* and I believe he was the last *English* governor—but I must return from my olden times to the modern *Broke* of *Tangier.* I see on revising your letter of *November* 22nd to *Philip,* that I had misread your paragraph about —— I had read it mostly inversely. * * I have had captains quarrel with me, but I made it a rule never to quarrel with them, and always to keep in the right, which always ended in our being friends, finding that we both had the same real interest in the service. But *consider of this:* how can I tell my best friend in power, and one whose personal feeling of esteem for you is founded on your superior professional zeal, that after a year's trial of first lieutenant you are sick, and wish to subside into the battalion again?

"Try your way with any good man who may become your chief, and don't be easily put out.

Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
Intaminatis fulget honoribus:
* * * *
Cætusque VULGARES, *et udam*
*Spernit humum fugiente penna.**

"Soar above them and idle ease and luxury: but, do what you will, I shall love you the same, and be ever

"Your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

* *Horace:* Ode II, Book iii.

"*Broke Hall, February* 27th, 1839.

"My dear ——,

"We were glad to hear of you by *Philip's* letter, arrived to-day, and that you have met so pleasant a companion in young *Boyle.* I remember I thought *his brother* a very good fellow for slapping my boy *George* on his back when he *poked,* to make him hold his head up. Your late sudden movement to *Ceuta* was very creditable to the *little Wasp;* such *alertes* are very useful now and then in the middle of *tamer service! Apropos* of *Ceuta,* I never was there, having never been at *Gibraltar* but during our war with *Spain.* When you go again, *and have time,* pray look at the place with your best *warrior's eye,* and tell me if *we held it,* with a fair strength as garrison for its size, is it a place secure from any sudden *coup de main* attack by the *Moors,* supposing their company led by an active *Frenchman?* And as the pretty new colony, *L'Afrique Français,* seems very likely to extend its bounds, consider also whether *Ceuta* could be defended for a month against any regular land attack by a *French* force of 4,000 or 5,000 men *bien garni;* and also that, if so attacked, the enemy could be prevented occupying *any points* from which they could stop our relief and supplies from *Gibraltar* by placing batteries. I hope before now you have had a pleasant trip to *Malaga.* You will, I suppose, compliment the governor upon the *naval services* of his *man-of-war* at *Melilla!* but imbecility and stuffing seem to be the general character of

Spanish government! Your mother is to write with this to tell you all the *family chat.*

"I am ever, my dear *George*,
"Your affectionate father,
"*P. B. V. BROKE.*

"You will see by the papers there has been some useful *stir* about *naval equipments*, and that I have another friend at the Admiralty, Sir *J. Pechell;** he will, probably, have no power in promotion of commissioned men; but he is a valuable patron *to the noble art of* GUNNERY."

"*Broke Hall, May* 7th, 1839.

"I thought after *Charley* sailed I should have nothing immediately interesting to communicate to you; but very soon after I received a most friendly letter from your and my old friend Captain *Senhouse*, to say that he was appointed to the *Blenheim*, had broken up all his civil establishment, and was going directly to *Sheerness* to fit out; that the first impulse, on receiving his appointment, was, whether he had any chance of getting you with him as first lieutenant, or any of the old *Shannons* (who were his shipmates when he was acting for me in *Shannon*) as his commander. But he found at the Admiralty that you were not yet qualified to fill such post, nor *Smith* as com-

* The late Admiral Sir *John Brooke Pechell:* a very gallant and distinguished officer, who, when he commanded the *Sybille* frigate, took such pains with the education of his officers, and especially of the midshipmen, that all of them who now survive have attained to the highest rank and reputation.

mander; but he writes to me in the kindest way possible, hoping still that he may any way be of use to you, or contribute to your comfort. I am delighted that you should have such a friend on the station with you, and I suppose that very soon, after the lapse of half-a-dozen years, you will be all meeting happily together again at *Malta.* It was very kind of *Senhouse* to think so immediately of the old *Shannons* on his appointment to *Blenheim.* He was surely entitled to a superior ship, but in his hands *Blenheim* will be a superior seventy-four. I do not know how chances may turn out for you, but if *Pelham* leaves you and you want to shift your berth, 'tis worth notice that the first-lieutenancy of a brig or sloop, even in a brilliant and successful action, has never been considered as a claim to immediate promotion (unless the commander was killed), except in the singular event of *Navarino,* where all liberal deeds were done by our Royal Lord High Admiral with a high hand and without regard to precedent; but *sarà che sarà,* I like to have such a friend as *Senhouse* on the station with you. We here are, as usual, poor, weakly creatures, but creep about and laugh; but my head is troublesome—I must write no more, but *God* bless you,

"For your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*May* 9th, 1839.

"I have no time to write, but mamma has desired me to finish and send this. I hope you have

enjoyed the leisure days you calculated with *Charley;* you will have had time to show him all the *Rock Lions,* and *Lionesses* too! Our good *Queen Adelaide* is not yet arrived, probably driven into *Cork* by the obstinate N.E. winds we have had so long. She saw some rough weather off *Sicily,* when *Rodney* and *Asia* could not get a maintopsail in without splitting. It was a *tight breeze!* Our news to-day is the retreat of the Whig Ministry. *God* send us a better, and better luck to it than it must start with. The mutineers have kept the ship till they have lost all their anchors, and blown all their sails away in useless attempts to *improve their 'berth,'* and then, on a lee shore, gave up the ship to their old officers. 'Tis an awful crisis! Nothing is yet known of the new cabinet. I hope we shall have no election. The last, called by *Peel,* did not answer his expectations. But I have no time to write more, so *God* bless you,

"For your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Broke Hall, June* 12th, 1839.

"Having no one here to assist me in amusing and airing your dear mother, she takes all my time up, and I have none for writing; but she bids me finish this for her. She is as well in health as at her best, and quite cheerful; but no improvement in speech or strength of limbs, spite of all our fresh air and exercise and improved feeding. I fear, at sixty-two, we must not expect any further gain, but must thankfully make the best of the increased comforts which

we have attained, and by which she is enabled to enjoy so much more of her friends' society within, and of her favourite drives and flowers abroad. I am glad you got to *Ronda;* I suppose it must have reminded you of *Gil Blas!* I hope your captain will enjoy as much happiness (and more health) as a married man, as I have done; notwithstanding such long separations and frequent illness as we have been afflicted with. Your uncle *Charles* kindly sent us your letter to him, which was particularly gratifying to me; from the most satisfactory (and I am convinced, sincere) high opinion you express in it of *Charley's* character!

"For your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*July* 18th, 1839.

"I am in all the hurry of packing up for a visit to *Shrubland;* and what with my own endless wants of strange clothing, &c., and your mother's various wheel chairs, &c., to send, I am as busy as if I, in better times, had suddenly been ordered off, on a day's notice, for a station in the *East Indies!*

"From all oracles which it is lawful to consult I am given to understand that first lords (who alone decide all commissioned officers' promotions) are supposed always to have good reasons for their selections; but that it is not to be expected that they impart such reasons to anybody, unless they wish to do so.

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas
at non nobis Domine!

"I can only pray, therefore, that reasons may occur in the supreme mood for making —— a commander. In the meantime, I pray he will continue to be a merry lieutenant.

"Ever your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*September* 3rd, 1839.

"I have no news to tell you, but that *Fitzroy's** work, which you mention, is on our table now, and affords much and instructive amusement to our party. He is an excellent fellow. We tried to bring him in for the borough some years ago, but *then* the radicals beat us; now we have triumphed over them and their renegade chieftain. * * * Adieu!

"Ever your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Broke Hall, October* 15th, 1839.

"I have not much time to scribble, but must tell you, we, yesterday, drank many happy returns of the day to your chief. I wish you had as fair a prospect

* The late Vice-Admiral *Fitzroy*, whose loss this country and all maritime nations throughout the world have so recently had to deplore.

of your articles being completed as he has, professionally. But better times may come. However, I must congratulate you on being on better terms with *Dame Fortune* than with the '*Magnus Apollo*' of the Admiralty. You have certainly in your cloak a shred of the old mantle of the *Middletons* and *Actons* to get such a prize out of a *Spanish* lottery; but beware! to buy a share is a good chance, but don't buy *many*, as you know if you bought all the tickets you would be sure of getting all the prizes and be sure of losing a great deal of money, viz., all that the people who make the lottery are sure of gaining by it. But you have been a lucky fellow. I took a ticket, or shares to that amount, in our lotteries for thirty years, but never covered my expenses. The fine old lottery for our kind was the old *Spanish galleon;* but that is abolished, and there is nothing like it left in the watery world. War was the golden age then, but when *that* lottery opens again may you prosper in it.

Multaque merces,
Unde potest, tibi defluat æquo
*Ab Jove, Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.**

But I must leave the ladies to finish this."

"*December* 19th, 1839.

"Many thanks for your letter received this morning. I hope you are now making a pleasant tour to

* *Horace:* Lib. I, Ode xxviii; 27, 28, 29.

Cordova, and visiting the heroic *Cid;* but I write in haste to say that, probably by the vessel which carries this, a young cousin of mamma's will come out to join —— as a midshipman, his first start.* Pray look for the bairn, and show him the *Wasp*. I wish we could ask —— to shoot, but it is too late this season, for *Philip* (who is now *maitre de chasse)* is anxious to get up better stock, and we have only made three beats this year. * * But I have run my time out, and the postman is here; so adieu.

"Ever your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*February* 4th, 1840.

"I was very glad you had an opportunity of again viewing the beautiful paintings at *Cadiz* and at *Seville*. I remember, at *Cadiz*, some of the *Murillos* were delightful works; and your captain was very kind in letting you take it leisurely." * * *

"*February* 12th, 1840.

"Here is a sad and general disappointment

* *George Colvile*, younger brother of the present member for *Derbyshire*. After seeing much service, and suffering severely from frostbite in the trenches before *Sevastopol*, in the winter of 1854-55, was promoted to the rank of commander, and appointed to the *Camilla* corvette, in which ship this intelligent and valuable young officer was lost, with all the crew, and never again heard of, by the foundering of the ship in the *East Indies*. Captain *Colvile* had been promoted to the rank of captain for his good services in the *Camilla*, but did not survive to receive the intelligence.

in army and navy—no brevet on this joyous occcasion!* I am sorry for you; but we must live in hopes; and as they say we are to have a new minister of the marine, we must hope he may have it in his power to do all Lord *M.* intended to do."

"*Broke Hall, April* 27th, 1840.

"My dear ——,

"We have just had *King* with us for ten days, and, of course, I had much chat with him about *Aden.* It was a highly creditable service to the ship and brig both, and such effect of fire upon stone walls I suppose was never before produced; and the utter ruin of their defences upon the *island* (within 200 yards of *Cruizer*), so dismayed the *Arabs* that they hardly made any defence, as the town and shore lines had been very little injured by the fire, being 1200 yards off, and the *artillery, carronades;* but with the single round shot, at 200 yards, the fire was precise and powerful. I am glad to find that, though watched on the land side by the *Arabs, Aden* can always get abundant supplies of provision from the *Abyssinian* coast opposite, within a day's sail. *King* was much pleased with your letter to him, and very happy in having his favourite brig and crew under so good a man as *Giffard.* He says they once got thirteen knots out of *Cruizer,* and I saw, in his log, twelve often, and long runs at ten; but now you will say that was round the *Cape*—

* The marriage of Her Gracious Majesty Queen *Victoria* with the late lamented Prince *Albert* was solemnized on the 10th of *February,* 1840.

Vel quæ loca fabulosus
*Lambit Hydaspes.**

King is in excellent health, and eager to get afloat again. I suppose you have heard from poor *Charley*, of his being robbed by the *Greeks* as he would be at home by the *lawyers;* but I have promised to pay for that to enter him fairly in his farm, or the sharks would have pinched a year's rent out of him! I have been obliged to read another tract upon *great guns*, and I see that an eminent artillerist is much alarmed at the superior *real weight* of the *Frenchmen's* thirty-six pounders (really forty-two) over our thirty-two pounders (really thirty-three and a half), and, scientifically, that it *should be* a sure advantage at long shots; but the *French* are generally establishing now thirty pounders (really thirty-five) in the lower decks of their line; and as we have for so many years proved that our thirty-twos did *heartily* lick the forty-twos in all our battles, our only remedy for the disadvantage is to *get alongside them* as soon as possible, and so stop all *distant scientific practice* and hammer them '*more majorum;*' but if calms or the lee gage with us give an enemy the choice of fighting at a distance, then we shall certainly want our great *shell guns* for distant destruction, or with ships unable to close and left crippled in action beyond *point blank shot.* Mr. *Paixhan*, who introduced the long heavy howitzers into the *French* ships, says it was his chief pride and desire thus to give them a casual

* *Horace:* Lib. I, Ode xxii.

but great advantage over *English ships*, and we must have, and practise, our *shell guns*, to be *up* with them.

"I have got a bad cold with our cold east winds, and wish I could breathe a little of your *warm Spanish air!* May it preserve your health.

"Ever your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Broke Hall, July* 15th, 1840.

"I received yesterday, with much delight, the promised letter from your kind friend *Pelham;* and so gratifying to my feelings, and those of your beloved mother and sister, were his warm expressions of friendship and esteem for you, that I could think of nothing else till I had sat down and amply thanked him for his most welcome letter. He expressed so much of that same feeling and interest in all that regards you that I felt acquainted with him merely by our sympathy. I hope he is happy, and will soon get his promotion. In regard to yours, he has done his best (as, he says, he felt it his duty to do) by urging your claims upon Lord *M.* and Sir *W. Parker;* and he hopes, with me, that, if not before, at *Wasp's* paying off you will be sure of your commandery. But, perhaps, a young prince may arrive and give us a start! I was glad to see last week that, though you were not in the list, still promotion was going on. Anything better than shutting the door up. You will be in a busy scene again when you join

the admiral, and will, I hope, get some days, at least, at *Corfu* to see *Charley* and your good old friend Mr. *Frere*."

"*September* 8th, 1840.

"I was very glad to hear you had found so kind a friend in Captain *Wakefield;* it was a great comfort in your circumstances. Some active service seems now decided on, and it may lead to much grander movements than our governors, perhaps, have intended; but I hope you will be in health and vigour to take your share of it as you would wish, and with honour and promotion! *Charles* was very good to provide so kindly for you at *Corfu;* perhaps he may be summoned to batter the *Syrian* fortresses. I am glad to see that, though our land force is so small, there are such chiefs as *Stopford, Napier,* and *Smith* to plan and execute measures; their energy and decision will lead even a *little* force to *great* honour! *So be it!* We are all as well as usual, and all unite in love to you with

"Your affectionate and anxious father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Broke Hall, September* 9th, 1840.

"As my hasty letter of yesterday will make you anxious about the *missing* letter as we were, I hasten now to tell you that it arrived this morning. I am glad, however, that the *last* written letter arrived *first,* as that showed you in cheerful spirits, and we had no idea of the

severe illness you had been suffering under before! so that we had our *comfort* before we knew our *distress!* I hope *Malta* will soon restore you to tolerable strength. Do as you like about future movements, but tell the doctors that they must consider that, having just finished a hot summer in the *Mediterranean*, and being debilitated by illness and medicine, you would be ill prepared to stand an *English winter!* as you have felt before, on your return from the same station in 1833, and from the *West Indies* afterwards. Indeed, the time at which you might arrive here would probably be that in which, on the first bad cold or cough, you would be advised to go to a warm climate again! This is worth your consideration. I am glad the admiral has been so very kind to you, and that you have so many old friends near you. Your letter began off *Thrace, July* 29th, I suppose in *Wasp*, and then went on from *Princess Charlotte*, and finished in *Rhadomanthus*, at *Malta.* Now we comprehend the case, and grieve much that you should have been such a sufferer! but from the letter of yesterday (*August* 25th), written with your usual '*gaieté de cœur*,' we had no idea of it. Feeling as you do, I hope you will obtain a pleasant exchange. I know you will be anxious to share in the honour of the campaign, and wish you may do so, in such service as may be best for your health. You may do for sea-bathing service, but will hardly be able to work on the

Arentes arenas
Littoris Assyrii *

* *Horace:* Lib. III, Ode iv, 31.

till you have regained some of that substance which the doctors have so *lightened* you of; but I must finish, and to-morrow, perhaps, you will get a letter from the ladies. —— has not seen yours yet, as she went early to finish her bazaar duties for the benefit of the *Suffolk Hospital*, and will be late home. Sir *Charles* and *Philip* are gone to *Moseley's* for agricultural meeting.

"Mamma sends affectionate love, with

"Your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

§ VI.

ILLNESS AND DEATH.

Towards the close of the year 1840, when the last leaves of autumn lay sere and yellow against the hedgerows and under the old oaks of *Broke Hall*, the long-tried hero, unconsciously, approached his sole remaining conflict. He was, however, fully ready for it. The admirable constitution *God* had given him—preserved and strengthened, indeed, by the "*mens sana*" resident therein—had long resisted the terrible train of consequences inevitably resulting from his wound and aggravated by his accident in 1820. But slowly and irresistibly they marched on. The nervous centres *never* suffer with impunity. First the encephalon, then the ganglionic system, and so, slowly but surely, the vital functions fell into grave and irremediable disorder; and thus, before the allotted term of life, this family to whom he was so justly dear was called upon to mourn an irreparable loss.

In the month of *October* Sir *Philip* had determined on proceeding to *London*, for the purpose of undergoing a formidable and painful operation. With his usual tenderness for his wife he had concealed from her all details of his sufferings and all information of the decision at which he had arrived. He writes with customary brevity in his journal:

"*October* 25th. I preparing much.
"26th. I preparing.
"27th. I packing up.
"28th. To *London*."

The correspondence from which I have quoted so largely is now drawing rapidly to a close; but the same keen interest in the profession he had adorned so highly, the same affectionate solicitude for the wife and children he had loved so long and well, and the same submission and trust to Godward, are still visible.

Thus he writes:

"*Bayley's Hotel, Berkeley Square,*
"*November* 28th, 1840.

"My dear ——,

"I heartily wish you joy of your brilliant victory at *Acre;* it was, indeed, a great relief to my mind that, after having been debarred from sharing in the gallant achievement at *Sidon*, you should have been in time to share in the present triumph, and a greater still to know that you were *safe.* I am thankful to *God* for the almost miraculous small loss of our ships under such a fire; but the host of *Pharaoh* was confounded. With such awkward gunners, and our ships so posted opposite to theirs, and at such

range, had they been ordered to fire so long over those ships and not to hit them, they could hardly possibly have done less mischief. And this is the boasted *European-trained* artillery of *Mehemet Ali.* We got the news only yesterday, and your uncle *Charles* kindly sallied out directly to relieve my mind by getting all particulars he could of the action and of our losses. Little as our damage was, I see little *Wasp* had her share of it. I suppose you are now at *Malta,* to change or fish your foremast. I hope this victory will be useful, as it is glorious, by deciding the old pacha to submit to the terms proposed to him. I am quietly urging your promotion at the Admiralty, but fear there will be no brevet on the birth of the Princess Royal; but this last *coup* in *Syria may cause some moves,* and my friends promise me to do their best for you; but all say that being reported as a *first lieutenant* is equal to nine-tenths of the chances. The report of a man's being a persevering *first* lieutenant carries with it an idea of professional worth, and I esteem the man even before I know him. You will have, probably, heard before now of my '*miserable mission*' here; —— in sad distress, from ——.

"In some such cases people are successfully operated upon and dismissed, *cured,* in a few days; but, owing to some very unusual obstacles, I have been a month under painful preparation; and, though now promised success in the first operation, shall probably be detained another month before I am set at liberty by the surgeon. But I must thank *God* ''tis no worse,' and that modern science has done away with the necessity for the old painful operation. My comfort in

my confinement is your kind uncle *Charles*, who is such an excellent *nurse*, and such a *quiet* yet *cheerful companion*. *Philip* kindly offered to come with me, but I would not take him away from all his sporting *season*, knowing that my brother could not miss that so much, and at the same time would be such a *patient doctor*. I hardly see anybody else, not being equal to any exertion. Your dear mother does not know my case, but supposes it some affection of the *spine*, from strain. I keep her lulled with *always* hoping I shall *soon get home*. *God* bless you in *health* and *prosperity* prays

"Your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Bayley's Hotel, Berkeley Square,*

"*December* 3rd, 1840.

"My dear ——,

"On the first I had sent you my congratulations upon your victory, and yesterday had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 4th, dated port of *Acre*. *Little Wasp* had an advantage over the *great ships*, that when *she* was crippled she could run into the *snug little harbour!* But I suppose you are by this time at *Malta*, *refitting*. I fear we must wait till next packet for your interesting plan of the fight. *Wasp* being so much advanced on the outer wing of the line must have had a fine view of all the ships in their respective positions. Sir *Byam Martin* kindly brought me Sir *William Eden's* account from on board *Carysfort*. How lucky *she* was not to have a man hurt! You must have seen the explosion to great advantage;

something like, I suppose, the *volcanic island* off *Trapani*. The *Gorgon* has the credit of effecting it with her shells. But what a disgrace it was to our *fireworks* that so many shells were wasted by the fuses bursting them before the proper time! I hope it will be a wholesome lesson to them, to *prove* their fuses more correctly. *Apropos*, pray inquire and tell me if any of the ships fired *shells* from their large guns. It was a fine opportunity for *practice!* And pray tell me at what elevation the guns were fired in the large ships, as well as *little Wasp's* carronades, and what your distance was from the nearest battery opposed to you. I see the *Turk* was your nearest *big* neighbour. You say the fire was hotter than at *Navarino*, but it was not near so EFFICIENT as *there*. *Asia* and *Genoa* each, separately, lost more men than all the hurt in your *fleet put together*. I thank *God* the *Egyptians'* powerful fire was so misdirected! for we see, by the loss of *Fortitude* before the old tower in *Mortella Bay*, and that of Sir *Sydney Smith* on the coast of *Calabria*, that two well-worked twenty-four-pounders might have inflicted much more damage than all the fire of numerous *Egyptian* guns did at *Acre!* May our enemies always *shoot so!* There will be no promotion on the birth of the *Princess*, but I trust *some* upon *Acre;* and Lord *M*—— writes *more graciously* than usual to me as to yours.

"Here I am, still confined, and suffering frequent painful operations, but gain no ground yet; but I have full confidence in my surgeon, and am sure that when *nature* will let him he will effect a permanent cure. My old infirmities were quite sufficient a burden without this distressing torment.

My quiet yet cheerful brother *Charles* is the most happy companion for me in my *solitude* and *weariness;* and I have the comfort of hearing daily good reports from home, where your dear sister drives your mamma out every day, and keeps up her health and spirits. I shall be very happy to get amongst them again! I rejoiced to hear (on my arrival here) that your friend *Pelham* was posted.

"*December* 5th, and no more news! We are anxious to know *Mehemet Ali's final decision.* I am glad to see Commodore *Napier* gazetted as a K. C. B., but they should have *begun* the *Gazette* with honours to his *Commander-in-chief.* Good reports from *home* to-day.

"*God* bless you for

"Your affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

"*Bayley's Hotel, December* 17th, 1840.

"My dear ——,

"I was made very happy yesterday by a *private* letter from our kind friend ——, telling me that you were promoted. Hurrah for Commander *Broke!* This is a happy as well as glorious finish to your services in *Wasp.* * * * Your plans all came safe, and are very instructive and interesting. You have, in your narration, answered beforehand many of the questions I asked you in my last letter about elevations and distances; but pray inquire if any ships fired shells from their big guns. After the accident on board the *Medea* they should order that all shells be examined on deck; and they should for that purpose be

placed in a trough, in a port, so that if the fuse ignited they might instantly be rolled overboard, by lifting the end of the trough.

"*December* 19th. I am happy to see so many of your warrior-chiefs are made Companions of the Bath, and *Fanshawe* and *Martin* among them. I hear all is well at home to-day; and they are to send us a little turkey from the old farm for our *Christmas* dinner, my doctor giving me no hopes of getting home for several weeks yet. *God* bless you in perfect health, prays

"Your ever affectionate father,

"*P. B. V. BROKE.*"

A fortnight after the above lines were traced the brave but humble, the enduring but most patient, writer—the patriot *Broke*—had entered on a world where pain and sorrow are unknown.

The science he was glad to honour—like every other earthly science—availed him nothing when a higher decree had gone forth that he should return home; not in life to the earthly home, indeed, where so many affections were enshrined, but to that home eternal in the heavens, of which, also, he had never been unmindful for the foregoing forty years. He was now to lead the way thither for those to whom he had devoted so many thoughts during the long and protracted time of his suffering. May they all rejoin him there!

The final operation, on which he had based so much

hopeful expectation, was unsuccessful—probably, indeed, accelerated the event.

On *Sunday* morning, *January* 3rd, 1841, a tremendous storm swept over *London*. In the journals of the day it is said: "The first loud peal of thunder took place about seven, and, probably, roused from their sleep one-half of the inhabitants of the metropolis. It was accompanied by violent wind and rain, with vivid lightning of every variety of colour. The storm was altogether different from those which occur in summer. The thunder appeared to come from every quarter of the heavens, and, although it followed almost instantaneously the lightning (with the exception of one peal), it appeared to be at a great distance. The darkness was excessive; and what with the stillness of a *Sunday* morning—the unusual flashes of lightning at this season, and the sleet and hailstones with which the storm was accompanied—the effect was most impressive. It did not last above a quarter of an hour. The storm appeared to come from the N. W.; and when morning broke on the metropolis all the streets and houses were covered with snow. The barometer fell in the course of the night about six-tenths of an inch, and stood, at eight in the morning, at 29.34."

In such a conflict of the elements, it has been often noticed, warrior-spirits have passed away. When *Napoleon* died, *Forsyth* tells us—"While he was dying a violent hurricane swept over the island, which shook many of the houses to their foundations, and tore up some of the largest trees." But this artillery of the skies smote not the ears of

our gallant warrior: at six on the previous evening he had breathed his last. Like the gracious *Duncan*—

> After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
> Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
> Can touch him further!

On the following *Friday* afternoon, about four o'clock, as the wintry day was closing, his honoured remains passed through *Ipswich* on their way to *Broke Hall*. "The funeral procession," says a writer at the time, "consisting of a hearse, plumes, mutes on horseback, one mourning coach, and about twenty carriages belonging to the family and the gentry of the neighbourhood, passed through this town. Throughout the line, and also in many other streets, the inhabitants closed their shutters and shops in testimony of the respect in which the deceased and his family are held. The bells of *St. Mary* at the *Tower*, which on many occasions have rung merry peals to his honour, now poured forth their solemn music with muffled tongues. To-morrow *(Saturday)* the remains of the gallant hero will be consigned to the tomb at *Nacton*,

> Mid sorrowing relatives and friends,
> Who, whilst alive, beloved the man,
> And, dead, revere his memory."

And thus in the wintry night—along the winding road to *Nacton*—past the ancient church—through the familiar lodge gates—down the avenue, bare and leafless—to the door of the mourning and desolated hall of his forefathers—so was he brought home. And there, looking sadly down

on the coffin of the noblest of their race, hung the portraitures of many of his ancestors: the *Broke* who, in the time of *Henry* VII, founded the "Earth of the *Brock*"—the gallant captain who fell at *Solebay*—the fair damsels who exchanged their honoured name for others less remembered—and, lastly, the hero himself, as twenty-eight years before he stood triumphant on the *Chesapeake's* deck.

It was a sorrowful and long-remembered night at *Broke Hall.*

"*January* 14th, 1841.

"My dearest ——,

"Every day this month have I wished to write to you, but have not known how or where to address my letter. I knew that dear uncle *Charles* had kindly done all that I could have done, by writing, *viâ Marseilles,* to break to you all that must cause grief to you and to dear *Charley.* * * * If it is given me to judge rightly for you, I would pray that you and he may be together, and so be enabled, by the *God* of all consolation, to be a help and comfort to each other when the sad tidings of our great loss shall reach you. When last I wrote to you I told you of dear papa's great sufferings and weakness, which most providentially alarmed dear *Philip,* who went on that account to *London.* Though less alive to apprehension I should yet have insisted on accompanying him, but that I knew to take dear mamma to such an anxious scene would be cruel—to leave her most unkind. My duty was, therefore, plainly to remain, and to the best of my ability fulfil my promise to dear papa of taking care of her. Though

anxious before to spare you all unnecessary pain I then felt it needful to warn you both of dear papa's great weakness; but hope, even then, overcame my fears, and made me ascribe to other causes much that, in a cause less dear to me and to us all, would, doubtless, have opened my eyes."

On the following day this high-minded and pious daughter, fully worthy of such a father, proceeds:

"The doctors, after having witnessed some improvement, had given up all hope, save that of being permitted to alleviate sufferings beyond their power to cure. Thus all hope, save that to which nature will cling while any life remains, was banished. Then the sorrow of imparting these tidings to mamma! I knew not, of myself, what to desire; and could only pray for guidance from above, and that was fully granted. * * * With the exception of the day on which the remains of our beloved father were brought home, I have been enabled to fulfil my duties in the spirit that I know dear papa would desire. * * * Mamma's submission and resignation are beautiful. Her chief consolation is in knowing that our dear father, when fully aware of his approaching end, expressed his willingness to depart, and his gratitude for all the happiness he had enjoyed with her and in his family. Our next post told that our dear parent yet breathed, but was speechless and unconscious."

And so the hero, in a few hours afterwards, fell asleep.

On *Saturday, January* 9th, 1841, all that was mortal of

Philip Bowes Vere Broke was laid in the tomb of his ancestors within the ancient walls of *Nacton Church.* There is a quaint letter, from Admiral *Herbert*, among the many addressed to him, which commences in a singularly pious, loving vein.

"Dear *Philip Bowes Vere (Alexander Emmanuel) Broke,*

"This, from an old friend, comes with those usual hopes and anxieties respecting your health, welfare, &c., with which all Christian letters are and should be fraught; and, like most other Christian letters, though beginning with all those above-mentioned tender inquiries, would probably never have been written but that I want something of you; namely, to ask you to take *two* youngsters for me, of the following description." * * *

Surely they who stood by his grave, and knew his history, may well have felt that the bravery of *Alexander*, and the grace and strength of the *God* of battles, were once the heritage and swelling spirit of the venerated remains they had assembled to inter.

There is another evidence of the truthfulness with which *Philip Bowes Vere Broke* was mourned—that of his eldest son:

"*Broke Hall, January* 8th, 1841.

"My dear *Wallis*,

"Before this reaches you the newspapers will have announced that it has pleased *Providence* to deprive

me of the kindest and best of fathers. He was in town, previously, for two months, for the purpose of obtaining surgical advice, and, till three days before his death, no danger was apprehended. This blow, therefore, comes very suddenly on my poor mother and sister and all his relations. It is a consolation to me to have been with him in his last moments, and to know that few men leave this world better prepared than he was to submit with resignation and submission to the Divine Will. The funeral will take place here to-morrow, and will be strictly private, in order that my poor mother and sister may not be unnecessarily shocked by the sad ceremony being prolonged.

"*You* will, I know, condole with me; and believe me,

"Dear *Wallis*,

"Yours ever truly,

"*P. BROKE.*"

From Admiral Sir *William Parker* to Major-General Sir *C. B. Vere*, K.C.B., &c.

"*Admiralty, Tuesday*, 5th *January*, 1841.

"My dear Sir,

"Having from the flattering appearance of improvement in your poor brother, when we last met, been encouraged to entertain strong hopes that his painful complaint might be successfully relieved, it was with deep concern that I learnt the sad result on *Sunday*, and beg of you and Captain *Broke* to accept my sincere condolences. His departure will be universally lamented by the members of

every rank in his profession; but, if consolation can be found in the recollection of his deeds, they are imperishably stamped in the annals of fame, and his private worth will live in the hearts of all his friends and acquaintance. I shall be glad to learn that Lady *Broke* does not suffer from this bereavement; and beg you will believe me,

"My dear Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"*W. PARKER.*"

From Admiral Sir *T. Byam Martin*, G. C. B., &c., to Major-General Sir *C. B. Vere*, K. C. B., &c.

"My dear Sir *Charles*,

"The answers I had received for the last three or four days discouraged the hope I had previously entertained of your brother's recovery, but I was not prepared to hear of his dissolution so soon. We feel for you most sincerely in the loss of such a brother, and regret ourselves the loss of a constant and kind friend of forty-four years' standing. His death will revive in the country, and with still greater interest in the service, the recollection of his brilliant conduct in the *Shannon*, and his long-continued sufferings from his wound on that occasion. I called, this afternoon, to ask if I could be of any use in attending to any wishes you may have in *London;* and, if there is anything I can be doing, you will believe that I am willingly at your service. If the funeral takes place in *London*, I am sure a vast number of naval officers will be most anxious to join in

every mark of respect to one whose name is so universally esteemed; and Admiral *White* joins with me in desiring to express our particular desire to be allowed to attend on the occasion. I am ever, my dear Sir *Charles*,

"Very truly yours,

"*T. BYAM MARTIN.*

"*Sunday* evening."

From the Rev. *H. Edgell*, &c., &c., Rector of *Nacton*, *Suffolk*, to Rear-Admiral Sir *G. N. Broke-Middleton*, Bart., C.B., &c.

"*Nacton Rectory*,

"*March* 10th, 1864.

"Dear Sir,

"You ask for some reminiscences of the late Admiral, your father, Sir *P. B. V. Broke;* but I fear that, after the lapse of three-and-twenty years, such as I have must be very scanty. From the time that I first began to take an interest in our naval history, next to the victories of *Nelson*, the capture of the *Chesapeake* used to excite my admiration; and when I knew that the captain of the *Shannon* on that occasion was likely to be my parishioner, I considered myself a privileged individual, and looked forward with much pleasure to the honour of being connected with him; nor was I disappointed. When I came to reside here I found Sir *Philip Broke* living in great retirement, and almost entirely devoted to the care of your invalid mother, still suffering from his wounds, but always cheerful and with a smile upon his countenance, and a friendly greeting

which set one at ease with him at once. He seemed very regardless of what are generally considered the comforts of life, and entirely so of its luxuries; but I knew that his hand was always open to those in need, of whatever class or calling they might be. I felt that I had a great stay in him as a parishioner, one upon whom I could depend for support and encouragement; and I am happy to say that this continued so long as he was spared for us to be together. Born of Christian parents, and a Christian himself, he was not ashamed of the religion he professed, but by a constant participation in the ordinances of the Church whenever his health permitted, and a proper use of his position as a parent, a landlord, and a master, he did what in him lay to promote the well-being of his dependents, the stability of his country, and the glory of *God.*

"We were much surprised and greatly grieved to hear of the serious illness, which terminated in his death, away from his own home; and I remember the cold winter's night when his remains were brought to *Nacton*, escorted by the tenants, and followed to the hall-gate; and then the mournful preparations for the burial, and the last sad ceremony. This was conducted, as you know, in as private a manner as possible; but the greater part of the villagers, besides his own family and dependents, were present to pay the last tribute of respect to their honoured friend and benefactor; and I may truly say that he went down to his grave loved and deplored by us all. Of his public life others have written, who can speak far better than myself; but, on coming into this part of *Suffolk*, I was pleased to observe

the great affection with which he was regarded, and the enthusiasm with which my parishioners and others would speak of him, whom they justly regarded as *their* hero; and I trust we shall long remember the example of his fortitude and resignation in suffering, his great cheerfulness, peaceableness, and constant endeavours to promote the welfare and happiness of all around him.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"*H. EDGELL.*"

END OF PART III.

APPENDIX.

—o—

FIFTY YEARS AFTER.

MY worthy reader—As the time and space allotted to this volume are rapidly drawing to a close, I shall encroach but little farther on your patience. You may, however, be pleased to hear something of the ultimate fate of these two frigates, the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake;* and the little I know is here at your service. The chief relics existing of the former have found a resting-place at *Broke Hall*, within a few hundred yards of the quiet little village church of *Nacton*, where Sir *Philip Bowes Vere Broke*, his gentle and beloved *L——*, his sons *Philip* and *William*, his brother *Charles*, and others whose names are now not unknown to you, also repose. In the autumn of 1864 (the year only before his death) I had the singular happiness of revisiting this spot in company with Mr. Justice *Haliburton*, who has narrated his boyish recollections of the arrival of the *Shannon* at *Halifax*, in 1813, at an earlier page. (225 *seq.*)

I shall long remember the deep emotions with which this able man and patriotic *Briton* regarded the figure-head of the *Shannon*, a colossal female bust, white, and ornamented with a necklace of gilded roundlets. "Fifty years ago I pulled beneath it in my boat, a boy of seventeen, and now

FIGURE HEAD OF SHANNON,

AND STAR FROM CHESAPEAKE'S QUARTER (NOW IN ARCADE AT BROKE HALL).

The letters U. S. were carried in a star like the above, to represent "United States." That with the U. upon it was destroyed by shot.

From a Photograph by Mr. Cobb, of Ipswich.

——". The sentence remained unfinished by him, but not the less understood by the bystanders, not the less remembered now, when he also sleeps with the brave commanders of the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*. It would be difficult, from its present modern aspect, to believe that the foundation of *Broke Hall* is really of the antiquity it may justly claim. No doubt each succeeding generation made its own improvements, and carried out its own more modern ideas of comfort and cheerfulness. Passing through a neat lodge the visitor strays down a sloping double avenue—opening occasionally to the right hand on picturesque glimpses of the *Orwell* estuary, and to the left on a well-wooded park—and soon arrives in sight of the mansion. The front of the hall appeared to me not very unlike the long dismantled and vanished seat of *Nelson* at *Merton*. Bay windows flanked the entrance in both; but here, in *Suffolk*, the outspread lawns, the fine old timber trees, and distant groves of oak, imparted a degree of dignity, extent, and anciently, to which *Nelson's* suburban *Surrey* villa made no pretension.

Immediately on entering the house the visitor is surrounded by objects and relics of the deepest interest. In the hall is the portrait of the founder of this branch of the old family, painted on panel by his friend Sir *Antonio More*, the celebrated amateur painter, in the reign of *Henry VII.* Opposite is an extremely fine full-length portrait of Sir *Philip* on the deck of the *Chesapeake*, by *Lane*, and around the walls are ranged those of many of his ancestors. In other rooms are portraits of the *Shannon*, and of many gallant admirals and generals,

the brothers-in-arms of Sir *Philip* and Sir *Charles Broke Vere*. In a glazed arcade, looking from the rear of the house, is the figure-head of the *Shannon*, which was finally broken up in 1859, and a star from the *Chesapeake's* quarter. The Admiralty of the day did themselves much honour in presenting this embodiment of the glorious old ship, together with a large share of her sound, tough, and unyielding timbers, to the hero's sole surviving son. An elegant and lofty pair of gates stands near the boundary of the kitchen garden, constructed from these.

The trees planted by *Broke*, and the gardens he planned, the drives he cut through the woods for his invalid wife's enjoyment, these all remain; but larger domains awaited his descendants. The seat is now let, and his only surviving son has inherited other estates, other interests, and other duties. But none of these can for one moment vie in renown and honour with those of *Broke* of *Broke Hall*. "I am my father's son," must ever be his highest boast; and truly may he add, "a son he fondly loved."

But what, you may ask, became of the *Shannon?* A section of her now shivered timbers is near me as I write—dense, perfectly sound, and undecayed, though sixty years have passed—years of active and nearly incessant services at sea—since the leafy oaks of which she was constructed nodded and fell beneath the woodman's axe. She was built at *Chatham*, at *Brindley's* yard, in 1806. Two ships of the same name had previously been lost: one a thirty-two-gun frigate, constructed in 1796, and wrecked in 1800; another of thirty-six guns, launched in 1803, and in the same year

run aground under the batteries of *Cape La Hogue*. The third, the *Shannon* of the present history—name dear to every *Briton*—was a plain, massive, and effective ship, strictly of her class. The engraving here given is from a drawing of the time; and from Admiral *King's* sketches (who knew her well from stem to stern), one can readily believe that she was a fast sailer. She saw but little active service after the action. Naval architecture took a new turn. The *Shannon*, sound as a roach, may well have lasted a century at least, but after sundry "base uses" she was broken up; and to the disgrace, it must be said, of those who knew not what she had achieved (I have myself been asked—"*Something in the last century, was it not?*"), she was so *finished—cn ct ccce.*

"15, *Princess Street, Hanover Square,*
"*November* 15th, 1859.

"My dear *Woods*,

"Your kind compliance with my request relative to my old ship requires my best thanks. I see by the papers that she is *finished!* I wonder if they found any shot in her frame.

"*R. H. KING.*"

She is gone! but how far more truly than of *Dido* may it be said of her by all gallant hearts:

In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet;
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

The end of the *Chesapeake* was widely different.

This captured *American* frigate proved of little service to the *British* navy. She was brought to *England*, and, in 1814, was commissioned by Captain *Thomas Graham*, and, in 1815, by Captain *F. Newcombe*. In 1816 she was in ordinary, and in 1820 was sold to Mr. *Holmes*, at *Portsmouth*, and broken up. Sold by our economical Government for £500, having been purchased seven years before for £21,314. 11*s.* 11½*d.*

The *Chesapeake* was built at *Norfolk, Virginia*, and therefore, doubtless, named the *Chesapeake*, in 1797, and cost £61,299. 8*s.* Her size in tons was 1135. Her broadside was 595 lbs. All her guns had names, engraven on small squares of copper plate. The following list of twenty-five of them, on one side, has been preserved:

MAIN DECK.

1. *Brother Jonathan.*
2. *True Blue.*
3. *Yankee Protection.*
4. *Putnam.*
5. *Raging Eagle.*
6. *Viper.*
7. *General Warren.*
8. *Mad Anthony.*
9. *America.*
10. *Washington.*
11. *Liberty for ever.*
12. *Dreadnought.*
13. *Defiance.*
14. *Liberty or Death.*

All these were eighteen-pounders.

FORECASTLE.

15. *United Tars.*
16. *Jumping Billy.*
17. *Rattler.*

} Thirty-two-pounders.

QUARTERDECK.

18. *Bull Dog.*
19. *Spitfire.*
20. *Nancy Dawson.*
21. *Revenge.*
22. *Bunker's Hill.*
23. *Pocahontas.*
24. *Towser.*
25. *Wilful Murder.*

All thirty-two-pounders.

Having heard a report that the *Chesapeake* had been converted into a flourmill! and was still in existence as such, at *Wickham*, in *Hampshire*, I ventured to address some inquiries on the subject to the vicar of *Farnham*, who courteously returned the following valuable reply:

"*Farnham Vicarage, Hants,*

"*April* 9th, 1864.

"Dear Sir,

"I had never heard any of the interesting information about the *Chesapeake*, which you have conveyed me, till your letter, received this morning, set me inquiring.

"*Wickham* is four miles north of *Farnham*, a distinct parish, the same place which gave birth to *William of Wykeham*. The *Chesapeake* was brought to *Portsmouth* (nine miles from hence), and was never used in the *British* navy.

She was sold by Government to Mr. *Holmes* for £500, who found he had made a capital investment on this occasion, and cleared £1000 profit. He broke up the vessel, took several tons of copper from her, and disposed of the timbers, which were quite new and sound, of beautiful pitch pine, for building purposes. Much of the wood was employed in building houses in *Portsmouth;* but a large portion was sold, in 1820, to Mr. *John Prior*, a miller, of *Wickham*, for nearly £200. Mr. *Prior* pulled down his own mill at *Wickham*, and constructed a new one with this timber, which he found admirably adapted for the purpose. The deck timbers were thirty-two feet long and eighteen inches square, and were placed, unaltered, horizontally in the mill. The purloins of the deck were about twelve feet long, and served, without alteration, for joists. The mill, still in existence and in active operation (the property of Mr. *Godcrick*), stands just as Mr. *Prior* erected it in 1820, and is likely to last yet hundreds of years.

"Mr. *Prior* is now living in *Farnham*, and I have just taken the foregoing information from his lips.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"*W. S. DUMERGUE.*"

The receipt of this letter set me again on historical pilgrimage. The longing was irresistible to see for oneself this strange metamorphose of a sanguinary man-of-war into a peaceful, life-sustaining cornmill. I had pictured it all to myself, most exactly; but, like all other imaginary realiza-

tions of persons and places, nothing could be more dissimilar than the reality. It should have been a summer's day, and *was* marked *July* in the calendar; but a more unceasing downpour of rain I never remember. It rained heavily at the *Waterloo* station of the *South Western Railway*, at *Winchester*, at *Basingstoke*, and at *Farnham*. At this latter place a change of vehicle conveyed me, more slowly, through an undulating, picturesque, and well-wooded district. Bye and bye a valley opened, through which a stream might be conjectured to flow; and after a few turns more the "fly," with a grating check, drew up before a comely house of three stories and a range of dormer windows in the roof.

Nothing shiplike or of the sea was discernible from without. A comely young *Englishman* of some eight-and-twenty years of age was coming forth to join his cricket club on a neighbouring down (for the weather at last was beginning to brighten up a little), and this proved to be the master and owner of the *Chesapeake Mill*. In a few words I told the errand which had led me so far away from home, and was at once cordially and hospitably welcomed. Mr. *Goderick* was to some extent aware of the historical associations connected with his property. A large cigar-box, constructed from the polished pine of the old ship, and bearing the inscription "*Chesapeake*," in small brass nails, stood upon the sideboard in his dining-room; and after a brief interval he accompanied me through the interior of the mill. The beams, joists, and floors are all constructed from the timbers of the *American* frigate; the former in many places *pockmarked with grapeshot*. The mill, armed with many modern appliances,

was merrily going; and on every floor the blithe and mealy men were urging their life-sustaining toil. But, my reader, on one of these planks, on one of these floors, beyond all reasonable doubt, *Lawrence* fell, in the writhing anguish of his mortal wound; on another, if not the same, *Watt's* head was carried away by grapeshot; and on others *Broke* lay, ensanguined, and his assailants dead! Thus pondering I stood, and still the busy hum went on—corn passed beneath the stones—flour poured forth, a warm, sustaining agent of mortal life—and merry millers passed around their kindly smile and blithesome jest.

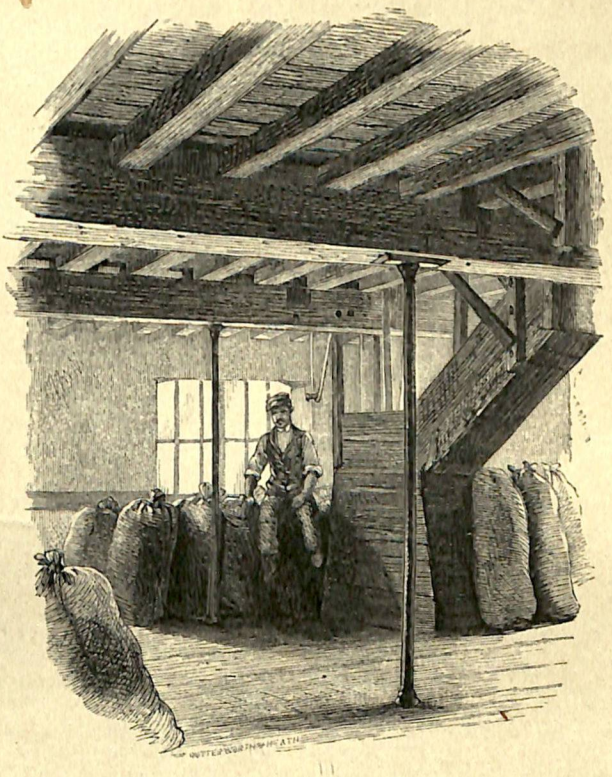
Perhaps, thought I, at last, it is better this should be the end of the proud *Chesapeake.* The dream of glory (and never was one more lofty) lives and long shall live upon the page of history; but one day of this tranquil toil in *God's* holy name and love would, I think, be infinitely more valued by *Philip Broke now* than would the capture of a thousand *Chesapeakes;* for he is hard on the confines of that glorious land, where, in the sublime language of the sacred prophet,

> Shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby;

and where nations shall make war no more.

One other pilgrimage, the saddest and the last, remained—that to the grave of *Philip Bowes Vere Broke.*

Starting from *London Bridge* in the *Queen of the Orwell,* a fast and well-furnished *Ipswich* boat, the vast mass of shipping with which the *Thames* is commonly thronged was rapidly threaded; and, after an interesting run of about five



INTERIOR OF CHESAPEAKE MILL,

AT WICKHAM, HANTS.

hours down the river and along the coast of *Essex*, *Harwich* was gained. Here the ascent of the *Orwell* commenced, and within another half-hour the vessel was gliding past the oak woods and white walls of *Broke Hall*. The view was beautiful and full of interest, but far too transient. Having passed the night at *Ipswich*, I proceeded on the next morning to *Nacton*, the village of which *Broke Hall* is a member. The scenery on all sides partook of the pleasing rural character commonly afforded by light soils in *England*. Fields admirably cultivated; hedgerows gay with gorse blossoms, broom, bramble, ferns, and wild flowers; cottages picturesque, and in excellent trim; timber abundant, and mansions of a superior order, were visible on every side in the distance. The rectory is the first object which arrests the attention on entering *Nacton* in this direction—one of those comely and well-kept parsonages from which so many of *England's* noblest sons have gone forth to conquer or to die in her behalf.

The keys of the church were courteously placed at my disposal (on the application of the driver at the rectory), and with feelings which, I trust, some of my readers will share, I passed through the chancel door and stood beneath the roof, under which I had an instinctive feeling (but at that time no certain knowledge) that the remains of the hero were reposing.

Like most of the old parish churches of *England*, *Nacton*, within the last five-and-twenty years, has undergone a thorough restoration. There was no trace of the gallery in which Sir *Philip* records his taking possession of his

newly-constructed family allotment; but on the left (facing westward) a window heavily charged with armorial bearings admitted a glare of party-coloured light; and near it, on the cold white marble, might be read (more by the heart than by the eye) the name, which has so often been written in these pages. Long, very long, I stood rooted to the spot, whilst memory was busy far away at *Halifax* or in *Boston Bay;* so long, indeed, that at last the good rector came to seek me.

"*He lies there,*" said he, pointing to a space beneath the window, closed around with walls bearing many monuments to departed members of the *Broke* family, and escutcheons surmounted by the *Broc.*

At a later period I was enabled, by the great kindness of a worthy young lady in the parish, to obtain a copy of the following mortuary inscriptions:

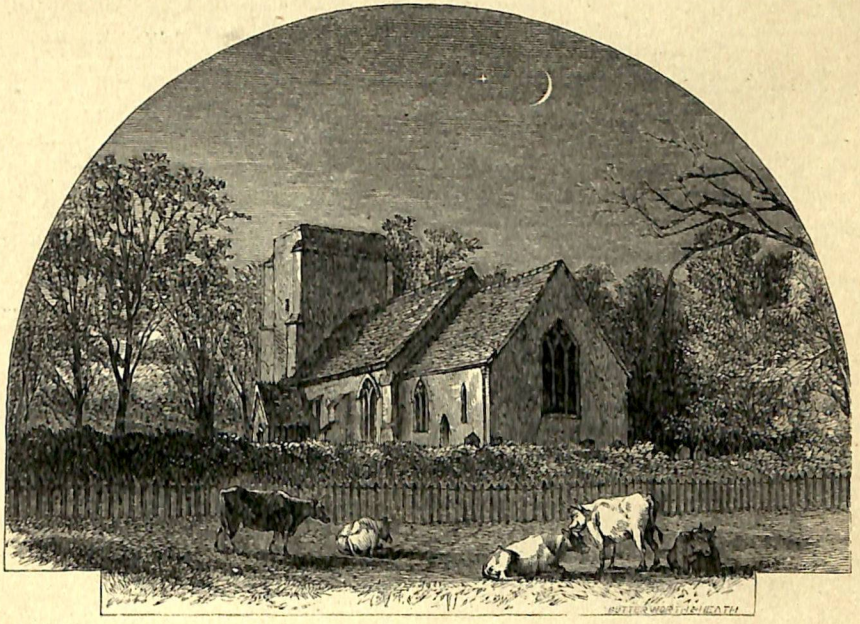
TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR *PHILIP BOWES VERE BROKE,* BART., K.C.B.,

WHO DIED JANUARY 2, 1841; AGED SIXTY-FIVE.

He was an attached husband and an affectionate parent. In his profession, which was his choice from infancy, he was ardent and persevering. After a long period of service at sea, his professional skill was signally exhibited on the 1st of *June,* 1813, when, commanding H. M. S. *Shannon,* he engaged and captured the *U. S.* frigate *Chesapeake.* The wounds he received in action disabled him from further service and occasioned him much suffering, which he bore with extraordinary resignation.

Extract of a letter from the Secretary of the Admiralty to Admiral Sir *J. B. Warren,* K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief on *N. A.* Station: "My lords have before had occasion to observe the zeal, judgment, and activity, which have characterized Captain *Broke's*



NACTON CHURCH.

proceedings since the commencement of the war; and they now receive, with the highest satisfaction, a proof of professional skill and gallantry which has been seldom equalled, and, certainly, never surpassed."

ALSO OF

SARAH LOUISA, HIS WIFE,

Daughter of Sir *William Middleton*, Bart., of *Shrubland Hall*, in this county; who died *July* 20th, 1843; aged sixty-five.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR *CHARLES BROKE VERE*, K.C.B.,

Knight of the Tower and Sword of *Portugal*, and of several other foreign orders, second son of *P. B. Broke*, Esq., and brother of Rear-Admiral Sir *P. B. V. Broke*, Bart., K.C.B.; who died 15th *April*, 1843, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Having passed through a long and distinguished military career in different parts of the world, and having received from his sovereign various marks of distinction for his conduct in the field during the war in *Spain*, under the Duke of *Wellington*, and in the campaign of *Waterloo*, in the former of which he was severely wounded at the assault of *Badajos*, he was returned to Parliament for his native county in 1835, and continued to represent it till his death; ever evincing, in the discharge of his duties, the most devoted loyalty to the throne, the warmest attachment to the religion and to the constitution of his country; while in his own life he exemplified all those virtues which mark the character of a true Christian.

Here, then, awaiting the resurrection of the just, rests all that is mortal of *Philip Bowes Vere Broke:* as a patriot, brave and self-sacrificing; as a husband, tender, faithful, and confiding; as a father, affectionate and wise; as a Christian, humble, meek, and loving; as a man, one of whom (in Lord *Exmouth's* language) his country may justly be proud.

Not in vain, I trust, has his character for three long years been studied by the writer of this book; not in vain, he ventures to hope, shall it reflect itself on some brave heart far away at sea, yet bound by inviolable ties to one in loneliness at home.

God bless our navy and our sailors, our army and our soldiers. May their cause be ever just, and may His Arm be ever with them upraised in victory till wars shall cease and mortal conflicts be no more. Amen.

BROTHERS-IN-ARMS.

I am able to throw but little light at present on the subsequent fates and fortunes of the gallant officers of the *Shannon.* Sir *Provo Wallis* still, happily, *lives*, having gained the summit of professional rank and honour; and also Commander *George Raymond.* The brave third lieutenant *Falkiner* was cruelly neglected, and went afloat no more. He was the second son of Sir *Samuel Falkiner*, Bart., by *Sarah*, daughter of *Charles Leslie*, M.D., and granddaughter of the Very Rev. Dean *Leslie.* This officer entered the navy 29th *August*, 1803, as first class volunteer, on board the *Galatea*, thirty-two, Captain *Henry Heathcote*, whom, having attained the rating of midshipman twelve months previously, he followed, in *April*, 1805, into the *Desirée*, thirty-six. On 20th *August* in the same year he joined the *Uranie*, thirty-eight, Captain *Christopher Laroche*, off the coast of *France*, where he after-

wards became attached, in 1807-8, to the *Brilliant*, twenty-eight, Captain *Thomas Smyth*, and *Donegal*, seventy-four, Captain *Pulteney Malcolm*. While in the latter ship he was often employed in her boats annoying the enemy's trade; and, on the night of 11th *April*, 1809, he served in the *Hercule* fire-ship, commanded by her first lieutenant, *Christopher Nixon*, in Lord *Cochrane's* attack on the *French* shipping in *Aix Road*. For his conduct on that occasion Mr. *Falkiner* was promoted, immediately on passing his examination, to the rank of lieutenant, 4th *January*, 1810, and appointed to the *Castilian* brig, Captain *Robert Brown Tom*. Being appointed, on 15th of the ensuing *May*, to the *Shannon*, Captain *Philip Bowes Vere Broke*, he sailed for the coast of *North America*, and was there very actively employed for nearly three years. He headed the *Shannon's* maindeck boarders, and was "most strongly recommended" for the "gallantry, skill, and judgment" of his conduct at the memorable capture of the *American* ship *Chesapeake*. The subject of this sketch, who took the *Chesapeake* as prize-master into *Halifax Harbour*, and then returned home with the despatches, was rewarded for his behaviour with a commander's commission, dated 9th *July*, 1813. Commander *Falkiner* succeeded to the family baronetcy, and died *February* 7th, 1858. He was buried at *Preston*, in *Sussex*. He had a medal and two clasps: "*Shannon and Chesapeake*," "*Basque Roads*."

Poor *Cosnahan*, who behaved so gallantly in the action, was drowned in less than a year afterwards, in crossing from the *Isle of Man* to *Liverpool*. The following letters contain the particulars of his untimely fate.

"*Douglas, Isle of Man,* 9th *February,* 1814.

"I little thought, my dear sir, when I did myself the honour of writing you lately, I should have the melancholy task of acquainting you with the tale I have told in my letter to Lord *Melville,* of which I take the liberty of sending you a copy.

"I hope you received my letter of the 24th *December,* enclosing a bill at sight on Messrs. *Geo.* and *James Abel* and Co., merchants, in *London* (written on the envelope), for the money you so kindly advanced my son, whose veneration and fondness for his worthy patron and commander I have not words to express. That letter (by his direction) was forwarded to the Admiralty, under a frank from my friend Mr. *Wm. Frankland,* our attorney-general, some time also a lord of the Admiralty.

"I hope, my dear sir, to hear of your recovery and welfare; and have the honour to be, with the greatest respect and esteem,

"Your faithful and obliged

"*JOHN COSNAHAN.*

"Sir *P. B. V. Broke,* Bart., &c."

"*Isle of Man,* 8th *February,* 1814.

"My Lord,

"I feel it a painful duty to acquaint your lordship that my son, *Philip Cosnahan,* late of the *Shannon,* whom your lordship so graciously recommended for promotion to Admiral Sir *J. B. Warren,* is no more. Anxious,

my lord, to accompany the expedition under Admiral *Cochrane*, he took his departure from this island for *Liverpool*, sooner than I wished, in a small vessel, which was lost on the *Banks*, and every soul perished.

"My lord, I cannot but repeat my thanks to your lordship for giving a commission to my son *Hugh*, late of the *Atalante*, who, poor fellow, from great weakness in consequence of the yellow fever, after near ten years' absence, returned to us, and, thank *God*, is getting fast well.

"I am also, my lord, to return you my heartfelt thanks for the (well-earned) commission which I understand your lordship has been graciously pleased to forward to my son *Michael Finch Cosnahan*, now with Sir *Home Popham* in *India*. He, my lord, has been near nine years in almost every species of service, and never once at home. I am proud, my lord, to think that the service cannot boast finer young men than my surviving sons.

"I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect and gratitude,

"My lord,

"Your lordship's obliged and faithful

"*JOHN COSNAHAN.*

"P.S.—Not knowing Captain *Broke's* address, I take the liberty of enclosing a letter for him (who had been a father to my deceased son) under the cover to your lordship."

Death of Lieutenant *Law*, R.M.

This fine officer died in 1864, whilst the present volume was going through the press.

The late Major *John Law*, of the Royal Marines, who died at *Southsea*, aged sixty-eight, entered the service as lieutenant on the 14th of *March*, 1810, being then only fourteen years of age. On the 1st of *June*, 1813, he was present in the famous action between the thirty-eight-gun frigate *Shannon*, Captain *Broke*, and the *American* frigate *Chesapeake*, of the same force, off the harbour of *Boston*, resulting in the capture of the latter vessel by boarding, after an engagement of fifteen minutes, in which time the *British* lost twenty-five killed and fifty-eight wounded, and the *Americans* forty-seven killed and ninety-nine wounded. The official despatch states: "Lieutenants *Johns* and *Law*, of the marines, bravely boarded at the head of their respective divisions." The historical record of this action states: "Lieutenant *Law* rushed forward, and while one party of the marines kept the *American* from ascending the main hatchway, another party directed their attention to the musketry from the tops; in this, one corporal and three privates were killed. The *American* captain, *Lawrence*, was mortally wounded by a musket-shot fired by Lieutenant *Law* previous to the boarding, and died on the 4th of *June*." The naval war medal with one clasp was awarded to the survivors of this gallant action in *February*, 1849. Lieutenant *Law* was afterwards at the capture of *Fort St. Elmo*, and the batteries at *Naples* on the 21st *May*, 1815, which were held by the Royal Marines until the entry of the *Austrian* army. He was promoted to first lieutenant 6th *June*, 1828; appointed adjutant of the third division at Plymouth, 10th *July*, 1837; became captain, 26th *April*, 1838; and retired

on full pay 11th *August*, 1847. On the 28th *November*, 1854, he received the brevet rank of major. During a service of fifty-four years and seven months he was only two years and ten months on half-pay, and then by reduction of the corps.

Richard Henry King was the sixth son of the late Rev. *John King*, A.M., rector of *Witnesham*, near *Ipswich*, by *Elizabeth Sarah*, only daughter of the Rev. *Thomas Bishop*, rector of *Trimley St. Martin* and *Ash-by-Campsey*, in *Suffolk*, and perpetual curate of *St. Mary-at-Tower* and *St. Mary-at-Elms*, in *Ipswich*.

This officer entered the navy in *May*, 1805, as first-class volunteer, on board the *Druid*, thirty-two, Captain *Philip Bowes Vere Broke*, employed on the *Irish* station, where he assisted, we find, at the capture of *Le Prince Murat* privateer of eighteen guns, and *Le Pandour* national brig of similar force. Following Captain *Broke*, in *September*, 1806, into the *Shannon* frigate, he continued to serve uninterruptedly with him on the *Downs*, *Greenland*, and *Halifax* stations until 8th *March*, 1813. He then became acting-lieutenant of the *Sylph* sloop, Captain *Browne*. He was confirmed into his old ship the *Shannon* 12th *July*, 1813, and was afterwards appointed, 25th *February*, 1814, to the *Alert*, eighteen, Captain *Joseph Gulston Garland*, in the *Downs;* 13th *October*, 1815, to the *Bermuda*, ten, Captain *John Pakenham*, on the *Jamaica* station, whence he returned in the early part of 1817; 28th *June*, 1820, to the *Forte*, forty-four, Captain Sir *Thos. John Cochrane*, under whom he served at *Halifax* and in

the *West Indies*, attended *George IV* to *Scotland*, and brought home a large amount of specie from *Vera Cruz* and the *Havana*; and 5th *November*, 1824, to the *Owen Glendower*, forty-two, bearing the broad pendant at the *Cape of Good Hope* of Commodore *Hood Hanway Christian*. On the return of the latter ship to *England*, in 1828, Lieutenant *King* was promoted to the rank of commander by a commission bearing date 27th *August* in that year. His last appointment was 12th *February*, 1838, to the *Cruizer*, sixteen, fitting for the *East Indies*, where he attended an expedition to the mouths of the *Indus*, and assisted at the capture of *Aden*. He was advanced, as a reward for his conduct on the latter occasion, to the rank of post-captain, but was never able to obtain employment.

Captain *King* married, 4th *May*, 1830, *Mary*, daughter of the late *Sam. Twyford*, Esq., of *Trotton*, co. *Sussex*, and attained to the rank of rear-admiral. He died 1862, leaving one son.

It is hard to close this subject without wishing that more could be said respecting the ultimate fortunes of that gallant band whose respective names must always be entitled to share in the rays of *Shannon's* glory. Nothing now remains but that the author returns his grateful thanks for the valuable and cheerful aid he has received on all sides in compiling this memoir. To Admiral Sir *Provo Wallis*, he is indebted for his valuable and authentic paper on the action; to Rear Admiral Lord ——, for his thoughtful and sagacious remarks on the causes of the war; to the Rev. Mr. *Edgell*, for his

interesting recollections of the parishioner of whom he was so justly proud; to the Rev. Mr. *Dumergue*, vicar of *Farnham;* to Mr. *Godcrick*, of *Wickham;* but, most of all, to Rear Admiral Sir *George Broke-Middleton*, now sole surviving son of the hero. Not only did he place at the disposal of the compiler of this work every paper, journal, and family document without reserve, but cheerfully devoted his own thought, time, talent, and means to this imperfect memorial of his father's services. There is, also, one other contributor he would have tried to thank; but that the mortal ears of *Judge Haliburton* are closed, since he wrote his paper, to human words.

My worthy reader, accept my best and *last* farewell.

§ II.

MISS BROKE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

So averse was Sir *Philip Broke* to speak or write about himself, that little of his domestic habits or character can be gleaned from his journals. To compensate, in some degree, for this deficiency, Miss *Broke* has kindly contributed the following recollections:

"My earliest memory of our dear father pictures him watching, with our dear mother, over the last hours of our first, or rather my first, dear sister *Harriet;* next, his casual visits to us at *Stoke* and *Plymouth*, when he came in from sea, with some of his young officers; and our happy visits

in his gig to *Mount Edgccombe.* This is all I can recall prior to his return from *Halifax* to *Portsmouth.*

"Knowing how greatly our dear mother had suffered in health and spirits from his long absence, he was overjoyed at returning to her and his children; and while suffering much from his wounds (which were very slow in healing) quickly won our confidence and love by his kind and judicious efforts for our good. It was always a treat to be invited to share his walks, for even to us little children he had the happy gift of making his conversation both instructive and interesting; and, by relating to us his own experience in foreign countries, he would lead us to share his interest in the progress of science and discovery; and by giving us *Popular Tales*, *Robinson Crusoe*, &c., &c., fostering in us a love of reading till our minds were sufficiently advanced to appreciate the books that gave him pleasure. Until the sad accident that paralyzed him for life, and disabled him from such effort, on *Sundays* he always accompanied us to church, or, when hindered by weather, read the service with mamma to us; and instead of requiring us to sit still in the evening, listening to a sermon we could not understand, would find some portion for us in the *Bible* to enable us to answer his questions and understand his remarks on the illustrations in the *Pictorial Bible*, an employment on *Sunday* evenings we much enjoyed.

"In politics he and his brothers *Charles* and *George* were, by inheritance and conviction, ever active members of the *Pitt* club, and staunch tories.

"Disabled himself, by paralysis, from public business, it

was very gratifying to him that his brother, Sir *Charles Broke Vere*, had yielded to the wishes of friends and many influential members of the constituency, and had allowed his name to be coupled with that of Lord *Henniker* as candidates for the representation of *East Suffolk*, for which they were both returned.

"The sudden death of his brother-in-law, General *Leveson Gower*, and in the following year of his widowed sister, led to our dear parents offering *Broke Hall* as a home to their five children, who shared henceforth with us their love and watchful care. After the death of his own mother our family circle comprised also both his soldier brothers, when they were not on active service. Strong, indeed, was the affection that bound these three warrior brothers to each other, and our dear uncles were ever watchful to give us and our cousins every assistance that our parents' infirm health disabled them from rendering.

"The interest our dear father took in the poor around him made him ever careful to deny himself luxuries that he might be better able to aid them. He fulfilled the duties of guardian, under the new poor law, that he might assist in working it in a kindly spirit to the poor.

"On his tender care of our dear mother and myself memory loves to dwell, and, also, on his cheerfulness midst all his sufferings.

"Prior to the severe attack of paralysis which disabled him from active exercise, he delighted in riding with his boys after an hour or two of morning study, and on summer evenings in sharing in their games of cricket, &c., &c.; and

was especially charmed when a younger son told of having lost fifteen games, and yet spoke with confidence of being *victor in the next.*

"Our father's devotion to a sea life commenced in infancy, watching the ships from his nursery window, and only terminated with his life; and on this account his table linen for service was always required to be kept in readiness for future use. This attachment led him to rejoice when he found others animated with like spirit; and he would often revert with gratification to his son's enterprise, who, having heard of a man-of-war lying off *Harwich* (distant six miles from *Broke Hall*), when yet a little boy, had persuaded an old fisherman early on a summer's morning to convey him there; and, having been noticed and kindly invited on board by the captain, returned to tell of his exploits while we were yet at breakfast.

"Intense love of his own country, and of her institutions, was, with our dear father, not only a passion but a principle, the income of proprietors, whether large or small, being, he considered, due to their own countrymen, and nothing short of his own imprisonment abroad would have induced him to educate his children there, or to reside with his wife and family in foreign lands, to the detriment of those whom he considered it his duty and privilege, as a landed proprietor, to live amongst and to assist. He, also, feared lest attachment to home, and reverence for the *Sabbath* and its ordinances, should thereby be lessened. St. *Paul's* beautiful exposition of *charity* was ever the standard to which he desired his own life, and that of all dear to him, should be conformed."

§ III.

BROKE GENEALOGY.

The family to which the late Sir *P. B. V. Broke* belonged, traces its direct origin from *William de Doyto del Brooke*, the son of *Adam*, Lord of *Leighton*, in *Cheshire*, who lived previously to the reign of King *Henry III*, and whose family is thus spoken of by Sir *Peter Leycester* in his *History of Cheshire*. *Leycester* says: "This antient family is descended from the *Brookes* of *Leighton*, in *Nantwich Hundred*, in *Cheshire*, of which family I find one *Adam Dominus de Leighton, sub Henrico tertio*, whose son was stiled *William de la Brooke* (probably the *William* noticed by *Camden* as 'Master of *Leighton*' in 1249) and his son *Richard*, stiled '*Ricardus de Doyto*' in an old deed in the fifth year of King *Edward I*, that is, of the *Brook*, for *Doet* in *French* is a *Brook* in *England:* and under the said Manor House in *Leighton* a brook runneth, from whence their posterity assumed the surname of *Del Brook*." So much for old *Leycester's* surmises as to the origin of the family name; but as the crest borne by the family was, and always has been, a badger, which in the old *Saxon* was a *broc*, it is more probable that both the family and the name were of *Saxon* origin. The arms always borne by the family are: *Or*, a cross engrailed—per pale *sa.* and *gu.* *Crest:* A brock or badger proper. From the old family pedigree, by *Dale*, of the *Herald College*, lately embellished and completed by

the late Sir *George Naylor* and *W. Courthope*, Esq. (*Somerset Herald*), it appears that *Ricardus* had an only son, *John Del Broke*, who died in the lifetime of his father, but left two sons, the eldest of whom married, in 1303, *Felicia*, daughter of *Richard Cromarsh*, and had three sons, two of whom left no issue; but *Richard del Broke*, the second son, left one son, *Nicholas del Broke*, who, in 1350, married *Catherine*, daughter of *Radulphus Wheterhall*, whose son *Ranulphus* left two sons, *Gulielmus* and *Rogerus de la Brooke*; the latter married, in 1404, *Agnes*, daughter of *Rogerus Bulkeley*, of *Weston Wood*, whose only son, *Johannes*, left *Thomas Brooke de Leighton*, who married *Agnes Venables*, and left *Thomas de la Brooke de Leighton*,* who married the daughter and heir of *Johannes Parker*, of *Copenhall*, from which marriage there were five sons; the eldest son, *Johannes*, married *Jane*, daughter of *Meverell de Throwley*, and from him descend the *Brookes* of *Norton* and the *Brookes* of *Mere*. From the second son, *Radulphus* (Governor of *Calais*), who married the daughter and heir of — *Wright*, of *Namptwich*, descend the *Brookes* of *Namptwich*; and, from the fourth son, Sir *Richard Broke*, of *London*, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who married, in 1515, *Anne*, daughter of *William Leeds*, and settled at *Nacton*, in the county of *Suffolk*, where he built *Broke Hall* in the year 1526, are

* The immediate descendant of *Thomas Brooke*, of *Leighton*, having no son, sold, in the year 1608, the old family seat and manors at *Leighton*, of which they had been lords for four hundred years, to the Lady *Mary Cholmeley*, whose descendant, the present Baron *Delamere*, still retains the latter, the mansion having been pulled down.

descended the *Brokes* of *Nacton.* Sir *Richard* had several sons, the eldest of whom, *Robert*, married the grand-daughter and heir of Sir *John Holgrave*, of the *Fryth*, in *Walton-upon-Thames*, who was twice Baron of the Exchequer, and represented the Borough of *Southwark.* This *Robert* is thus spoken of in the *Magna Britannia*: "Sir *Robert Broke's* skill in the laws of the nation raised him to the dignity of Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of Queen *Mary*, and enabled him to compose *An Abridgment of the Common Laws of England*, which is so well done that it hath been held in great account ever since." His brother *Thomas* was Comptroller of Household to *Henry VIII.* His son *Richard*, also of *Nacton*, married the daughter of Sir *John Jermy*, of *Brightwell*, and had *Robert Brooke*, of *Nacton*, who married *Elizabeth Waters*, of *Wimbledon*, and had issue Sir *Richard Broke*, of *Nacton*, Master of the Ceremonies to *James I*, who married *Mary*, daughter of Sir *John Packington*, of *Westwood*, and had four sons, of whom *Richard* and *Packington** died unmarried; and the eldest, Sir *Robert*, was created a baronet in 1661, and married *Anne*, daughter of Sir *Lionel Tollemache*, but, dying without male issue in 1693, the title became extinct; he left three daughters his coheirs. *William*, the third son of *Richard Broke*, was killed at *Tangiers* in 1660; he married *Priscilla Fielder*, of *Dartford*, and by her had *Robert*, who

* Captain *Packington Broke* commanded the *Foresight*, of fifty guns, in the Battle of *Solebay*, and was killed. His Commission and Will follow this notice. The half-length portrait of him at *Broke Hall* represents him as clad in armour.

succeeded his uncle Sir *Robert*, at *Nacton*, and was twice married; by his first wife, *Anne*, his cousin, the youngest daughter of Sir *Robert Broke*, Bart., he had no male issue; by his second wife, *Elizabeth*, daughter of Sir *John Hewett*, Bart., of *Waresly*, he had three sons, first, *Robert*, who died unmarried; second, *Philip*, who married *Anne*, daughter and coheir of *Martin Bowes*, Esq., of *Bury St. Edmunds*, and had six daughters and one son, who was the father of the subject of this memoir; third, *John*, of whom there are no descendants living. *Philip Bowes Broke*, the only son of *Philip Broke*, married *Elizabeth*, daughter and heiress of the Rev. *Charles Beaumont*, rector of *Witnesham*, and had issue three sons and five daughters. He was much beloved and respected by all classes, and was a personal friend of Mr. *Pitt*, who, in consideration of his friendly support on all occasions, offered to make him a baronet, but this Mr. *Broke* declined unless he could have his patent dated back to the original creation in 1661, which Mr. *Pitt* was unable to comply with. The sons were, first, Sir *Philip Bowes Vere Broke*, who married *Louisa*, daughter of Sir *William Middleton*, Bart., of *Shrubland Hall*, and had eleven children, two of whom are now surviving; second, *Charles Broke*, afterwards Sir *Charles Broke Vere*, of whom, and of the third son, *Horatio George*, separate notices will be added. Of the daughters, the eldest was married to *Edmund Turnor*, of *Stoke Rochford*, Esq.; and the second to General *John Leveson Gower*, both of whom left issue.

A.D. 1544	Sir Richard Broke 4th son of Thomas de la Broke of Leighton in the county of Chester directly descended from Adam de la Broke Lord of Leighton in the 13th century see Ormerods history of Cheshire and brother of Sir Robert Broke who bought the Estate of Norton priory in the same county Chief Baron of the Exchequer 1516 Built Broke hall 1520 having issue by large possessions in Suffolk a Sister
1564	Bridget Wife of Sym.ge Fountaine 2 da. of Sir Robt Broke & Ann Leeds.
1576	Mrs Elizabeth Broke Wife of Sir Robt Broke 2 da of John Seligman Esq
1578	Sir Robt Broke Who married Elizabeth Swand da. and heiress of Sir John Wingrave three Sis of the Brokes 4 M.P for Southwk 1477.
1606	Sir Robt Brooke married Elizabeth da. of Sir John Jermy of Brightfal.
1605	Thomas son of Sir Robt Brooke Controller of Her Majestys household
1605	Dymmd son of Sir Robt Brooke
1626	Robt Broke son of Sir Robt Brooke Kt &Elizth Jermy of Brightfield.
1629	Sixth eldest da. of Sir Robt Broke & Maria da. of Sir John Packington.
1636	Alice fourth da. of Sir Robt Broke & Maria Packington.
1639	Sir Richard Broke 5th son of Robt Brooke and Sr Waters.
1651	Maria fourth Broke da. of Sir John Packington of Hampton.

1665	Elizabeth fifth da. of Sir [illegible] Broke Kt & Maria Packington
1665	Capt. Buckington Broke [illegible] Britt & Maria Packington killed in the battle of Tadmay Moor in [illegible]
1670	William Broke son of Sir [illegible] his Majestys Frigate Foresight.
1679	Lady Broke Wife of Sir Rob[illegible] da of Sir Grant Belasyse of Scotby
1692	Richard only son of Robt Broke [illegible] da of Sir Robt Broke Kt.
1693	Sir Robt Broke 5th eldest son & Broke & Maria Packington.
1706	Anne 3d da of Sir Robt Broke & William son of Sir Richd Broke.
1708	William Cotton Broke 2d son [illegible] Broke & his 2d wife Elizabeth Jermy
1705	Buckington Broke 7th son of [illegible] & Elizabeth Herbert.
1708	Priscilla da of Sir Robt Broke & Priscilla da of Sir John Jermy Esquire.
1713	Elizabeth Wife of Robt Broke [illegible] Sir John Jermy Kt of Warwyns.
1714	Robert son of William Broke [illegible] & Priscilla Jermy.
1718	Robert eldest son of Robert [illegible] & Elizabeth Herbert.
1737	Elizabeth Wife of John Broke [illegible] da of Sir Robt Broke & Eliz Herbert.
1741	Sarah 5th da of Philip Broke & [illegible] da of Sir Martin Bowes Kt.
1744	Frances 6th da of Philip Broke & [illegible] Bowes.
1754	Anne 9th da of [illegible]

1738	Elizabeth 9th da of Philip Broke & Anna Bowes.
1739	Elizabeth 10th da of [illegible] Anna
1744	Anna Wife of Philip Broke & da. of Sir Martin Bowes.
1762	Philip Broke eldest son of Robt Broke & Elizabeth Hebett.
1771	Alice Lady Gerber 2nd Wife of Philip Broke.
1778	Anne 7th da of Philip Bowes Broke & Elizabeth da of Rob. Beaumont.
1801	Philip Bowes Broke son of B P Broke & Anna Bowes.
1804	Ann 5th Louisa eldest da of Sir Philip Bowes Vere Broke & Louisa Middleton.
1805	July 10th Cleveland 7th da of Philip Bowes Broke & Anne Bowes.
1815	Harriet Elizabeth 4th da of Sir P B V Broke & C Middleton.
1818	Harriet Anne 5th da of Sir P B V Broke & C Middleton.
1818	Elizabeth 3rd daughter of P B Broke & da of the Rev. Charles Beaumont.
1823	William Lucey 2nd son of Sir P B V Broke & C Middleton.
1841	Sir Philip Bowes Vere Broke Bt. P. C. 8 eldest son of Philip Bowes Broke Esqr.
1843	Apl 28 Illat: Cecil Sir Charles Bowes Vere Rev R.C.B 2nd son of P Bowes Broke Esqr.
1843	July 20 Sarah Louisa Lady Broke relict of Sir P B V Broke
1855	Feb 26 Capt. Sir Philip Broke Bt R.N. eldest son of Sir P B V Broke & Louisa Middleton.

The above Window dedicated to the memory of a beloved father and Mother together with a record of such of his ancestors whose remains are deposited in the vault beneath was here placed by Admiral Sir George Broke Middleton G.C.B. &c. A.D. 1865 in gratitude to God for having granted them the peaceful enjoyment of the Broke Hall estate for 340 years.

Brass under Memorial Window in Norton Church, Suffolk.

Attached to the Memorial Window in Norton Church, mentioned at page 448, there is a handsome Brass Tablet, recording the names of the Broke family whose remains have been interred in the vault beneath the Church from the year 1545 to the present time; and, as it would be difficult to convey any adequate notion of the beauty of the Window on a scale so reduced as to admit of introduction into this work, we deem it sufficient to introduce the above engraving from the Inscription on the Brass Tablet. Both the Window and the Brass were executed from some beautiful drawings, kindly made for that purpose by the Rev. F. K. Harford, Canon of Westminster, by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, and reflect great credit upon those well-known skilful artists.

NOTICES OF THE CHILDREN AND BROTHERS OF SIR *P. B. V. BROKE.*

To Sir *P. B. V. Broke* were born six sons and five daughters. Of the latter, four died young, and *Louisa*, the only surviving one, after many years of unremitting attention to the wants and comforts of her parents, her brothers, and other relatives, and to the education and welfare of the poor around *Broke Hall*, resides now at *Bath*, devoting her time and fortune to the relief and amelioration of the poor and the afflicted. She has established, in concert with one or two other ladies, a Permanent Home for Blind Girls whose parents are unable to support them. Of his sons, the eldest was the late Sir *Philip Broke*, Bart., who was born in *January*, 1804, and entered the navy in 1819 as first-class volunteer on board H.M.S. *Liffey*, commanded by Captain the Hon. *Henry Duncan*,* after two years passed at the Naval College, and went in her to the *Mediterranean*, where he saw much active service. He was rated midshipman in 1821, and then, on the *Liffey* being ordered home, he joined the *Iphigenia*, Captain *Hyde Parker* (of whom much mention has already been made as the friend and comrade of Sir *P. B. V. Broke* when commanding the *Tenedos* during the war with *America*). He remained in the *Iphigenia* only a few months, and then joined the *Cambrian*, Captain *G. W. Hamilton*, where he

* The late Sir *Henry Duncan* was a most gallant and highly-distinguished officer. He died before attaining to flag rank, to the deep regret of all who knew him.

completed his term as midshipman, and, after passing both his examinations creditably, was made lieutenant in *August*, 1824. In *February*, 1825, he was appointed to the *Aurora* frigate, and on the 3rd of *October*, 1826, to the *Genoa* (seventy-four), in which ship he had command of the after-maindeck quarters at the Battle of *Navarino*. On the *Genoa's* return to *England* he was appointed to the *Asia*, the flagship of Sir *Edward Codrington*, and on the 7th of *June*, 1828, was promoted and appointed to the command of the *Parthian*. That vessel having been wrecked a short time previously, he was appointed, on the 8th of *July* following, to the command of the *Erebus*, bomb vessel, and remained in her until paid off in *July*, 1830. He was promoted to the rank of captain in 1835, but did not serve again. He was High Sheriff for *Suffolk* in 1849, and died unmarried in 1855.

His second son, *William Henry*, was born the 20th *December*, 1807, but was unfortunately drowned whilst fishing in a piece of water within 200 yards of *Broke Hall*, where all the family were assembled for the children's holidays, and were at breakfast. He was accounted one of the best swimmers at *Eton College*, but had been seized with a fit the previous term from over-study, it was supposed; as, although only fifteen years old, he was considered one of the most promising boys of the sixth form, but no report had been made of it to his parents, and as he was within easy hearing of those in the house (the windows of which were open), it was naturally concluded that he had been seized with another fit on this occasion, and thus met an untimely death on the 23rd of *August*, 1823. His loss was much

deplored by his family, and also by his masters and schoolfellows at *Eton*, by whom he was much beloved.

His third son, *Charles*, died an infant in *May*, 1811.

His fourth son, *George Nathaniel*, was born the 26th of *April*, 1812, and is the present Sir *G. N. Broke-Middleton*. He entered the navy in *August*, 1825, on board H.M.S. *Glasgow*, commanded by Captain the Hon. *James Ashby Maude*, and, as midshipman on board that ship, was engaged in the Battle of *Navarino*, and in the capture of piratical vessels in the *Grecian Archipelago*. He went from the *Glasgow* to the *Isis*, Commodore Sir *Thomas Staines* (one of the best seamen and most dashing officers in the navy), and in succession, as each ship was ordered home to be paid off, to the *Wasp* and *Philomel*. Having passed his examination in *June*, 1831, he returned to *England*, after an absence of six years, in *May*, 1833. In the following month, having passed a first-class examination at the Naval College, his father accompanied him to *London*, at great inconvenience, and obtained from Sir *James Graham* (then first lord of the Admiralty) his son's promotion to lieutenant *immediately it was asked for*, coupled with a most gratifying assurance that no son of his should ever ask in vain for anything they might be entitled to whilst *he* (Sir *James Graham*) was at the head of the Admiralty: a promise that he fulfilled to the letter long after his hearer had been laid in the grave. As, but a short time previous to this occurrence, his father had strenuously opposed the nominees of the Government to which Sir *James Graham* belonged, his son takes pleasure in recording conduct so truly generous and worthy of imita-

tion by his successors in that high and most important office, if they would encourage other officers to go and do as Sir *Philip Broke* had done. Lieutenant *G. Broke* was appointed to the *Belvidera* frigate in *December*, 1833, and served in her as junior lieutenant for two years, and in the *Cruizer* for eighteen months, as *senior lieutenant*, on the *North American* and *West India* station. Paid off from the *Cruizer* in *August*, 1837, he was next appointed *senior lieutenant* of the *Wasp*, under the command of his friend, the late Captain the Hon. *Dudley A. W. Pelham*, who, on receiving his promotion, was succeeded by the late Captain *George Mansel*, C.B. He received his promotion as commander on the 4th of *November*, 1840, for his services at the Bombardment of *St. Jean D'Acre* by the squadron under the command of Admiral the Hon. Sir *Robert Stopford*, G.C.B. Whilst awaiting employment on half-pay, he volunteered to go out to *China*, at his own expense, to serve as a volunteer in the squadron then engaged in warlike operations, but being refused by the Earl of *Minto* (then first lord of the Admiralty) he was one of the first officers to follow the example set by the present Controller of the Navy, Rear-Admiral *Robert Spencer Robinson*,* to learn the construction and use of the marine steam engine. For this purpose he availed himself of the permission that was given by that most liberal prince of engineers, the present *Robert Napier*, Esq., of *West Shandon*, to all naval officers to study in his factory at *Glasgow*, where

* Admiral *Robert Spencer Robinson*, whose work on the Marine Steam Engine is the best manual ever written on the subject.

he daily employed upwards of 2,000 men in the construction of the largest marine engines of the time.† Having watched the commencement and completion of a pair of engines ordered by Government for the *Thunderbolt*, he applied for the command of her, and obtained it on the 28th of *November*, 1842. The *Thunderbolt* was sent to the *Cape of Good Hope* station, where he had the good fortune to capture three slave vessels, and to liberate the survivors of nearly 1,300 poor slaves, of all ages and sexes, that were found on board of them. Amongst these poor creatures (many of whom had been for months in the barracoons at *Benguela*), there were upwards of 300 suffering from the worst description of dysentery and cancer, besides sixty cases of confluent small-pox (which afterwards increased to eighty), with only one medical man on board the *Thunderbolt* to attend to them, the assistant surgeon having been taken out of her a short time previous. Under these painful circumstances, Commander *Broke* decided to obtain, if possible, *a volunteer crew* for the smallest of the three vessels (of about forty tons), on board of which all the cases of small-pox were to be placed, as well as any fresh cases that might appear. Having summoned the officers and crew of the

† Not only did Mr. *Robert Napier* give this permission, but he accompanied it also with an order of free passage and admission to the engine rooms on board all the large steam packets that plied between *Glasgow* and the various parts of the *United Kingdom*, and was always glad to welcome at his own table the naval officers who were studying there. That such a man should attain to great wealth and honour must be the wish, not only of all those who (like himself) profited by such liberality, but of all who can appreciate true generosity and *patriotism*.

Thunderbolt for this purpose, he stated the facts briefly to them, and at once obtained *more volunteers than were required.* No eloquence or persuasion were needed to make these brave fellows step forward, and too much praise cannot be awarded to them for such great moral courage, when it is taken into consideration that they were to be cooped up in a small dirty schooner of forty tons with upwards of sixty persons on board suffering from a disease that is most loathsome and sickening to witness (even for a few minutes), and with the chance of being three weeks or a month on their passage to the *Cape of Good Hope!* It is but just to the memory of the gallant officer who volunteered to command this vessel that his name should be made known to the public; and as he has left a widow and several children dependent upon the pension she receives, and a grant from the Compassionate Fund, it is hoped that this humble record of her husband's gallantry may bring some friends to her relief. Her address is as follows: Mrs. *Ashton, Ballywalter, Newton-Ards, Ireland.* The officer in question was the late Mr. *James Hill Ashton,* Master, R.N., who lost his own life whilst employed in the coast guard service on the coast of *Ireland,* through his desire to save the lives of others who were either wrecked or in danger of being wrecked on that dangerous coast, by going off to vessels in his small boat, in any weather, and getting repeatedly wet through. Having made the above arrangement, Commander *Broke* resolved, after consultation with his surgeon, to take on board of his own ship all the other slaves who were suffering from dysentery

and cancer (upwards of 300) that they might be better attended to; and, as that resolve was followed by the serious illness of all the officers and crew of the ship, he would on no account advise other officers under similar circumstances to repeat the experiment. The name of the surgeon who acquiesced so readily in the proposal of his commander, and who so nobly devoted himself to the arduous and revolting duties that were thus added to his ordinary ones, was *Charles Robert Brien*, now Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, who has never quite recovered the severe shock that his naturally delicate frame and constitution received on that occasion. To convey some idea of what he had hourly to undergo, it is only necessary to mention that it was impossible, even for the strongest man in the ship, to go down to the deck where the slaves were placed without a cigar in his mouth, the smell was so unbearable, and as they were too weak and too ill to come to him, he had always *to go to them.* When those poor creatures who were suffering from malignant cancer (a disease little known amongst *Europeans*) were brought up to have their sores dressed, it was quite sickening to approach within ten yards of them, and it often excited the wonder and admiration of all who witnessed it to see this slight but fearless officer dress them with as much patience and care as he would have done an ordinary healthy wound. Such was the task he voluntarily undertook for a period of twelve or fourteen days, and no words can do justice to such noble conduct. After towing the three prizes for three or four days, Commander *Broke* was compelled by strong head winds to cast them off, to make the best of their way to the *Cape*

under sail, and, considering the wretched state of their equipment, he can only attribute their safe arrival there (under *Providence*) to the great judgment and seamanship of *the officers in charge of them*, viz., Lieutenants Lord *Frederick Kerr** and *W. P. Jamieson*. The senior lieutenant of the *Thunderbolt*, Mr. *George Wodehouse*, soon afterwards received his promotion; and, after much harassing service off the *Island of Ichaboe*, on the S.W. coast of *Africa*, Commander *Broke* was promoted, in *December*, 1845, to the rank of captain. He did not serve again until the War with *Russia* was declared, in 1854, when, on making application to Sir *James Graham* for employment, he was reminded of the promise that had been made to his father twenty-one years previous, and was appointed, on the following day, the 3rd of *April*, to the command of the *Gladiator*.

In the month of *July*, 1854, it was decided by the Emperor of the *French* and the *English* Government that *France* should contribute 10,000 troops to assist in the reduction of *Bomarsund*, and that the troops should be sent out there in *English* ships. For this purpose a squadron was assembled at *Calais* under the command of Commodore the Hon. *Frederick Grey*, C.B.,† of which the *Gladiator* formed one; and on this occasion His Majesty the Emperor of the *French* honoured Commodore *Grey* with a visit on board his flag ship (the *Hannibal*), although it was blowing so hard that it was a work of considerable danger, even to

* Now Captain of H.M.S. *Black Prince*.

† Now Sir *Frederick Grey*, G.C.B., senior naval lord of the Admiralty.

Captain *Broke* and the other naval captains, to get on board the *Hannibal* to be present at His Majesty's reception, for she was rolling so heavily that the barge which conveyed the Emperor from his yacht to the *Hannibal* was nearly swamped alongside, and the late Marshal *Vaillant* was *washed overboard* in stepping from the barge to the ship's side ladder! After landing the *French* troops at *Bomarsund*, the *Gladiator* was actively employed in the *Baltic*, and, on the 10th of *August*, whilst having the guard, was fortunate enough to assist, in company with the *Hecla*, Captain *W. H. Hall*, C.B.,* and *Pigmy*, Lieutenant *James Hunt*, in rescuing the *Penelope*, a heavy steam frigate, commanded by Captain *F. C. Caffin*, C.B., from a position of great danger on a rock, about 1700 yards distant from the great eighty-gun battery at *Bomarsund*, which kept up a constant fire upon them with red hot shot and shell during the three hours and a half they were engaged in that operation. The *Penelope* was engaged, at the time of striking this unknown rock, in ascertaining if there were a passage for the large ships between the islands, under the direction of the master of the fleet, who was on board at the time. The *Gladiator* was fifty men short of her complement, and had a crew composed of old coast guardsmen and young lads from the preventive service, none of whom had seen a shot fired in anger before; but, although unable to return a single shot during the whole time they were under fire, they behaved like *true Britons*. In *September* the *French* troops were ordered to return to *France*, and were embarked in large

* Now Rear-Admiral.

transports, which were to be escorted as far as *Elsinore* by the *Gladiator* and the *Driver*, commanded by Captain the Hon. *Arthur Cochrane*, C.B., under the command of Captain *W. H. Hall*, C.B., of the *Hecla;* and, just after leaving *Ledsund* with these heavy ships in tow, each with 1000 men on board, one of those sudden gales which render the *Baltic* so dangerous, arose, and, had it come on one *hour sooner*, it must have wrecked the whole of those ships without the possibility of escape.

The *Gladiator* returned to *England*, and, after refitting at *Portsmouth*, sailed for the *Black Sea* on the 16th of *October*. She arrived off *Sevastopol* on the 29th; and, having the guard on the 5th of *November*, witnessed the repulse of the *Russian* army at the Battle of *Inkerman*. On the 9th she was sent to blockade *Odessa*, and arrived there on the day of that fearful gale which caused the loss of so many fine ships and their brave crews. She was employed on that service through the worst part of that severe winter, and returned to *Sevastopol* after visiting the mouths of the *Danube*, where the gallant *Hyde Parker* (brother of the present Sir *William Parker*, Bart., of *Melford Hall*) lost his life at the commencement of the war, on the 1st of *March*, 1855. The *Gladiator* took her share in the night attacks upon *Sevastopol*, and formed part of the first expedition to *Kertch;* but her commander had become so seriously ill from an attack of ague, that on the 13th of *May* he was invalided, and returned to *England*. For his services in the *Baltic* and *Black Seas* he was honoured with the Companionship of the Bath, and received the *Turkish* Order of the *Medgidje*. The severe illness for which he was

invalided rendered him unfit for service for upwards of two years, but when the sad news reached *England* in *May*, 1858, of the death of the gallant Sir *William Peel*, who commanded the *new Shannon*, and had so greatly distinguished himself in command of the Naval Brigade during the *Indian* Mutiny, Sir *George Broke* applied to be appointed his successor in both commands; but Sir *John Pakington* did not think it would be fair to the other naval captains, who had been serving on shore with Sir *William Peel*, to accede to his request. He was, however, appointed to the *Centurion*, of eighty guns, soon afterwards, and joined her off *Malta* on the 30th of *July*. He continued in command of her until the 16th of *March*, 1859, when he received an appointment to command the *Hero*, a fine new ship of ninety-one guns, but was in such ill health on arriving in *England* that he was soon afterwards superseded, and has not served since.

He married, in *August*, 1853, *Albinia Maria*, second daughter of *Thomas Evans*, of *Lyminster*, Esq., J.P. for the County of *Sussex*, and succeeded to the title on the death of his brother, the late Sir *Philip Broke*, on the 24th of *February*, 1855. In 1860 he assumed, by Royal license, the name of *Middleton* in addition to that of *Broke*, on succeeding to the estates left to him by his maternal grandfather, Sir *William Fowle Middleton*, Bart. In *December*, 1863, he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral on the reserved list, and, in 1864, served as High Sheriff for the county of *Suffolk*.

The fifth son of Sir *P. B. V. Broke*, *Charles Acton*, was born on the 30th of *June*, 1818. He entered the Royal Engineers in 1836; and, after serving in various parts of the world, was

quartered for many years in the *Mediterranean*, and latterly in the island of *Zante*. From one end of that sea to the other he was well known to all Her Majesty's ships, merchantmen, and yachts, as "Signal *Broke*;" for, inheriting from his father an ardent love of the sea, and living at the highest point of the citadel at *Zante*, at an elevation of 700 feet above the sea, he challenged all vessels passing the island from his signal posts, and often extracted from them interesting and important news for the use of the garrison. No less was he distinguished for his unbounded hospitality to the residents and visitors, and for his charity to the poor, of the island. During three successive winters, when, owing to the continuous failure of the currant crops, the destitution in *Zante* became awfully great, Captain *Broke* supported forty or fifty starving families residing in the town, or in the village under the walls of the Castle. On the occasion of the Lord High Commissioner, Sir *Henry Ward*, being appointed to the Government of *Ceylon*, he addressed the following letter to Captain *Broke:*

[Copy.]

"*Palace, Corfu, April* 2nd, 1855.

"My dear Captain *Broke*,

"I cannot take leave of those whom I have known and esteemed, during my administration of *Ionian* affairs, without taking the very great liberty of adverting (in my public character) to what you have done, in your private capacity, during the last trying winter in *Zante;* and recording my belief that your generous sympathy with the

sufferings of the population, and the unexampled extent of your private charities, have contributed greatly to the tranquillity that the island has enjoyed, and to the altered tone that prevails with regard to the protecting government.

"I have not been fortunate enough to obtain an answer from the Queen's Government respecting the diminution of the military contributions, which I recommended last autumn, in order to provide a fund for public works. I have had many private promises, but no public reply, the thread of the correspondence being lost, or broken, by the many ministerial changes that have taken place. It is well for us that we have found in you a man with the means and the will to assume a part of the duties of his Government, and I thank you for it most sincerely, as I do for the many kindnesses that my daughter received both from Mrs. *Broke* and yourself. She leaves us on *Monday* next for *Scutari* with her husband and her boy, whom I shall miss terribly in *Ceylon*, as I shall also the deep interest inspired by the present state of Eastern affairs. I am sorry, too, to leave these islands just as I have brought them into tolerable working order; but I have had my full time here, and, after *Corfu*, I know no place that I should prefer to *Ceylon*.

"Pray believe me, with my kind remembrances to Mrs. *Broke*, and every good wish for both of you,

"My dear Sir,

"Yours most sincerely,

(Signed) "*H. G. WARD.*

"Captain *Broke*,

"Royal Engineers, *Zante*."

He was obliged to return home in *July* on account of ill health. He lingered in *Ayrshire* for a few weeks, and died of decline on the 7th of *September*, 1855. He married, in 1849, *Anna Maria*, third daughter of *John Hamilton*, Esq., of *Sundrum*, *Ayrshire*, by whom he left issue one son and three daughters, of whom the two younger, *Jane Ann* and *Frederica Georgiana Horatia*, are alone surviving.

His sixth son, *Edmund Turnor Broke*, was born on the 8th of *April*, 1821, but died at the age of eight years, whilst at school at *Chelsea*, and was buried there.

Major-General Sir *Charles Broke Vere*, K. C. B., and by whom he was so sedulously attended in his last illness, did not long survive his brother Sir *Philip*.

This distinguished officer was the second son of *Philip Bowes Broke*, and brother of Sir *P. B. V. Broke*. He was born on the 21st of *February*, 1779, and entered the army as second lieutenant in the Fifth Regiment in 1796. Promoted to the rank of captain in 1799, he served in the Expedition to the *Helder*, at *Gibraltar*, in 1802, in the Expedition to *Hanover* in 1805, and to *South America* in 1807; where he was present at the attack upon *Buenos Ayres*. He obtained his majority in 1808, was for a short time attached to the staff in *Ireland*, and, in 1809, joined the army in the *Peninsula*, where he was present at the Battle of *Albuera*, at the Siege of *Badajos*, at the Battles of *Salamanca*, *Vittoria*, *Pyrenees*, *Nivelle*, *Nive*, *Orthes*, and *Toulouse*. For his services on the above occasions, and for the Campaign and Battle of *Waterloo*, he received a cross and five clasps. He became a lieutenant-colonel in 1812, colonel in 1825, and major-general in 1837.

In 1815 he was nominated a Knight Commander of the Bath, and received His Majesty's permission to wear the orders which had been conferred upon him by the Emperors of *Russia* and *Austria*, and by the Kings of *Prussia*, *Holland*, and *Portugal*.

In 1822 he assumed, by royal permission, the name and arms of *Vere*.

He was appointed one of the aides-de-camp to His Majesty King *William IV;* and, in 1832, contested for the first time the County of *Suffolk*, for which he was returned in 1835, again in 1837, and also in 1841.

He died at *Bath* on the 1st of *April*, 1843, and was buried in the family vault at *Nacton*. All the shops in *Ipswich* were closed when his body was borne through the town. Like his gallant brother, few men ever died more beloved and respected.

Major-General *Horatio George Broke*, a still younger brother of *Philip Bowes Vere Broke*, was born on the 7th of *June*, 1790.

He entered the army in 1806, and, as lieutenant in the Fifty-second Regiment, accompanied the Expedition to *Copenhagen* in 1807; and to *Portugal*, in 1808, where he was present at the Battle of *Vimiera*, the advance into *Spain*, and the retreat of Sir *John Moore*. In 1809 he served in the *Walcheren* Expedition. In 1811 he joined the Light Division on the retreat of *Massena* from *Lisbon*, and served in *Spain* till the end of the war. In 1812 he joined Sir *Henry Clinton*, as aide-de-camp, was present at the Siege of *Burgos*, and was shot through the lungs at the Battle of *Orthes*.

He served with the army of occupation in *France*, from 1815 to 1818, as aide-de-camp to Sir *Henry Clinton*. Received the war medal, with four clasps, for the Battles of *Vimiera*, *Salamanca*, *Nive*, and *Orthes*. He served subsequently on the staff in *Scotland*, in *Nova Scotia*, and at *Manchester* during the riots. From 1841 to 1854, when he became a major-general, he was aide-de-camp to Her Majesty the Queen.

He married, in 1825, *Frederica Sophia*, eldest daughter of *James Mure*, Esq., of *Great George Street, Westminster*, and died in *August*, 1860, leaving one son, *Horace*, who married in *May*, 1860, *Charlotte*, eldest daughter of *Brampton Gurdon*, Esq., of *Letton*, in the County of *Norfolk*, and has issue.

Before closing the Notices of the *Broke* Family, we append the following copies of the commission and will of Captain *Pakington Broke:*

CAPTAIN *BROKE'S* COMMISSION.

"*James*, Duke of *York* and *Albany*, Earl of *Ulster*, Lord High Admiral of *England* and *Ireland*, Constable of *Dover Castle*, Lord Warden of the *Cinque Ports*, and Governour of *Portsmouth*.

"To Captaine *Pakington Broke*, Captaine of His Maties Shipp the *Fforesight*, for this present expedition.

"Whereas, I have appointed you to be captaine of His Maties said shipp, and the charge and comand of captaine

CAPTAIN PACKINGTON BROKE,

Killed when in command of the *Fforesight* frigate, in the Battle of *Solebay*, in 1665.

FROM A PORTRAIT AT BROKE HALL.

Photographed by Mr. Cobb, of Ipswich.

in her accordingly, hereby willing and chargeing the maister, and all other the officers and company in His Maies said shipp, jointly and severally in their said employments, to behave themselves with all due respect and obedience unto you, their said captaine. And you likewise shall so obey and follow such orders and directions as you shall from time to time receive from my self, or any other your superior officer, for His Maies service; hereof nor you nor any of you may fail, as you will answer the contrary at your perils; for wch this shall be your warrant. Given under my hand and seal, at *St. James'*, this ninth day of *August*, 1662.

"*JAMES.*

"By command of His R. Highness,

"*W. Commyns.*"

WILL OF CAPTAIN *PAKINGTON BROKE.*

"In the name of *God.* Amen.

"I, *Pakington Broke*, of *Nacton*, in the County of *Suffolk*, Gent., being going for to engage against the *Hollander*, leave this my last will and testament.

Imprimis: I bequeath my soul unto *God* that gave it, and desire, if it please *God* I dye at sea, that my body be embalmed and decently buried at *Nacton* aforesaid. *Item:* I give unto my dear sister, Mrs. *Mary Meadowes*, one hundred pounds. *Item:* I give unto my brother, *Richard Broke*, one hundred pounds. *Item:* I give unto my cozin, *Dorothea Broke*, one hundred pounds and all my plate aboard shipp. *Item:* I give unto my dear brother, *William Broke's*

children, one hundred pounds, to be equally divided amongst them, and paid when they shall come at age. *Item:* I give unto my loving friend, Mrs. *Vere Sydenham*, fifty pounds, with my purse of gold containing twenty-seven pounds, my gold watch, and a gold ring with nine diamonds sett. *Lastly:* I give unto my dear brother, Sir *Robert Broke*, one hundred pounds, and all whatsoever shall remaine over and above satisfying the above-mentioned legacies. Also make him my whole and sole executor, and desire him to fulfil the several legacies and gifts in this my last will and testament.

"*PAK. BROKE.*

"Signed and sealed, in my perfect health and memory, aboard His Maties Shipp *Fforesight*, *August* the 2nd,. 1665.

"Witnessed by *Vin. Pearse* and *Andrew Wall.*"

BROKE HALL

was built in 1526 by the Chief Baron Sir *Richard Broke*, upon the site of some previous houses of importance, where the families of *De Holebroke* and *Fastolfe* had resided prior to the reign of *Edward I*, and, from the beauty of the spot, the selection of such a site is not to be wondered at.

The house was a solid square building (very unusual in those days), built of brick, with very thick walls, coped mullions, and stone battlements. The style was *Elizabethan* of that day, though, from the stone work now remaining, it appears to have been altered to the style of *James I.* The rooms are spacious and lofty, and lighted by shallow

bay windows. The staircase was large and spacious, and was decorated with fresco paintings of the *Heathen* Deities. The hall was ornamented with shields or impalements of arms of the principal families the *Brokes* were allied to. The house had a court in front, walled in, the entrance to which was under a gate-house. At the back of the house were extensive premises, walled in and planted, enclosing a lawn or bowling green of considerable extent. The whole of the valley, through which the *Nacton Brook* now runs, was one vast sheet of water; and, in the large grove of old oaks, now called the "Rookery," was a heronry or hernery, which afforded great sport and amusement to the lovers of falconry. A double avenue of lime trees, 700 yards in length, forms the approach to the house, and another avenue of lime trees leads from the house to the river side, about 300 yards distant. These magnificent trees were planted previous to 1700, as may be inferred from an inscription on one of those in the avenue leading to the river, thus (*I. W.*, 1709), which would not have been legible at this time if the tree had not been twenty or thirty years old when it was cut.

On the coming of age of Sir *Philip Broke's* father, the house was much reduced in size, and some alteration made, during which a deep well was discovered under it, in which were found a bronze pitcher, and other vessels of that metal, of undoubted *Roman* construction.

There are several valuable paintings at *Broke Hall*, by *Albert Durer, Hans Holbein, Vandyke, Salvator Rosa, Cornelius Jansens, Nicholas* and *Gaspar Poussin, Luini, Bassano, Gobbo Caracci, Carlo Maratti*, and *Paul Veronese*, which were col-

lected in *Italy*, by Mr. *Bowes*, in the year 1700, and the bills for which have been preserved, showing a comparison between the prices paid in those days and at the present time which is almost incredible. There is also a valuable collection of old engravings, of old deeds, and of *seals* taken from deeds belonging to the family, of more than 600 years old.

The library contains some very rare and valuable works, and a beautiful collection of the classics.

> *Hic, pelagi tot tempestatibus actus,*
> *Heu! genitorem, omnis curæ casusque levamen,*
> *Amitto Anchisen: hic me,* pater optime, *fessum*
> *Deseris.*
>
> *Æneid* iii, 708.

THE END.

INDEX.

—o—

PAGE

ACRE, victory at - - - - 422
Action of Sir J. B. Warren off coast of Ireland - - - - - 41
American Fleet in 1812 - - - 96
War, causes of - - - 97
America declares war - - - 131
Ammunition landed from the "Chesapeake" at Halifax - - - 235
Ancona - - - - - - 27

BATTLE, the - - - - - - 163
Boone, W., Esq., observations by - 258
Boston, banquet prepared at - - 230
Bay, scene in - - - - 230
Negro thrown into dock - - 230
Brenton, Captain - - - - 95
Brien, C. R., Esq., Surgeon - - 471
British naval force on American station at beginning of war - - 95
BROKE, P. B. V., birth of - - 1
Early years - - - - 6
Education - - - - 8
Joins "Bulldog" - - - 11
"L'Eclair" - - - 12
St. Fiorenzo - - - - 15
Skirmish at - - - 16
Joins "Romulus" - - 17
Capture of "Ca Ira" - - 22
Joins "Southampton" as Lieutenant - - - - 25
Visits Ancona - - - - 27
Loretto - - - - - 27
Description of - - - 28
Capture of "L'Utile" - - 36
Jervis' action - - - - 38
Joins "Amelia" - - - -40
Warren's action - - - 41

PAGE

BROKE, P. B. V., made Commander 42
Marriage - - - - - 42
Trains a battalion of peasantry 44
Commands "Druid" - - 45
Captures the "Prince Murat" 47
Appointed to "Shannon" - 57
Sails to Spitzbergen - - 58
Remarks on this sea, &c. - 72
Fortifications, trades, &c., of Spitzbergen - - - 83
At Madeira - - - - 87
Channel cruising - - - 87
Sails for America - - - 92
Report to Admiral - - - 142
Reconnoitres Boston Harbour - 150
Challenges Captain Lawrence - 159
Narrative of by Mr. James 159
Address to his crew - - 166
Boards "Chesapeake" - - 171
Desperately wounded - - 173
Official letter - - - 186
Danger of - - - - 239
Arrival and illness at Halifax - 260
Letters to his wife - 263—291
Letters to his wife - 354—385
Letters to his son - 387—428
Returns to England - - 287
Created a Baronet - - - 296
Public honours - - - 296
Congratulatory letters 298—317
Portrait by Lane - - - 308
Life in retirement - - - 336
Religious habits - - - 339
Last address to his crew - - 340
Accident—fall from his horse - 343
Illness and death - - - 431
Interment - - - - 432

PAGE

Broke, Captain Pakington, commission of - - - - - 480
Will of - - - - - 481
Broke, Lady, birds of - - - 395
Illness of - - - - 411
Broke, Miss, recollections of - - 457
Broke genealogy - - - - 461
Broke Hall - - - - - 2
Brothers-in-arms - - - - 450
Bulger, James, boarding without arms - - - - - - 236
Burial of the slain - - - - 175

CHANNEL fleet - - - - - 50
"Chesapeake," capture of 153—291
Loss of, Boston newspaper account of - - - - 214
Official account from Lieut. Budd - - - - - 216
List of killed and wounded - 218
Star from quarter - - - 440
Names of guns on board of - 442
Cigar box, made from - - 445
Ultimate fate of - - - 446
Cheering in action - - - - 259
Classics, library of, at Broke Hall - 484
Cockburn, Admiral Sir G., letter from - - - - - - - 394
Colvile, Captain George, death of - 415
Comet, brilliant - - - - 126
Cooper, Sir A. P., Bart., letter from - - - - - - - 345
Cosnahan, Lieutenant, death of - 451
Crabbe's Tales - - - - 382
Crest of Augmentation - - - 297
Croker, Mr., speech in the House of Commons - - - - 293

DRUID, description of - - - 48
Without midshipman's berth - 49
Conspiracy of French prisoners on board of - - - 52
Nearly blown up - - - 53
Man washed overboard off Scilly Islands, and rescue of - - 57
Dacres, Captain, court-martial on - 138
Anecdote of - - - - 139

PAGE

Dumergue, Rev. W. S., letter of - 443
Duncan, Admiral, address of - - 39

EDGELL, Rev. H., recollections of 435
Edgeworth, Miss, works of - - 361
English whalers, protection of - 58
Etough, Mr., the Acting Master - 189

FALKINER, Lieutenant, gallant conduct of - - - - - - 174
Fenn, Mr. Midshipman, fights bravely with his little gun - - 264
Fifty years after - - - - 438
Flourmill - - - - - 444
French prisoners on board "Druid," conspiracy of - - - - 52

GRAHAM, Sir James - - - 467
"Guerriere," capture of - - 138
Unsound state of - - - 139
Guns on board "Chesapeake," names of - - - - - - 442

HALIBURTON, the late Hon. Mr. Justice, reminiscences of 225—233
Halifax, excitement at - - - - 226
Haydon, S. J. B., letter from - - 353
Horace, Sir P. B. V.'s remarks on - 398
House of Commons, Mr. Croker's speech in - - - - - - 293
Hunter, Lieutenant W. - - - 125

ILLUMINATIONS at Plymouth - 292
Illustrations, list of - - xv, xvi
Irby, Rear-Admiral - - - 380

JOHNS, Lieutenant - - - 189
James, Mr., narrative of - - 159

KILLED and wounded - - - 218
King, the late Admiral—criticisms, recollections, and anecdotes - 233
Notice of - - - - 435

LANGER Fort - - - - - 2
Laudatory Poems - - 318—335
Law, Lieutenant, notice of - 189, 454

PAGE

Lawrence, Captain—shot by Lieutenant Law, R.M. - - - 170
Funeral of - - - - 209
Memoir of - - - - 219
Exhumation and reinterment of 222
Monument and epitaph of - 223
Letters from Rt. Hon. Earl Melville 44
Hon. Sir J. P. Beresford - 93
Captain Byron - - - 136
Captain Oliver - - - 146
to Captain Hyde Parker - - 156
of challenge to Captain Lawrence - - - - - - 159
from Captain Bladen Capel - 198
Admiral Wallis - - - 200
Sir J. B. Warren - - 298
Mr. Secretary Croker - - 301
Hon. Sir H. Hotham - - 303
Admiral Sawyer - - - 306
Sir W. Bolton - - - 307
Mileson Edgar, Esq. - - 309
Hon. D. Pleydell Bouverie - 310
Admiral Sir A. S. Hammond 312
Admiral Sir J. A. Gordon - 313
Lieutenant-Colonel Broke - 314
Admiral Lord Exmouth - 341
Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. - 345
H. R. H. The Duke of Clarence, &c. - - - 349
Hon. Sir Robert Spencer - 350
Mr. Haydon, painter - - 353
Sir P. B. V. Broke to his wife in 1813 - - 354—385
to Captain Wallis in 1826 - 385
to his son, the present Admiral Sir Broke-Middleton 387—427
from Admiral Sir G. Cockburn, Bart., G.C.B. - - - 394
Admiral Herbert - - 432
Admiral Sir T. Byam Martin 434
Lime trees, avenue of, at Broke Hall 483
List of officers and men who boarded "Chesapeake" - - - - 235
Livermore, Mr., Chaplain of Chesapeake - - - - - 171
Loretto - - - - - - 27
Ludlow, Lieutenant, wounded - 175

PAGE

Ludlow, Lieutenant, death of - 222
Funeral of - - - - 222
Exhumation and reinterment of 222
Monument and epitaph of - 223
Lydiard, Lieutenant, death of - 37

MADDISON, John - - - - 46
Madeira - - - - - 87
Magdalena Bay - - - - 80
Memorial to British seamen in burying ground of Halifax Hospital - 225

NACTON, compiler's visit to - - 447
Scenery around - - - 447
Church of, and epitaphs - - 448
Napier, Robert, Esq. - - - 468
Notice of Sir P. Broke - - 465
Mr. W. H. Broke - - - 466
Sir G. N. Broke-Middleton - 467
Captain C. A. Broke - - 475
Edmund Turnor Broke - - 478
Sir C. B. Vere - - - 478
Major-General H. G. Broke - 479

PAINTINGS at Broke Hall 439 and 483
Paixhan, Mr. - - - - 417
Pechell, Sir J. - - - - 409
Pitt, The Right Hon. William, kindness of - - - - 464
Plymouth, illuminations at - - 292
Political crisis - - - - 411
"President" and "Belvidera" - 131
Public honours - - - - 296

REXWORTHY, Edward, quartermaster of "Shannon" - - - - 172
River Orwell, Kirby on beauties of 2
Rowlands, Dr., certificate of - - 196
Rush, Mr., the American Minister, observations by - - - - 257

SEAMEN, value of practical knowledge to - - - - - - 387
Senhouse, Captain - - - - 409
"Shannon," H.M.S., commissioned 57
Visits Jan Mayen's Island - 60
In Magdalena Bay - - - 62

PAGE

"Shannon," H.M.S., joins squadron against Madeira - - - - - 87
Passage out to America, and dangerous position - - 126
Captures "Susan and Emeline" 130
Captures "Minerva," "Brutus," "Mechanic," and "Nautilus" 134
Chases U. S. frigate "Constitution" - - - - - - 135
Relieves "Barbadoes'" crew - 140
Takes "Thorn," "Wiley Reynard," and "Friendship;" recaptures "Stag" and "Hebe" - - - - 141
Struck by lightning - - - 147
Exercises on board - - - 148
Severe frost - - - - - 148
Captures "L'Invincible" - 152
Captures "Postboy" - - 156
Recaptures "Hunter" - - 158
Captures the U. S. frigate "Chesapeake" - - - - 163
Sails for Halifax, with prize - 176
Incidents on passage - - 177
Arrives in harbour - - - 179
Extracts from log - - - 180
Goes on another cruize, under Commander Senhouse - - 202
List of killed and wounded - 203
Returns to England, and is paid off - - - - 287
Off Bermuda - - - - 357
Relics of - - - - - 438
Ultimate fate of - - - 441

PAGE

Samwell, Mr., wounded - - 188
Unexpected death of - - 265
Smith and Cosnahan, midshipmen of "Shannon" - - - - 171
Spencer, Sir R. C., letters on gunnery 350
Spitzbergen and Greenland seas - 72
Stevens, Mr., boatswain, "Old Rodney," dies in hospital - - 225
Summary of "Shannon's" fire on "Chesapeake" - - - - 246
Summary of shot - - - - 255

TERRIBLE storm in London - - 428
Townshend, Lord and Lady James - 268
Traitors found on board "Chesapeake" - - - - - 201
Execution of one of these - 201
Names, &c. - - - - 287
Thirty-six found on board "Chesapeake" - - - 288

USSHER, Lieut. - - - - 395

VERNON, Admiral - - - - 4
Vessel burnt - - - - - 134

WALLIS, Admiral Sir Provo, his graphic account of the action - 190
Ward, Sir H. G., letter of - - 476
Watt, Lieutenant, death of - - 172
Wellington, Duke of - - - 153
William IV, King, two letters from, when Duke of Clarence - - 349
Wodehouse, Mr. Commissioner - 261

Birmingham: Printed by *Josiah Allen*, jun., 9 & 10, Livery Street.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 19 September, 2016